The Best British Short Stories of 1928

EDITED BY

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

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EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

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THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1928

WITH AN IRISH AND COLONIAL SUPPLEMENT

EDITED BY

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

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NEW YORK 1928

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BY WAY OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I make grateful acknowledgment to the following authors, editors, and publishers for permission to reprint the stories included in this volume: Cyril Alexander Barber, Arnold Bennett, Ernest Bramah, Messrs. The Richards Press, Ltd., Messrs. Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., Mrs. Dora M. Wild, A. E. Coppard, Mrs. Anne Corner, Miss Margaret Fane, Hilary Lofting, Louis Golding, The Editor of *The American Hebrew,* R. Coryton Hutchinson, C. L. R. James, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, Charles Lee, Messrs. Curtis Brown, Ltd., Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, J. Bernard MacCarthy, H. A. Manhood, Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd., Messrs. The Viking Press, Miss Adelaide Eden Phillpotts, Herbert Shaw, The Editor of *The Century Magazine,* L. A. G. Strong, The Editor of *The Dial,* A. W. Wells, Henry Williamson, and The Editor of *The Atlantic Monthly.*

If I have overlooked any name in these acknowledgments, it has been through inadvertence, and I trust that the error will be overlooked.

I shall be grateful for suggestions from the readers of this volume, and shall particularly welcome the receipt of stories of merit which appear during the ensuing twelvemonth in periodicals which do not come under my regular notice. Such communications may be addressed to me at *Villa Pauliska, Muralto-Locarno, Switzerland.*

E. J. O.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

For the benefit of readers unacquainted with the earlier volumes of this series, I repeat here a brief summary of the principles which have governed my choice of stories. I have set myself the task of disengaging the essential human qualities in our contemporary fiction which, when chronicled conscientiously by our literary artists, may fairly be called a criticism of life. I am not at all interested in formulæ, and organised criticism at its best would be nothing more than dead criticism, as all dogmatic interpretation of life is always dead. What has interested me, to the exclusion of other things, is the fresh, living current which flows through the best British, Irish, and Colonial work, and the psychological and imaginative reality which writers have conferred upon it.

No substance is of importance in fiction, unless it is organic substance, that is to say, substance in which the pulse of life is beating. Inorganic fiction has been our curse in the past, and bids fair to remain so, unless we exercise much greater artistic discrimination than we display at present.

The present record covers the period from June, 1927, to May, 1928, inclusive. During this period I have sought to select from the stories published in British, American, and Colonial periodicals those stories by British, Irish, and Colonial authors which have rendered life imaginatively in organic substance and artistic form. Substance is something achieved by the artist in every creation, rather than something already present, and accordingly a fact or a group of facts in a story only attains substantial embodiment when the artist's power of compelling imaginative persuasion transforms it into a living truth. The first test of a short story, therefore, in any qualitative analysis is the measure of how vitally compelling the writer makes his

selected facts or incidents. This test may be conveniently called the test of substance.

But a second test is necessary if the story is to take rank above other stories. The true artist will seek to shape this living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form, by skilful selection and arrangement of his materials, and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterization.

I have recorded here the names of a group of stories which possesses, I believe, the distinction of uniting genuine substance and artistic form in a closely-woven pattern with such sincerity that they are worthy of being reprinted. If all of these stories were republished they would not occupy more space than a few novels of average length. My selection of them does not imply that they are great stories. A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one. It is simply to be taken as meaning that I have found the equivalent of a few volumes worthy of republication among all the stories published during the period under consideration. In compiling this book I have permitted no personal preference or prejudice consciously to influence my judgment.

Edward J. O'Brien.

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THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1928

OLD BEETLE'S CRIME [1]

By ALEX. BARBER

From *The Queen*

Someone in a sportive moment had called him Old Beetle, and the name had stuck because it was so apt. The shell-like back of his ancient frock-coat, the unobtrusive way he had with him, his quick gliding movement about the office on shuffling feet that seemed scarcely to leave the floor—all these things fitted in with the idea of a harmless old insect.

Harmless. Anyone knowing the man would have felt that adjective rise instinctively to his lips in speaking of him. So dull—deadly dull—in his habits, and so self-effacing in all his drab clerkly life was Old Beetle. No one had ever seen him roused to anger. Even the thoughtless, irritating lapses on the part of the juniors under him only drew from him the milkiest of reproofs.

Untold years had passed since first he had entered the solid business house of Messrs. Pattinson, Gable, and Pattinson, Valuers, Estate Agents, and Auctioneers. Youngsters had come into the office, stayed a while, and then burst out again to free themselves from the stale, musty, cheesy atmosphere that lurked potently in the place. Old Man Pattinson had never been able to move with the times, and his iron rule had done all that was humanly possible to prevent the flood-waters of modernity from trickling under the stout doors of his "House." Ambition, enterprise, the fire of young enthusiasms, were damped daily. Naturally, this had its sure reaction on the firm's finances, but Messrs. Pattinson, Gable, and Pattinson never seemed to mind. As for

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the paid staff, they were a constantly changing factor—with the single exception of Old Beetle.

Finson, who hadn't stayed long in the office, permitted himself a little sage summing-up to the obediently attentive office-boy.

"Old Beetle," he remarked scornfully. "He's waited for the mildew to settle on him. One of the maggots in this antique cheese, that's what he is. Didn't have the pluck to break away when he was younger, I daresay. Queer old fellow. Reckon he never did anybody much harm—or himself much good."

Old Beetle heard that. He had heard a great many things of the same brand—about himself. The acoustic properties of the old-fashioned offices were a trifle odd, and in addition he had very sharp ears.

Those comments of Finson's made him chuckle quietly to himself, lean fingers plucking at his thin white beard, alert eyes narrowed. All that afternoon, as he sat humped over his desk, he bathed in a secret ironical delight.

Finson was a flashy young fool, he mused—not at all bitterly. One of these post-war puppies with a caustic tongue and no knowledge of human nature.

"Old Beetle . . . never did anybody much harm." That was the stupid, ignorant phrase he had used. And he believed it. If in the full strength of that faith he were suddenly told the truth, what would he do? Old Beetle could imagine the stark consternation flooding into Finson's pale, shallow face—could picture the leaping horror, mingling with disbelief, that must rise to his eyes. There were deeps in the hearts of men that Finson and his kind had never in their wildest dreams plumbed.

"No imagination. Poverty of insight," muttered Old Beetle, pausing in his work on a ledger.

In some subtle way it annoyed him to feel that no one—not a soul around—thought him capable of strong emotions of fierce catastrophic acts.

That night, and for many nights following, he lay awake

and ran over in his mind the course of a certain secret crime.

So easy it had been, he reflected. No fuss. Not even any need for preparation. For years he had been the constant companion of that cheery young chap, Douglas Harrington, and when he had been found dead in his rooms, there had been no shadow of suspicion to fall in the right quarter.

"Almost too simple," Old Beetle told himself, twisting over in bed, hot and restive, with his bony hands clutching hold of the counterpane. "A penholder, wasn't it? Yes—a penholder. And they never thought of me. Who'd dream of suspecting Harrington's best friend, anyway?" He laughed unevenly, and then fell silent for a time, while the clock on the mantel ticked impatiently, like the sound of far-off hurrying feet.

One thing was perplexing him. He could remember—even after all these years—every detail of the crime, and even something of the appearance of young Harrington's features. The penholder, for instance, stood before his mind's eye in slim vividness. But one important factor eluded him. Queer. He could turn his thoughts successfully in all directions—except one. It struck him, even in his puzzlement, that his memory was a bit like a watch with one hour-mark missing, and the fancy tickled him. He laughed in the still dark of the bedroom. Like a watch with one hour-mark missing! And yet it was a trifle eerie. That one essential thing simply wouldn't obey his summons, and be ranked up with the rest.

Why had he murdered James Douglas Harrington?

Why?

Search as he would, no shred of a reason came to solve that frightening mystery.

From that time, as the drab days went by, he found the great query looming larger before him. He even caught himself writing it down on the back of a receipt form.

"Won't do," he quavered, with a sharp glance round of

fear. "It'll all come out if they find anything like this about."

He must keep a tight rein on himself. After these long working years of immunity, he would be a colossal fool to betray his secret of blood, he told himself.

James Douglas Harrington had been dead too long for any ordinary factor to reveal his murderer. He mustn't let age pull on his imagination like this. Getting on. That was his trouble. No fool like an old fool. But he wasn't going to give himself away. If dead men told no tales, why should he speak of 'em? Madness, that would be.

Neverthless, it *was* queer how that big point always evaded the seeking fingers of memory. He tried to get at it by a calm statement of the facts, sitting on his bed with a purple dressing-gown folded about him in thick rolls and hummocks.

"I've killed him. With a penholder. How many years back? A long while, anyhow—never mind. Well. What then? What was I thinking of? With a penholder, it was. Of course. Wasn't there something else?"

He shivered, and stared at unseen things beyond the walls of the coldly moonlit room. Somehow his thoughts seemed to elude any attempt to marshal them in order. Did pretty well as they liked. Funny thing, that. Did pretty well as they liked. Now why should they? That penholder. James Douglas Harrington. Years upon years ago. In another life—almost.

Then at last his muddled intelligence seized on the vital pith of the problem.

"Why? That was it. Why did I do it—all those years ago? Decent fellow, young Harrington. I spoilt his chances for him, didn't I? And they never suspected. Just a penholder. Queer how things turn out in this jumbled old world. Dead. Him. It might have been the other way round—me dead, him alive now. You can't make these things out, anyway. I got him. With a penholder.

But that wasn't all. The penholder was How. What was Why? That's it. What was Why, if the penholder was How? Like a conundrum, ain't it? A conundrum."

Awkwardly he scrabbled into bed, curled up on his side, and lay staring into invisible distances. Presently a chuckle cut the silence. Then another.

"What was Why? That's beaten me. What was Why? The reason behind it. Whacks me. Whacks me."

Weeks sauntered past, and still Old Bettle's puzzle gave no signs of solution. It mattered a lot now. It intruded more and more into his work. In fact, the austere head of Pattinson, Gable, and Pattinson's had occasion to speak to the submissive Mr. Gable about it. Old Beetle's behaviour had attracted attention. Evidently he was "getting past it." Pension, service, loyalty were words that played a part in old Pattinson's talk with the sober Mr. Gable.

Old Beetle knew nothing of this side of the affair. His own perplexing mystery filled his little world of thought. He realised that he had murdered Harrington, but somehow that didn't matter much. Years ago. Let it rest. But his motive—that counted. He had got to find it out. Must. There was a satisfying answer to that ceaseless question, if only he could stumble on it or thresh it out of the meaningless heap of facts that his mind held.

Why had he killed James Douglas Harrington?

Why?

Curious thing, how one point could run away from a man like a fear-stricken live creature. Perhaps the reason didn't want to be known. This new theory filled him with sudden alarm. If Why was really unwilling to be found, it made the whole search tenfold harder.

"Get it some day," Old Beetle murmured. "Stick to it—that's the notion. Stick to it. The penholder did it. Yes. Then there must have been a cause. No, not a cause—that was the penholder. A reason. No other word. Reason. What was it? If the penholder was How, what

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was Why? Answer me that. Don't know? Nonsense. Nonsense, I say! Well, then—stick at it till you do. Bound to get it some day. Bound to."

Then, just as he was pulling off his socks one night, the brilliant inspiration came to him. The method of finding out that elusive Why. With a happy chuckle he began to draw on his sock again, but in time he remembered that nothing could be done so late. He must wait until the morning. Then he would know. It was a gorgeous idea, and the only wonder about it was that he hadn't thought of it before.

The police. They would know. Or if they didn't actually know, they could find out. Their job. Paid for it, they were—to find out things for people. He'd simply go to them and let them get on with it. Have to confess, of course, but he didn't mind that. No. The main object was to find out what that Why was. Of course.

The next morning saw Old Beetle carrying out his splendid notion. He knew where he could find a policeman, not far from the office, and then he would soon know. Up to the young constable he shuffled, and spoke in nervously eager tones. After the first slight shock of surprise, the officer seemed to understand perfectly. He took Old Beetle along to the station, where he found a bald-headed man in uniform sitting behind a low table. Old Beetle patiently repeated what he had said to the constable.

"I want to confess to the murder of James Douglas Harrington. I did it with a penholder. Years ago."

"Eh?" Glances were exchanged by the youthful constable and the bald-headed man at the table. "I see. What was it, again?"

"James Douglas Harrington. I killed him years ago. With a penholder."

"Quite so."

The bald-headed man's tone was gentle, soothing. He gave orders, pressed his broad thumb on bells, made notes, and asked questions. Old Beetle was glad he had taken

this step. Soon now he would solve the mystery of that everlasting Why.

"How long ago did you do it?" queried the man at the table, after sitting a while in silence, apparently waiting for the return of the constable, who had departed on some mysterious mission.

Old Beetle thought hard.

"Forty-three years," he said presently.

He made no attempt to break the silence that followed. Minutes ticked by. Then a door slammed somewhere.

It was the young constable back again.

"Well?" said the bald-headed man at the table, in an undertone.

"I've seen Mr. Pattinson, sir," whispered the young constable, bending to bring his lips close to the other's ear. "Says he's not particularly surprised. Been behaving very queerly for some time. They'd thought of pensioning him off. He's been with the firm forty-three years in March."

The bald-headed man started.

"Forty-three years, did you say?"

"That's it, sir. Quite a character. Old Beetle, they call him. A record period of service, he's got. One of the juniors told me he can't imagine how anyone could stick the place for all that time. Like burying yourself, he said it was."

The bald-headed man shot a quick glance across at Old Beetle, who was sitting still on his chair, perfectly happy now, a smile curving his mouth.

"Forty-three years. Like burying yourself," murmured the bald-headed man, very thoughtfully. "And he's sure he murdered someone forty-three years ago. With a penholder, of all things—*with a penholder*. . . . What did you say his name was?"

The constable bent down again.

"Old Beetle, they call him," he said quietly. "But his real name's Harrington—James Douglas Harrington!"

THE CORNET-PLAYER [1]

By ARNOLD BENNETT

From the *Strand* Magazine.

I

I sat in the Palais de Thé—the most characteristic London inn of the epoch. Six floors; marble everywhere; two thousand *employés,* mostly girls; three orchestras and several vocalists; the finest, richest barber's saloon in the whole world; cakes and ribboned chocolates and other sweets on the ground floor; tea with operatic selections on the first floor; tea with orchestral selections on the second floor; tea unaccompanied on the third floor and the fourth floor and the fifth floor; lifts always ascending and descending; entering multitudes and departing multitudes always jostling each other in the grand entrance and bon-bon hall; not a drop of beer in the entire establishment. I was in a corner on the fifth floor, which is dedicated to chess, draughts, newspapers, and meditation.

The enormous, quiet room was very full; that is to say, nearly every marble table was taken, though at many tables only one person was seated; all the solitaries, of whom I was one, were men, in various ages of youth or maturity, prosperity or decay, cheerfulness or gloom.

Over the top edge of my newspaper I saw a little man enter and look round rather vaguely for a seat. At the same instant the occupant of the table next to mine shut his book, snatched up his check, and left. The new arrival, who was carrying a leather case, took his place by my side. he had abundant greying brown hair, a sharp, refined nose, He appeared to be about fifty. We had our backs to the

[1] Copyright, 1927, 1928, by Arnold Bennett.

gilded wall, and the distance between us was not more than a couple of feet.

Dressed in a worn grey suit, with neat collar and grey tie, he had abundant greying brown hair, a sharp, refined nose, restless eyes, thin lips, and a chin that indicated both obstinacy and sensitiveness. Because the haughty tripping waitress did not rush at him instantly to receive his order, he tapped impatiently on the table; when she came, however, he asked for a black coffee and hot toast in tones of marked urbanity and with a very agreeable, wistful smile. The haughty waitress relaxed the austerity of her demeanour and returned the smile with interest; which attention he seemed to take quite as a matter of course; evidently he was well used to the unbending of waitresses.

In the street below a cornet began to play. The strident sound of it rose clearly into the room, stilling, as it were, the traffic-roar of the centre of the Metropolis. The tune was "The Lost Chord." Now and then a note trembled in uncertainty, and now and then the intonation was noticeably faulty. My neighbour was soon fidgeting on his chair, and making little noises of protest between his teeth. He scattered salt savagely on his toast, blew his coffee as though it had wilfully sinned against him in being too hot, and glanced once or twice at myself. I felt that he wanted to relieve his pain by speech, and so I slowly folded up my paper.

He said, smiling his sudden, wistful smile:——

"That fellow hasn't a notion how to play the cornet."

"I should think not," I replied. "But has anybody? I never yet heard a cornet that didn't make me curse the criminal who invented cornets."

I had thought to soothe him, but I immediately saw that I was going the wrong way to work.

"My dear sir! My dear sir!" he corrected me, in a manner of intimacy. "The cornet is a very fine instrument. Perhaps the finest of all instruments. And let me tell you that it was not invented—it has slowly grown out of the

old horns—in the course of two or three centuries. The latest form of it is as perfect as anything can be, but that fellow is using an old-fashioned *C* instrument—and, moreover, he is merely fumbling at it. You see—" The man's face had become animated; but he suddenly stopped, and, speaking coldly, almost disdainfully, he demanded: "Do you understand music?"

"Well——"

"Because if you don't it's no good me explaining to you."

"I play the piano—for my own amusement," I said, apologetically.

"Pooh! *I* play the piano. Everybody plays the piano. That's nothing. Still, it's something, perhaps. You see—the cornet stands before the trumpet and the bugle: it has the qualities of both. It has a vocal quality—if it's played right. Only it's nearly always vulgarized. Listen to that fellow. See how he's altering the tune because he can't fetch the top notes. I tell you there isn't a cornet-player in a hundred who can fetch the four top notes, *d*, *e*, *f*, and *g*, of the cornet. I'll tell you. Now listen."

He went off into a technical description of the marvels of the cornet and the unrighteousness of incompetent players, and talked about shanks and crooks and valves, and transpositions and minor thirds. He was now excited, and very pleasantly excited; he even managed to communicate some of his enthusiasm to me. His eager, sharp-featured face shone with joy as he chattered onwards farther and farther into his theme.

"Of course, the greatest composers used the cornet freely. Balfe, for instance. Balfe was a great composer. You've heard 'The Bohemian Girl.' Great work, but not appreciated because it's British." (I had never heard "The Bohemian Girl.") "'When other lips.' Do you remember the wonderful part for a cornet in that immortal song? Berlioz was always using the cornet. So was Tchaikovsky."

"Really!" I exclaimed; for this was news to me, despite a long experience as a concert-goer.

"Well, naturally!" he exploded, crossly. "Naturally."

Then his face became contorted as if in agony. The cornet-player in the street below was approaching the climax of "The Lost Chord," and the raucous, brassy din of the outrage was hideous and excruciating. The cornet-player ceased. My acquaintance's face relaxed; he wiped perspiration from his forehead, and bit a piece of toast and drank coffee.

"My God!" he murmured. "If he begins again— And to think what it might have been! Waitress!" Raps on the table, and then a sweet smile to the waitress. "Another coffee, please, my dear." His fingers were twitching with nervousness.

"You love the cornet?" I suggested.

He nodded.

"You play it?"

"I have lived for it."

"That's a cornet you've got there, isn't it?" I indicated the leather case on the table.

He opened the case with a dramatic gesture. It was empty. I was rather startled by his burning glance.

"What a pity!" I murmured, not being able to think of anything else to say. Somehow the revelation of the emptiness of the case seemed to shock me. "And how came you first to be so keen on the cornet?" I asked.

"Ah!" said he. "That's a long story."

"I should be very interested to hear it," said I. And I spoke truly. In my mind the man had transformed the cornet from an instrument of barbarous torture into something distinguished and fine, thrilling—something with intensely human associations.

II

"Of course," he said. "It wasn't until after I'd been playing the cornet for a bit——"

"But the beginning?" I interrupted him. "The beginning. How came you to begin?"

"Well, you see, sir, it was like this. I lived in the country with my father—mother dead. I'd just left school, and we were discussing, my father and I, what I was to do with myself in the world. I don't think we ever agreed about anything. He was always very quiet and polite over it, but we couldn't hit it off. He had to go up to London—somewhere—about something, and I was left alone for the day, without a thing to do. I walked into the village—a mile or two—to buy my first cigarettes openly—I was sixteen or seventeen, probably seventeen—yes, seventeen; and there came a big gilt wagonette through the village, drawn by four white horses. There was a brass band in the wagonette, but only one man was playing; he was standing up and playing a cornet. I didn't know it was a cornet. I'd never seen a cornet before, much less heard one. You see, living right out on the South Downs—it isn't like the North of England, where every village has cornet-players and brass bands. Well, I tell you I'd never had such a feeling as I had when I heard that cornet. Something so rich and big and grand about it—shall I say golden? No, I've never had such a feeling."

His eyes were moist.

"A revelation!" I suggested, moved by his demeanour.

"Yes. I ran after the wagonette three miles—into Lewes. It was a circus band, and they were making a round of the villages to advertise the show. I expect I didn't know quite what I was doing. Instinct. This was in the afternoon, and the performance didn't begin till seven o'clock. I hung about. D'you know, I'd never seen a circus before. It was all terribly romantic to me—all of a piece with the cornet. The big tent and the little tents—stables, dressing-rooms—and the caravans. The canvas roof lifting up and down in the wind, and the flag on the top. And then when it began to get dark! The lighting up! They had gas in those days—I suppose it was laid on from the town mains. Outside one of the small tents I saw a man dressed up as a clown. I thought I recognized him, so I asked him if he

wasn't the man who played the cornet in the wagonette. He said he was. He looked at me with a queer sort of a look, because you see I was well-dressed.' I asked him if he was going to play it at the performance. He said he was. I got a front seat near the ring. I wanted to be as close to him as I could. And he did play it. Well, I tell you I thought he was the greatest man in the world. And he *did* play it. Of course he wasn't really a great performer, but I didn't know any better then.

"In the interval, when the audience went to visit the stables, I saw him standing with the cornet in his hand. I was very frightened, with all the people there and him making jokes with the people; but I just had to speak to him again. I said: 'My word, mister, but you can play!' And all of a sudden he looked quite serious at me. He saw my eyes fixed on the cornet, and he said, 'Like to look at it?' You see, he was a bit flattered. He gave me the cornet to hold. I pretended to put it to my mouth. He said, 'You couldn't make a sound on it, young sir.' So I tried. I'd watched how he held his lips, and I did make a sound, very loud indeed. The whole crowd turned to see what was up and laughed like anything. I blushed, and gave him back the cornet and ran off back into the big tent for the rest of the performance.

But he didn't play the cornet any more. He did a trapeze act in the second half. When I got home my father hadn't come. I couldn't sleep all night, and the next morning, as soon as it was light, I set off for Lewes again. I couldn't tell you what made me. I'd three pounds in my pocket—burst open my money-box. The circus people were taking the tents down and packing up and feeding the horses and so on. They were all helping. Everybody did everything in that circus. It was the finest thing I was ever in, and the most exciting. Early morning, you know, and all! And they were all so jolly. I made friends with the cornet-player —I couldn't tell you how.

"I followed the circus to Brighton. It was a procession

half a mile long. The cornet-player told me I could ride with him a bit. I gave cigarettes to all the band. On the way he showed me a bit how to play. He said I could do it, and by Heaven, sir, I did do it! The gift, I suppose. The ring-master talked to me. Somehow I slept in one of the tents that night, and helped the next morning to pack up, and I followed 'em again to Southwick—no, Shoreham.

"At Shoreham my father came after me. He'd guessed what had happened. Well, I wouldn't go back with him. I knew I had a vocation, and I couldn't leave it. He was very mild, as usual. In the end he said, 'Just as you please, Jimmy. You know where I live in case you come to grief. I dare say you'll be strolling along in about a fortnight. And it's all experience.' I must say he had some sense—in some things. But he was cynical.

"I was soon playing in the orchestra. But not the cornet. No. The drummer went off on a drinking bout, so I offered to play the drum. But I was practising on the cornet all the time. The cornet-player—he was called Jeroboam—he seemed to like teaching me. It was a glorious life, even when it rained, was Radlett's Royal Circus.

"I got spoony on the Snake Girl—couldn't she twist herself! There was a goodish bit of the tender passion around Radlett's. Oh, yes!" His eyes twinkled. "One morning I serenaded her on the cornet outside the caravan where she slept. And there was a devil of a row about it. I'd waked her up. Still, she liked me, but she said she wouldn't have anything to do with me unless I gave up the cornet. It wasn't the sound she objected to so much as shaking the moisture out of the instrument after you've been playing it a bit. Said she couldn't stand that. Of course I wouldn't give up the cornet, especially as I'd begun to buy one on the hire-purchase system. After that I felt I was a real cornet-player. That was how I began, sir."

"But that's not all," I said, eager for more. "There must be a lot more."

"Oh, there is!"

I offered him a cigarette, which he refused.

"Waitress!" Reiterated rap. A smile. "Packet of Gold Flake, please."

III

He resumed:——

"The most astounding thing that ever happened to any man happened to me. Yes, *the* most astounding! By the way, I ought to mention that I left that circus. Had to. The Snake Girl made life too hard for me. But when you have been in one circus it's not very difficult to get into another one. In the next one I was billed as a solo cornet-player. About a year later I got a letter from August Manns. August Manns, if you please—asking me to go and see him. Of course you don't remember him?"

"You mean the Crystal Palace orchestral conductor?"

"The great conductor," he said, gravely.

"A big man in his time," I said.

"A big man for all time, my dear sir. Some friend of his had actually persuaded him to go and hear me play in the circus. I got a day off and saw him, and he offered me a place in the Crystal Palace orchestra!"

"Well," I agreed, "that was certainly astounding."

"Oh!" he corrected me sharply. "That's not the astounding thing. I see nothing astounding in that."

"I beg pardon."

"I played in the Crystal Palace orchestra. Yes, sir, I played in Beethoven's C minor symphony."

"On the cornet?"

"On the cornet."

"I don't know much about music," I said. "But surely there's no cornet part in the C minor?"

"There is not. But don't you know, aren't you aware, that in those days, when you simply couldn't get horn-players in England, the horn parts were played by cornets?"

"I'm sorry," I said, humbly. "I did not know. I was not aware."

"Manns saw that I had proper lessons. He was very enthusiastic about me because I was so enthusiastic about the cornet. He said I had a finer classical style than any other cornet-player he'd ever heard. So I had—and have. But only men like Manns could appreciate it, and the classical sobriety of my performances always stood in my way.

"Manns died. Soon afterwards I was playing in the streets. Row with my father. The mere fact is enough. I need not go into details. Yes, I was playing in the streets. Me! I was being paid to move on. I made quite a decent living by moving on." He stared at me proudly, quivering. "Me! The *protégé* of the great Manns."

"What a disgusting shame!" I burst out.

"It was in this moving on business that the astounding thing happened to me. I used to play in Sloane Street, near the top. Best place in London. Full of rich shoppers, women with overfed pet dogs and so on. I was always moving on there. Mind you, I had no trouble with the police, because I'd taken the trouble to find out what the police could do and what they could not do. You know the police can't move you on far, and they can't move you on at all unless there's a personal complaint from a resident. If you want to give a first-rate performance in the street, why shouldn't you? Lots of people enjoy it.

"Well, I'd been playing a pretty long time in front of one house one morning—I'd surpassed myself—and a man came out of a door and beckoned to me very politely. He gave me a shilling and asked me to tell him about my cornet, and he took me upstairs to the second floor—there were three floors, over a shop. As soon as I was in his rooms he wanted to examine the cornet. He was still very polite. I gave it to him, and he hit me over the head with it and began the most extraordinary tirade—how I was driving him mad, etc., etc., and how he'd do for me if he

ever heard me again. Can you imagine it? The fellow was mad already. There was some tussle, and I fell downstairs from the second floor to the first; but I'd got my cornet, all dented as it was. My head was bleeding.

"Then a door opened on the first floor, and a lady came out. She heard the noises and me falling and the fellow shouting. I thought I was in for more trouble. But no! She said: "Are you that splendid cornet-player?" And she took me and looked after me. Now, she played the cornet herself; she loved the cornet. She was a widow; about twenty-six. Her husband had gone off his head and died in a lunatic asylum. Mrs. Alicia Williams. She gave me some lemonade and showed me her cornet. It was a superb instrument. She locked the door, and as soon as I'd recovered a bit I played it for her in her drawing-room. The stamping overhead was dreadful, but I kept on playing. I had to stay there till evening—till the fellow upstairs had gone out. Daren't move till then, you see.

"Well, she liked me, and she adored my playing, and she was all alone, and she saw at once I was a gentleman—not an ordinary street-player, and I married her. We joined cornets, so to speak. Now *that's* what I say is the most astounding thing that ever did happen to any man; and you can say what you like. Ah! But I can't describe it to you."

I did not say what I liked, for if I had I should have said that he was not telling this story for the first time; I should have said indeed that he had told it many times before. He had dramatic gestures and pauses, and some of his phrases were rather effectively chosen. He was a performer not only on the cornet. However, he was holding all my attention, and he seemed to be sticking to the truth pretty well. Also I felt great sympathy for him, as surely one ought to feel sympathy for any man who is reduced to disburdening himself to strangers.

"I'm convinced you *can* describe it to me," I said.

IV

"Well," he took breath. "I don't suppose there ever was a courtship or a honeymoon like ours. Alicia was a bit older than me, and knew more about men than I knew about women. She saw, of course, that I was a sensitive sort of person—especially in the matter of money: she had money and I hadn't—and she always behaved with the greatest tact. She gave me a new cornet. No, she insisted on giving me hers, because I liked it so much, and she got a new one for herself. During our courtship we used to go out into Epping Forest and play together, all among the trees and far from anybody, except a gipsy or two now and then. It was wonderful, really wonderful. I can never forget those days. And after the wedding we took a small house in the forest; very small, we didn't want to be bothered with servants; but soon we got a deaf woman for a skivvy; and when I played in her ear she'd say she thought she could hear something but wasn't sure. Of course, we couldn't talk to her; we had to write down our orders. Still, it was very convenient.

"And then my one trouble was removed. My father died and I came into between four and five hundred a year. It was all ideal. Yes, ideal! My wife played very nicely. She didn't play as well as me, no woman could—and jolly few men either. But she played with taste; and she was willing to learn. You couldn't guess what happened next."

"No. I doubt if I could."

"It happened what happens to all artistes. We both wanted to show our powers to the public, to give pleasure to others by means of our art. Naturally! We got tired of playing always to ourselves. We tried to get openings at concerts. But there was nothing doing. The notion of duets—two cornets—seemed to frighten the concert agents. I could have had situations in bands. But no conductor would look at a woman cornet-player, and I wouldn't go without my wife. So it came to music-halls—

especially provincial music-halls. Circuits. We did several tours, and in between tours we would go back to our little house and enjoy ourselves. Yes, it was a nice, varied life. And then the next thing happened. I say the next thing happened."

"Yes?"

"Ah!" he mused. "What an idyll those years were! Nothing like it before, and there'll never be anything like it again—not in this world, nor in kingdom come either."

"And then?"

"Ah! Waitress! Another coffee, please, my dear." And to me: "I suppose I may as well finish the story now I've begun it. Eh?"

As it was obvious he fully intended to finish the story, I merely nodded.

"One night, when my wife made rather a mess of a duet with me on the stage of a music-hall at Reading, I noticed in our dressing-room that her lips were quite blue after she had taken the paint off. I thought I knew what that meant, and I was not wrong. I insisted on her going to London with me early the next morning. A doctor in Queen Anne Street immediately forbade her to play the cornet any more. Heart trouble! You see, the strain of cornet-playing is rather severe. Singers whose hearts go wrong have to give up singing. Much more a cornet-player. I got the doctor to telegraph her certificate of illness to Reading, and my wife never played again. Neither did I ever play again—in public. It was a frightful blow to both of us. She was still young, still beautiful, and we had been making a name, in spite of my deplorable classical style." He smiled sardonically. "But we were very fond of one another—excuse these details, my dear sir—and managed to be very happy in our house in Epping Forest. Our thoughts, and hers especially, turned in other directions—another direction. She loved me to play for her, and even in the winter we would go out together nearly

every day except Sundays—and I would play in the glades.

"In the spring my wife, if you'll pardon the old-fashioned phrase, presented me with twins. Generous! Generous! Yes, she always had a generous mind. Her sister, who was a nurse by profession, and almost as generous as Alicia, came to take charge of the nursery. I began to play my cornet for the twins. But somehow it didn't seem to suit them. In fact, the sound of the cornet seemed to send the pair of them straight into hysterics.

"I hoped they would get over this curious aberration of natural taste. But no! The effect was always the same. The mere sight of the cornet upset them. I persevered, but there was no improvement. At last my sister-in-law told me that if I didn't stop playing the cornet in the house she would have to leave, as she couldn't take the responsibility. She was a charming girl, and she cried when she gave me her decision. Alicia also cried.

"I went out into the forest and played by myself; but I had to walk at least a mile to get out of earshot of the house, and, anyhow, I didn't like playing by myself. Like all artistes, I needed an audience if I was to obtain any satisfaction. As soon as my wife's health was thoroughly re-established she would go out with me to listen. It was summer; the weather was heavenly. I was happy, and I thought she was. My playing had even improved. But one day her nerves appeared to give way suddenly. She burst into terrible sobs and without a word snatched the cornet from me and threw it into some bushes. She shouted: 'I can't bear it! I can't bear it any longer!' Motherhood had quite changed her.

"I discovered afterwards that motherhood does sometimes change women in the most extraordinary manner. I picked my cornet out of the bushes and we walked home in silence, except that my wife never ceased sobbing. When we reached the house she ran to the babies, seized hold of both of them, and walked up and down the bed-

room with them in her arms, still sobbing. An awful scene! I shall always remember it.

"Well, I had played my last cornet solo. I took the instrument and threw it into a pond—drowned it, drowned it!" His eyes shone with emotion. "We've been happy. What man could be unhappy with a woman like my wife? Not me! We have had more children. We took a larger house in the village of Epping—some of 'em call it a town. We have money. I am a family man. No, I couldn't honestly say I'm unhappy. And yet—yet——!

"Now and then I go and look at the pond. I expect I couldn't play a cornet now if I tried. It's all gone from me. Now and then I have to come to London on little matters of business, and when I do I always carry this case. I don't know why. Yes, I do know why. It's because I like musicians to know I'm a cornet-player—or was one once." He shut the case. "Now did you ever hear such a story? Isn't it different from any other story you ever heard?"

"It is indeed," I replied. "And I'm very grateful to you for telling it to me."

"I thought you'd be interested," he said, with naive pride. "Waitress, my check, please. I'm in a hurry."

He looked at his watch.

THE STORY OF WAN AND THE REMARKABLE SHRUB [1]

By ERNEST BRAMAH

From *The London Mercury*

I

The story of Wan and the remarkable shrub is commendable in that it shows how, under a beneficent scheme of government, such as that of our unapproachably enlightened Empire admittedly is, impartial justice will sooner or later be accomplished. When a contrary state of things seems to prevail and the objectionable appear to triumph while the worthy are reduced to undignified expedients, it will generally be found that powerful demoniacal influences are at work or else that the retributive forces have been counterbalanced by an unfortunate conjunction of omens acting on the lives of those concerned. If neither of these causes is responsible it may be that a usurpatory and unauthorised dynasty has secured the sacred dragon throne (a not unusual occurrence in our distinguished history) and virtue is thereby for a time superseded from its function; or, possibly a closer scrutiny will reveal that those whom we had hitherto regarded as tending towards one extreme were not in reality such as we deemed them to be, and that the destinies meted out to them were therefore both adequate and just. Thus whatever happens it is always more prudent to assume that the integrities have been suitably maintained all round and that the inspired system initiated by the Sages ten

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thousand years ago continues even to-day to enshrine the highest wisdom of mankind and is yet administered by the most scrupulous body of officials in what is still the best possible among the nations of the earth.

For this reason the story of Wan and his associates, badly told and commonplace, as it must inevitably sound when narrated by this incompetent person, is appropriate for the mental nourishment of the young and impressionable, while even the ill-intentioned and austere may be discretely influenced along a desired path by its opportune recital at convenient intervals.

At a period so remote that it would be impious to doubt whatever happened then, a venerable and prosperous philosopher, Ah-shoo by name, dwelt at the foot of a mountain in a distant province. His outward life was simple but reserved, and althought he spent large sums of money on fireworks and other forms of charity he often professed his indifference to wealth and position. Yet it must not be assumed that Ah-shoo was unmindful of the essentials, for upon its being courteously pointed out to him, by a well-disposed neighbour who had many daughters of his own, that in failing to provide a reliable posterity he was incurring a grave risk of starvation in the Upper World, he expressed a seemly regret for the oversight, and at once arranged to marry an elderly person who chanced at the time to be returning his purified wearing apparel. It was to this incident that the one with whom this related story is chiefly concerned owed his existence, and when the philosopher's attention was diverted to the occurrence he bestowed on him the name of Wan, thereby indicating that he was born towards the evening of his begetter's life and also conveying the implication that the achievement was one that could scarcely be expected to be repeated. On this point he was undoubtedly inspired.

When Wan reached the age of manhood the philosopher abruptly Passed Above without any interval of preparation. It had been his custom to engage Wan in philosophi-

cal discussion at the close of each day, and on this occasion he was contrasting the system of Ka-ping, who maintained that the world was suspended from a powerful fibrous rope, with that of Chi-u, who contended that it was supported upon a substantial bamboo pole. With the clear insight of an original and discerning mind Ah-shoo had already detected the fundamental weakness of both theories.

"If the earth was indeed dependent on the flexible retention of an unstable cord, it is inevitable that during the season of Much Wind it must from time to time have been blown into a reversed position, with the distressing result that what was the East when we composed ourselves to sleep would be the West when we awoke from our slumber, to the confusion of all ordinary process of observation and the well-grounded annoyance of those who, being engaged upon a journey, found themselves compelled to return and set out again in the opposite direction. As there exists no tradition of this having ever happened, it is certain that the ingenious Ka-ping did not walk in step with the verities."

"Then the system of the profound Chi-u is the one to be regarded?" enquired Wan respectfully.

"'Because Hi is in the wrong it does not automatically follow that Ho is necessarily right,'" quoted Ah-shoo, referring to the example of two celebrated astrologers who were equally involved in error. "The ill-conceived delusion of the obsolete Chi-u is no less open to logical disproval than the grotesque fallacy of the badly-informed Ka-ping. If a rigid and unyielding staff of wood upheld the world it is obvious that when the ground became dry and crumbling the upper end of the pole would enlarge the socket in which it was embedded, and the earth, thus deprived of a firm and stable basis, would oscillate with every considerable movement upon its upper side. Even more disturbing would be the outcome of a season of continuous flood, such as our agreeable land frequently enjoys, for then, owing to the soft and pliant nature of the soil, and the ever-increasing weight of the impending structure, the pole would continue

to sink deeper and deeper into the mass, until at length it would protrude upon the upper side, when the earth, deprived of all support, would slide down the pole until it plunged into the impenetrable gloom of the Beneath Parts."

"Yet," suggested Wan with becoming deference, "if the point of the staff concerned should have been resourcefully embedded in a formidable block of stone——?"

"The system of the self-opinionated Chi-u contains no reference to any such block of stone," replied Ah-shoo coldly, for it was not wholly agreeable to his sense of the harmonies that the one who was his son should seek to supply Chi-u's deficiency. "Furthermore, the difficulty of hewing out the necessary incision for the head of the pole to fit into, in view of the hardness of the rock and the inverted position in which the workers must necessarily toil, would be insuperable. Consider well another time, O Wan, before you intervene. 'None but a nightingale should part his lips merely to emit sound.'"

"Your indulgent censure will henceforth stimulate my powers of silence," declared the dutiful Wan in a straightforward voice. "Otherwise it would have been my inopportune purpose to learn of your undoubted omniscience what actually does support the earth."

"The enquiry is a natural one," replied Ah-shoo more genially, for it was a desire to set forth his own opinion on the subject that had led him to approach the problem, "and your instinct in referring it to me is judicious. The world is kept in its strict and inflexible position by——"

Who having found a jewel lifts his voice to proclaim the fact, thereby inviting one and all to claim a share? Rather does he put an unassuming foot upon the spot and direct attention to the auspicious movements of a distant flock of birds or the like, until he can prudently stoop to secure what he has seen. Certainly the analogy may not be exact at all its angles, but in any case Ah-shoo would have been well advised to speak with lowered voice. It is to be inferred that the philosopher did not make a paper boast when

he spoke of possessing the fundamental secret of the earth's stability but that the High Powers were unwilling, at that early stage of our civilisation, for the device to become generally understood. Ah-shoo was therefore fated to suffer for his indiscretion and this took the form of a general stagnation of the attributes so that although he lingered for a further period before he Passed Above he was unable to express himself in a coherent form. Being deprived of the power of speech he remembered, when too late, that he had neglected to initiate Wan into any way of applying his philosophical system to a remunerative end, while it so happened that his store of wealth was unusually low owing to an imprudently generous contribution to a scheme for permanently driving evil beings out of the neighbourhood by a series of continuous explosions.

It is no longer necessary to conceal the fact that throughout his life Ah-shoo had in reality played a somewhat two-faced part. In addition to being a profound philosopher and a polite observer of the forms he was, in secret, an experienced magician and in that capacity he was able to transmute base matter into gold. For this purpose he kept a variety of coloured fluids in a shuttered recess of the wall, under a strict injunction. Having now a natural craving to assure Wan's future comfort he endeavoured by a gesture to indicate this source of affluence, confident that the one in question would not fail to grasp the significance of anything brought to his notice at so precise a moment, and thus be led to test the properties of the liquids and in the end to discover their potency. Unfortunately, Ah-shoo's vigour was by this time unequal to the required strain and his inefficient hand could not raise itself higher than to point towards an inscribed tablet suspended at a lower level upon the wall. This chancing to be a delineation of The Virtues, warning the young against the pursuit of wealth, against trafficking with doubtful Forces, and so forth, Wan readily accepted the gesture as a final encouragement towards integrity on the part of an affectionate and pure-minded father,

and dutifully prostrating himself he specifically undertook to avoid the enticements described. It was in vain that the distracted Ah-shoo endeavoured to remove this impression and to indicate his meaning more exactly. His feeble limb was incapable of a more highly-sustained effort, and the more desperately he strove to point the more persistently Wan kowtowed acquiescently and bound himself by an ever-increasing array of oaths and penalties to shun the snare of riches and to avoid all connection with the forbidden. Finally, this inability to make himself understood engendered a fatal acridity within the magician's throat, so that, with an expression of scarcely veiled contempt on his usually benevolent features, he rolled from side to side several times in despair and then passed out into the Upper Region.

It was not long before Wan began to experience an uncomfortable deficiency of taels. The more ordinary places of concealment were already familiar to his investigating thumb, but even the most detailed search failed to disclose Ah-shoo's expected hoard. When at length very little of the structural portion of the house remained intact Wan was reluctantly compelled to admit that no such store existed.

"It is certainly somewhat inconsiderate of the one to whom my very presence here is due, to have inculcated in me a contempt for riches and a fixed regard for The Virtues, and then to have Passed Away without making any adequate provision for maintaining the position," remarked Wan to the sharer of his inner chamber, as he abandoned his search as hopeless. "Tastes such as these are by no means easy to support."

"Perchance," suggested Lan-yen, the one referred to, helpfully, "it was part of an ordered scheme, thereby to inspire a confidence in your own exertions."

"The confidence inspired by the possession of a well-filled vault of silver will last an ordinary person a life-time," replied Wan, with an entire absence of enthusiasm. "Further,

the philosophical outfit, which so capably enables one to despise riches in the midst of affluence, seems to have overlooked any system of procuring them when destitution threatens."

"Yet are there not other methods of enrichment?" persisted the well-meaning but not altogether gracefully animated one in question.

"Undoubtedly," replied Wan, with a self-descriptive smile, "the processes are many and diffuse. There are, to example them, those who remove uncongenial teeth for the afflicted; others who advance the opposing claims of the litigiously-inclined; and forecasters of the future. But in order to succeed in these various enterprises it is desirable to be able to extract an indicated fang, to entice the confidence of the disputatious, or to be able to make what has been predicted bear some recognisable semblance to what has come to pass. Then there are merchants in gems and precious stones, builders of palaces, and robbers in the Ways, but here again it is first advantageous to possess the costly traffic of a merchant's stall, to have some experience in erecting palaces, or to be able to divest wayfarers of their store in the face of their sustained resistance. Still endeavouring to extract the priceless honey from the garden of your inspired suggestion there are those who collect the refuse of the public streets, but in order to be received into the band it is necessary to have been born one of the Hereditary Confederacy of Superfluity Removers and Abandoned Oddment Gatherers. . . . Aspire to wisdom, O peerless one, but in the meanwhile emulate the pattern of the ruminative ox. This person will now proceed to frequent the society of those best acquainted with the less guarded moments of the revered ascended and endeavour to learn perchance something more of his inner business methods."

With this resolve Wan sought out a body of successful merchants and the like whose custom it was to meet together beneath the Sign of Harmonious Ease, where

they chiefly spoke in two breaths alternatively of their wealth and their poverty, and there strove to attach himself to the more leisurely-inclined. In this he experienced no difficulty, it being for the most part their continual despair that none would give heed to their well-displayed views on things in general, but when he spoke of the one for whom he dressed in white, and endeavoured to ascertain by what means he had earned his facile wealth, even the most sympathetic held out no encouraging hope.

"The same problem has occasioned this person many sleepless nights," admitted the one on whose testimony Wan had placed the most reliance. "In a spirit of disinterested friendship he strove by every possible expedient that a fertile and necessity-driven imagination could devise, to inveigle your venerated sire into a disclosure of the facts, but to the end he maintained a deluded and narrow-minded silence. The opinion of some here was that he secretly controlled a band of river pirates; others held that he associated with ghouls who despoiled the hidden treasure of the earth. My own opinion was that he had stumbled upon some discreditable fact connected with the past life of one now high in power. Properly developed, any of these three lines of suggestion should lead you to an honourable competence, but if the one whose foresight we are discussing has neglected to provide you with the essential clue before he Journeyed Hence the line you incautiously chose might leave you suspended in quite another position. Your obvious policy would therefore tend towards neglecting to sacrifice for him the commodities of which he must now stand most in need. Under this humane pressure his distinguished preoccupation may perhaps be brought to an enlightened end and in the form of a dream or through the medium of an opportune vision he may find a means to remedy his omission."

"It is easy to close a door that none is holding open," replied Wan freely, for the period had already come when it was difficult for him to provide for the maintenance of

his own requirements, "and the course that you suggest is like Ho Chow's selection in the analogy that bears his name."

"It is always a privilege to be able to counsel the young and inexperienced," observed the other, rising and shaking hands with himself benevolently as the beating of a gong announced that the evening rice was laid out somewhere near. "Do not hesitate to bend your enquiring footsteps in the direction of my receptive ear whenever you stand in need of intellectual sustenance. In the meanwhile, may your capacious waistcloth always be distended to repletion."

"May the pearls of wisdom continue to germinate in the nutritious soil of your well-watered brain," replied Wan no less appropriately, as he set out on a homeward path.

II

There can be little doubt that the Mandarin Hin Ching was an official of the most offensive type: rich, powerful, and in every way successful at this period of his career. Nevertheless, it is truly written, "Destroy the root and the branches wither of their own accord," and it will go hard with this obscure person's power of relating history, if, towards the close, Hin Ching shall not be brought to a plight that will be both sharp and ignominious.

Among the other degraded attributes of the concave Hin Ching was a disposition to direct his acquisitive glances towards objects with which he could have no legitimate concern, and in this way it had become a custom for him to loiter, on a variety of unworthy pretexts, in the region of Wan's not specially attractive home at such hours as those when Lan-yen might reasonably be encountered there alone. For her part, the one in question dutifully endeavoured to create the impression that she was unaware of his repulsively-expressed admiration, and even of his presence, but owing to his obtuse persistence there were occasions when

to have done this consistently would have become inept. Thus and thus Wan had more than once discovered him, but with his usual ill-conditioned guile Hin Ching had never yet failed to have his feet arranged in an appropriate position when they encountered.

On his return from the abode of Harmonious Ease, where the outcome of his quest has already been so insipidly described, Wan presently became aware that the chair of a person of some consequence lurked in the shadow of his decrepit door, the bearers, after the manner of their supine tribe, having composed themselves to sleep. Wan was thereby given the opportunity to enter unperceived, which he did in an attitude of introspective reverie, this enabling him to linger abstractedly for an appreciable moment at the curtain of the ceremonial hall before he disclosed his presence. In this speculative poise he was able to listen, without any loss of internal face, to the exact terms of the deplorable Hin Ching's obscene allurement, and, slightly later, to Lan-yen's virtuous and dignified rejoinder. Rightly assuming that there would be no further arisement likely to outweigh the disadvantages of being detected there, Wan then stepped forth.

"O perverse and double-dealing mandarin!" he exclaimed reproachfully; "is this the way that justice is displayed about the limits of the Ia-ling mountains? Or how shall the shepherd that assails the flock by night control his voice to sentence those who ravage it by day?"

"It is well to be reminded of my exalted office," replied Hin Ching, recovering his composure and arrogantly displaying the insignia of his rank. "Knees such as yours were made to bend, presumptuous Wan, and the rebellious head that has grown too tall to do obeisance can be shortened," and he indicated by a gesture that the other should prostrate himself.

"When the profound Ng-tai made the remark, 'Beneath an integritous roof all men are equal,' he was entertaining an imitator of official seals, three sorcerers, and a celebrated

viceroy. Why then should this person depart from the high principle in favour of one merely of the crystal button?"

"Four powerful reasons may be brought to bear upon the argument," replied Hin Ching, and he moved towards the door to summon his attendants.

"They do not apply to the case as I present it," retorted Wan, drawing his self-reliant sword and intervening its persuasive edge between the other and his purpose. "Let us confine the issue to essential points, O crafty mandarin."

At this determined mien Hin Ching lost the usual appearance of his face somewhat, though he made a misbegotten attempt to gather reassurance by grinding his ill-arranged teeth aggressively. As Wan still persisted in an unshaken front, however, the half-stomached person facing him very soon began to retire behind himself and to raise a barrier of evasive subterfuge—first by the claim that as the undoubted thickness of his body afforded a double target he should be permitted to return two blows for each one aimed against him, and later with a demand that he should be allowed to stand upon a dais during the encounter by virtue of his high position. What ever might have been the issue of his strategy the conflict was definitely averted by a melodious wail of anguish from Lan-yen as she suddenly composed herself into a gracefully-displayed rigidity at the impending scene of bloodshed. In the ensuement the detestable Hin Ching imperceptibly faded out, the last indication of his contaminating presence being the apothegm that there were more ways of killing a dragon than that of holding its head under water.

As the time went on the deeper meaning of the contemptible Hin Ching's sinister remark gradually came up to the surface. Those who in the past had not scrupled to associate with Wan now began to alienate themselves from his society, and when closely pressed spoke from behind well-guarded lips of circumspection and the submission to authority that the necessities of an increased posterity en-

tailed. Others raised a lukewarm finger as he passed where before there had been two insistent outstretched hands, and everywhere there was a disposition to remember neglected tasks on his approach.

In other and more sombre shapes the inauspicious shadow of this corrupt official darkened Wan's blameless path. Merchants with whom he had been wont to traffic on the general understanding that he would requite them in a more propitious hour now disclosed a concentration of adverse circumstances that obliged them to withhold their store, so that gradually the bare necessities of the least elaborate life ceased to be within his reach. From time to time heavy rocks, moved by no apparent cause, precipitated themselves around his footsteps, hitherto reliant bridges burst asunder at the exact moment when he might be expected to be crossing them, and the immutable laws governing the recurrence of a stated hazard seemed for a time to be suspended from their function. "The egregious Hin Ching certainly does not intend to eat his words," remarked Wan impassively as a triumphant arch which lay beyond his gate crumbled for the fourth time as he passed through.

III

Who has not proved the justice of the saying, "She who breaks the lid by noon will crack the dish before nightfall?" Wan was already suffering from the inadequacy of a misguided father, the depravity of an unscrupulous official and the flaccidity of a weak-kneed band of neighbours. To these must now be added a cessation of the ordinary source of nature and the intervention of the correcting gods. Under their avenging rule a prolonged drought assailed the land, so that where fruitfulness and verdure had hitherto prevailed there was soon nothing to be found but barrenness and dust. Wan and Lan-yen began to look into each other's eyes with a benumbing dread, and each in turn secretly replaced among their common store something from the allotted por-

tion and strove unseen to dull the natural pangs of hunger by countless unstable wiles. The meagre strip of cultivated land they held, perforce their sole support, was ill-equipped against the universal famine, and it was with halting feet and downcast face that Wan returned each day to display his slender gain. "A few parched fruit I bring," it might be, or, "This cup of earth-nuts must suffice," perchance. Soon, "Naught remains now but bitter-tasting herbs," he was compelled to say, and Lan-yen waited for the time when there would come the presage of their fate, "There now is nothing more."

In the most distant corner of the garden there stood two shrubs of a kind then unfamiliar to the land, not tall but very sturdy in their growth. Once when they walked together in that part Lan-yen had drawn Wan aside, and being of a thrifty and sententious mind, had pointed to them, saying:

"Here are two shrubs which neither bear fruit nor serve a useful purpose in some other way. Put out your hand, proficient one, and hew them down so that their wood may feed our scanty hearth and a more profitable herbage occupy their place."

At this request Wan changed countenance, and although he cleared his throat repeatedly, it was some time before he could frame a suitable reply.

"There is a tradition connected with this spot," he said at length, "which would make it extremely ill-advised to do as you suggest."

"How then does it chance that the story has never yet reached my all-embracing ears?" enquired Lan-yen in some confusion. "What mystery is here?"

"That," replied Wan tactfully, "is because your conversation is mainly with the ephemeral and slight. The legend was received from the lips of the most venerable dweller in this community, who had in turn acquired it from the mental storehouse of his predecessor."

"The words of a patriarch, though generally diffuse and sometimes incoherent, are worthy of regard," admitted Lan-yen gracefully. "Proceed to unfold your reminiscent mood."

"Upon this spot in bygone years there lived a pious anchorite who sought to attain perfection by repeating the names of the Pure Ones an increasing number of times each day. Devoting himself wholly to this sacred undertaking, and being by nature generously equipped towards the task, he at length formed the meritorious project of continuing without intermission either by night or day, and, in this tenacious way outstripping all rival and competing anchorites, of being received finally into a higher state of total obliteration in the Ultimate Beyond than any recluse had hitherto attained. Every part of his being responded to the exalted call made on it save only one, but in each case, just as the permanent achievement lay within his grasp, his rebellious eyelids fell from the high standard of perfection and betrayed him into sleep. All ordinary methods of correction having failed, the conscientious solitary took a knife of distinguished sharpness and resolutely slicing off the effete members of his house he cast them from him out into the night. The watchful Powers approved, and to mark the sacrifice a tree sprang up where each lid fell, and by the contour of its leaf proclaimed the symbol of its origin."

This incident occurred to Lan-yen's mind when their extremity had passed all normal bounds and every kind of cultivated food had ceased. The time had now come when Wan returned an empty bowl into her waiting hands, and with mute gestures and uncertain steps had sought to go, rather than speak the message of despair. It was then that Lan-yen detained him by her gentle voice to urge a last resort.

"There still remain the two mysterious trees, whose rich and glossy leaves suggest a certain juicy nourishment. Should they happen to prove deadly in effect then our end will only be more sharply-ruled than would otherwise be

the case; if, on the contrary, they are of innocuous growth they may sustain us until some other form of succour intervenes."

"If you are willing to embark on so doubtful an adventure it would cover me with secret humiliation to refrain," replied Wan acquiescently. "Give me the bowl again."

When she heard his returning step Lan-yen went out to meet him, and seeing his downcast look she hailed him from a distance.

"Do not despond!" she cried. "The sting of a whip indicates its end and your menial one is inspired to prophesy a very illustrious close to all our trials. Further, she has procured the flavour of an orange and a sprinkling of snuff wherewith to spice the dish."

"In that case," replied Wan, displaying what he had brought, "the savouring will truly be the essence of our feast. The produce of the shrubs has at length shared the common fate," and he made to throw away the dry and withered leaves that the bowl contained.

"Forbear!" exclaimed Lan-yen, restraining him. "'It is no further on than back again when the half-way house is reached.' Who knows what hidden virtues may diffuse from so miraculous a root?"

In this agreeable spirit the accommodating person took up the task, and with such patient skill as if a banquet of ceremonial swallows had been involved, she prepared a dish of the withered leaves from the unknown shrubs. When all was ready she set the alien fare before Wan and took her place beside the chair to serve his hand.

"Eat," she exhorted, "and may the Compassionate Ones protect you."

"I lean against their sympathetic understanding," responded Wan devoutedly, as he looked beneath the cover. "Nevertheless," he added graciously, "on so momentous an occasion priority shall be yours."

"By no means," replied Lan-yen hastily, at the same time pressing him back into the seat he would vacate. "Not

until you have slaked your noble appetite shall my second-rate lips partake."

"It is proverbial that from a hungry tiger and an affectionate woman there is no escape," murmured Wan, and taking up a portion of the food he swallowed it.

"Your usually expressive eye has assumed a sudden glassy lustre," exclaimed Lan-yen, who had not ceased to regard him anxiously. "What is the outstanding flavour of the dish?"

"It has no discoverable flavour of any kind," declared Wan, speaking with considerable emotion, "but the general effect it produces is undistinguishable from suffocation. A cup of water, adored, before it is too late!"

"Alas," admitted Lan-yen, looking round in a high-minded access of refined dismay, "none now remains! There is nothing here but the dark and austere liquor in which the herb has boiled."

"So long as it is liquid it suffices," replied Wan in an extremity, and seizing the proffered vessel from her misgiving hand, he took a well-sustained grasp of its contents.

"The remedy would appear to be a protracted one," remarked Lan-yen in some surprise, as Wan maintained the steady rhythm of his action. "Surely the obstruction is by now dispersed?"

"Phœnix-eyed one," replied Wan, pausing with some reluctance; "not only is that obstruction now removed, but every other impediment to felicity is likewise brushed away. Observe this person's sudden rise of vigour, his unexpected store of energy, the almost alarming air of general proficiency radiating from his system. It becomes plain now that from the beginning of our oppression everything has been working in an ordered scheme to lead us to an end. This is no earthly liquid, such as you might brew, but a special nectar sent down by the gods to sustain mankind in every sort of trial. From this moment our future prosperity is assured."

As he finished speaking there was a sudden outcry from the Way beyond, a blending of heavy steps and upraised

voices, the door was thrust widely open, and with a deplorable absence of seemly ostentation, the sublime Emperor of the land, accompanied by a retinue of agitated nobles, pressed into the room.

IV

Let it be freely admitted that a really capable narrator of events would have led up to this badly-arranged crisis more judiciously, and in a manner less likely to distress the harmonious balance of his hearers' feelings. Yet there is a certain fitness in the stress, however ineptly reached, for the august sovereign now involved was so rapidly-outlined in all his movements that between his conception of a course and the moment when he embarked upon it there was very little opportunity for those chiefly concerned to engage in preparation. Thus steps into the record Ming Wang, last of his royal line.

When the famine had cankered the land for seven full moons there appeared before the Palace gate a stranger clad in fur. Without deigning to reply to any man of those confronting him with words of this or that he loftily took down the brazen trident from among the instruments that hung there and struck on it a loud compelling note with the fingers of his open hand. At this defiant challenge, in compliance with the Ancient Usage, he was led into the presence of Ming Wang at once.

"Speak without fear," said the sympathetic ruler affably, "for the iron law of Yu protects you."

At the mention of this heroic name the stranger's expression varied in its tenor, and he drew up the covering of his face a little, although the day was warm.

"In the north and the south, on the east and the west, there is a famine in the land, for the resentful gods withhold their natural moisture," he proclaimed; and it was afterwards agreed that the sound of his voice was like the whetting of a sickle on a marble hone. "For seven moons

and seven more days has this affliction been, and you who stand regently between the Upper and the Lower Worlds have suffered it to be."

"What you say is very surprising," replied Ming Wang, "and the more so as no appreciable scarcity has been apparent at our royal table for the time you name. Be assured the due enquiry shall be made, however."

"Let it be made forthwith and justice measured out," said the intruder sternly, and he turned away and stood so that none might see the working of his complicated thoughts.

"When two minds are agreed what matter which tongue speaks?" remarked the liberally-endowed monarch to the scandalised officials hovering round, and with truly imperial large-handedness he ordered the immediate presence of the four chancellors of the regions named, despite the fact that they were then residing in their several distant capitals. No stronger proof of the efficiency of Ming Wang's vigorous rule need be sought, for no sooner was the command issued than the four chancellors immediately appeared.

"It is obligingly reported by an unnamed well-wisher that a scarcity exists in all the corners of our boundless realm," remarked the Illimitable, in so encouraging a voice that the four chancellors began to beat their heads upon the granite floor in an access of misgiving. "Doubtless each has a wholly adequate reply?"

"Omnipotence," pleaded the first, "there has been a slight temporary derangement of transport in the Province of the North, with the unfortunate arisement that here and there a luxury is scarce."

"All-seeing," replied the next, "certain grain in a restricted area of the Province of the South has been consumed by subterranean Beings. Yet what are southern men that they should not turn from rice to millet with a cheerful face?"

"In the Province of the East, Benevolence," declared the third, "a fiery omen shot across the sky, corroding the earth to barrenness that lay within its sphere. To judgments

such as this the faithful can but bend an acquiescent neck."

"Father of all mercies," stammered the last, who, being slow-witted, had no palliation ready to his tongue, "that same blazing menace then passed onward to the Province of the West where it wrought a like disaster."

"Nothing could be more convincing," agreed the Mouthpiece of Wisdom heartily. "We were sure that something of the sort would be at once forthcoming. It will certainly be a fountain of consolation to your sorrowing friends, even in the most poignant moments of their grief, that your crime —despite its regrettable consequences—was purely of a technical description."

"High Majesty?" besought the four in harmony.

"It would appear," explained the Supreme indulgently, "that by withholding all mention of this distressing state of things (doubtless to spare our too warm-hearted ears) you have each inadvertently come within the Code of Yaou and Shun, under the Section: 'Conduct in an official whereby disaffection in the Outer Lands may be provoked.' In that imperishable Statute every phase of misdoing is crystallised with unfailing legal skill into this shining principle of universal justice: one crime, one responsible official. That firmly grasped, the administration of an otherwise complex judicial system becomes purely a matter of elementary mathematics. In this case, as there are clearly four crimes to be atoned, four responsible officials suffer the usual fatal expiation."

"Enough," exclaimed the stranger, emerging from his reverie and confronting Ming Wang again. "In that respect, no doubt, a fit example will be made. But what of the greater need besetting you, or who will persuade the seasons to resume their normal course?"

"As to that,"replied the Emperor agreeably, "we are waiting to tread in your illuminating footsteps in whatever direction you may indicate."

"He who brings the word is not thereby required to go the way," replied the one who thus described himself.

"You, Younger Brother, hold the Line of the Immortal Eight. See to it that you do not fail their now expectant eyes."

"It is one thing to hold the line: it is quite another to obtain a message from the farther end," murmured the Sublime rebelliously, but when he would have again applied for more explicit guidance it was discovered that the stranger had withdrawn though none had marked the moment of his going.

"All-knowing," urged a faithful slave who bore the Emperor's cup, "if you seek enlightenment, wherefore are The Books?"

"It is well said," exclaimed the Monarch, casting off his gloom. "What more in keeping with the theme than that a vassal youth should recall what the trusted keepers of our Inner Council have forgot?"

"Revered," returned the spokesman of the Elder Branch, by no means disposed to have their prescience questioned thus, "if we who guard the dark secrets of The Books forbore, it was not that our minds were tardy in your need, but rather because our passionate devotion shrank from the thought of finding what we may."

The Divine made a gesture of reconciliation.

"Your loyalty is clear and deep, Tso Paik, nor has its source yet been reached," he admitted freely. "But what does the somewhat heavily-scored music of your genial voice forecast?"

"That is as will presently appear," replied the other sombrely, "for since the day of your great progenitor Shan-ti (who chose self-ending in consquence of what he learned) the restraining cords have not been cut nor the wisdom of The Books displayed."

"Certainly there are strong arguments against doing anything of the sort in an idle spirit," admitted Ming Wang hastily, at the same time spilling the larger portion of his wine upon the kneeling cup-bearer. "Perhaps after all——"

"The requirement has gone forth: the issue must be met,"

pronounced the custodian firmly. "Even the lower-class demons have their feelings in such matters." Then raising his voice, as his especial office permitted him to do, he called for the attendance of all his satellites and for the bringing of The Books. At this unusual cry general business of every sort was immediately suspended within the limits of the Palace walls, and an interminable stream of augurs, sorcerers, diviners, astrologers, forecasters, necromancers, haruspices, magicians, incantators, soothsayers, charm-workers, illusionists, singers and dancers, thought-readers, contortionists, and the like rallied to his side, bringing with them birds, serpents, fruit, ashes, flat and rounded sticks, cords, fire, entrails, perfumed wax, salt, coloured earth, dung of the sacred apes, crystal spheres and the other necessary utensils of their enlightened arts. So great was the press that very few ordinary persons gained admittance, and of these only the outspoken and robust. When order was restored the splendid ceremony of Bringing in The Books was formally observed, the casket opened, and the cords released.

"Ming Wang," pronounced the one who had made himself conspicuous throughout, "this is the Wisdom of The Books and thus stands the passage on the bamboo slip to which my necessarily-inspired finger has been led: 'Drought, excessive, to assuage. Should a pestilential drought continue unappeased, a palatable extract may be made of the fermented grain of rice——'"

"Tso Paik," muttered another of the Inner Council, from about his sleeve, "what the Evil Dragon has assailed your mental balance?"

"Imperishable," pleaded Tso Paik, in servile confusion, "dazzled by the brilliance of your shining condescension, this illiterate person misread the initial sign and diverged to an inappropriate line. Yet his arresting finger was not deceived, for the jewelled passage that relates appears on the next slip."

"Continue, discriminating Tso Paik," said the Emperor

pleasantly. "Nor suffer your finger yet to lose that self-same place."

"Sublimity, the guidance sought is that entitled: 'Drought, caused by Good or Bad Spirits, to disperse,' " resumed Tso Paik in a less compelling voice. "Thus and thus the message is pronounced: 'He who stands between the Upper and the Lower Planes alone can intervene when the Immortals have so far declared their wrath'—there follows much of a circumlocutory nature connected with the Inherent Principle of Equipoise, and so forth."

"That can fittingly be reserved for our leisurely delectation at some future date," put in the Highest. "Insert your chop-stick in the solid meat, Tso Paik. What have we got to *do?*"

"Putting aside these gems of philosophical profundity, Benign, the nature of your submission is neither palatable nor light." At these foreboding words a thrill of apprehension swayed the vast concourse, but it was widely noticed that the crude Tso Paik's lamentable voice took upon itself a pleasurable shade. "Decked to the likeness of a sacrificial ox, shorn both of hair and rank-denoting nails and riding in a farm-yard cart, it is your unpleasant lot to be taken to the highest point of the sacred Ia-ling range and there confess your sins to heaven and undertake reform. When this humane sacrifice has been achieved, (providing no untoward omen intervenes meanwhile) the healing rain will fall."

At the full understanding of this direful penance an awe-struck silence fell upon the throng. The first to break it was the captain of the Emperor's chosen guard, and although he was incapable of producing more than an attenuated whisper, his words expressed the thoughts of every loyal subject there.

"Sins! Who speaks of sins?" he murmured in amaze. "How can that which is not, be? The Ever-righteous *has* no sins!"

Never was the profundity of the All-grasping more lucidly displayed than in that exacting pause when, whatever else happened, a popular rising, in one direction or another, seemed inevitable.

"Peace, worthy Sung," he cried, in a voice that carried to the public square outside where it was rapturously acclaimed, although at that distance it was, of course, impossible to distinguish a word he said; "restrain your generous zeal and whet your docile ears to an acuter edge. The obligation is to *confess* sins: not to *possess* them. Admittedly we have no sins, for, little as the censorious credit it, your Unapproachable is often denied what the meanest outcast in his realm can wallow in. Nothing that we may do is, or can be, wrong; but the welfare of the people is our chief concern, and to secure that end there is no catalogue of vice that we shall not cheerfully subscribe to."

So unutterable was the effect produced by this truly regal magnanimity that all who heard its terms were rendered speechless. Those outside, on the contrary, hastily assuming that Ming Wang had said all that he intended testified their satisfaction more joyfully than before, and loud cries of "A thousand years!" filled the air.

"In the detail of promising amendment, also, there is nothing to which the most arbitrary need take exception," continued the enlightened Monarch, when his voice could once more be heard. "What, after all, is a promise of amendment but an affirmation that the one who makes it will be more worthy of homage to-morrow than to-day? There is nothing new about that in your Immaculate's career; every day finds him better than before."

"Your words are like a string of hanging lanterns, where the way has hitherto been dark," fervently declared an aged counsellor. "But, pre-eminence, your polished nails, your cultivated hair——!"

"It is better to lose two spans outwards than one span inwards," replied the practical-minded Sovereign, dropping his voice for that one's ear alone. "Yet," he continued, turn-

ing to Tso Piak again, "in one respect the limit of compliance has been reached, and he who opens a hand so freely on the right may close one as tightly on the left. 'The likeness of an ox,' is doubtless a picturesque analogy, and the similitude is not bereft of a certain massive dignity. But if at the extremity of your prolific mind, Tso Paik, you cherish the questionable ambition of displaying your confiding Ruler to a superstitious though by no means simple-minded populace wearing horns——"

"Mirror of felicity!" protested Tso Paik, as one who is maligned; "if my crude tongue offends, let it cease. You wear a sword and my head has but a single neck."

"In our romantic land there should be room both for your tongue and my sword to move without any overlapping," reassured Ming Wang. "Proceed, in your sublime office, therefore, to the exactitude of detail and let harmony prevail."

V

Thus in the third year of his short but glorious reign the well-disposed Ming Wang set out to free his people from the evil that oppressed them, draped in the semblance of a sacrificial ox (the metaphor, it was found, did not demand more than a screen of rushes to enclose his lower half), shorn, and riding in a dung-cart through the land. With so liberal-minded a prince, in so ambiguous a disguise, it was impossible that the journey should be devoid of incident, but this is the essential story of Wan and he who, while gathering mast, suffers his mind to dwell on the thought of peaches will return with an empty sack.

In due course the company reached the lower slopes of the Ia-ling mountains, and thenceforward all progress was on foot. Tso Paik, who was gross by nature and very sluggish on his feet, would willingly have remained below to offer up (he said) an invocation to the gods, but Ming Wang would not suffer this, claiming that if he did their sense might become satiate before his own chance came. Being

of a slight and strenuous cast this mode of progress was more congenial to the Emperor's taste than the restricted freedom of the dung-cart, and from time to time he inspired his train by pointing out to them that what they deemed to be the highest point was an imposition of the eye, and that yet another peak lay beyond. Finally, Tso Paik rolled bodily upon the ground and declared that, as he could go no farther, where he lay in his official rank as Chief Custodian of The Books must constitute the limit, and this was then agreed to.

No complete record of Ming Wang's confession now exists, all those who accompanied him having entered into a deep compact to preserve a stubborn silence. It is admitted, however, that it was of inordinate length, very explicit in its details, and that it implicated practically every courtier and official of any standing. In a final access of self-reproach the Emperor penitently admitted that he was the guilty head of a thoroughly decayed and criminal autocracy, that he weakly surrounded himself with greedy and incompetent officials, and that he had thoughtlessly permitted sycophantry, bribery and peculation to abound.

Almost before he had begun to speak heavy clouds were seen to drift up from the west; with the first words of definite submission a few drops fell, and the ceremony was concluded in a steady downpour. The conscientious Monarch did not allow the undoubted discomfort of all concerned to stem the flow of his inspired penitence, but when the last atrocity that he could lay to his own and, even more pointedly, to his ministers' charge had been revealed he called upon Tso Paik.

"You, Tso Paik, as Ceremonial Director of the Enterprise, have accomplished an end. Yet, no longer to maintain a poise, does not the copious promptness of the response astonish even you?"

"Omnipotence," replied Tso Paik, looking steadily before him, "my faith was like an elephant tethered to a rock."

"It is well," agreed the Greatest, endeavouring to shake

his scanty outer garment free of moisture. "Bring forward now our largest state umbrella."

At this sudden but in no way unreasonable command a very concentrated silence engaged the company, and those who had not the opportunity to withdraw in unstudied abstraction sought to anticipate any call upon themselves by regarding the one involved expectantly.

"Alas," confessed the dense Tso Paik, "it had not occurred to this one's bankrupt mind that there would be any likelihood—" but at that point, understanding the snare to which he had enticed himself, he stopped ineptly.

A passing shiver disturbed the royal frame, though with high-born delicacy he endeavoured to conceal it. Only a faint elevation of the celestial eyebrows betrayed the generous emotion at the painful obligation laid upon him.

"It wrings my tenderest parts with hooks of bitterness," he said, "that so loyal and trustworthy a subject should have brought himself within the Code of Yaou and Shun, under the Section: 'Conduct in an official whereby the well-being of his Sovereign is directly or indirectly menaced.' Li Tung, you are a dignitary of high justice, receive the unfortunate Tso Paik into your charge until the Palace executioner shall require him at your hands. Let us now strive to avert, so far as we can, the ill consequences of this fatal indiscretion by seeking the nearest shelter."

VI

In this remarkable manner two of the most notable characters of any age, Wan the son of Ah-shoo, and Ming Wang (to whose memory posterity has dedicated as a title "The Knowing") at last encountered, for it was to the penurious home of the former person that destiny inclined the Emperor's footsteps. Recognising the languished fortunes of the one whose roof he sought, the considerate Monarch forbore to stand on ceremony, merely requiring a reclining stool before the charcoal fire.

"Beneficence," exclaimed Wan, falling on his face to the best of his ability as he offered a steaming cup, "admittedly the hearth will warm the muscles of your lordly body, but here is that which will invigorate the cockles of your noble heart."

For a perceptible moment the Imperishable wavered—certainly the balance of the analogy might have been more classically maintained, or possibly he remembered the long succession of food-tasters who had fallen lifeless at his feet—but in that pause the exquisite aroma of the fragrant liquid assailed his auspicious nose. He took the cup and emptied it, returned it to Wan's hand with an appropriate gesture, and continued thus and thus until the latter person had to confess that his store was destitute. Not until then did Ming Wang devote his throat to speech.

"What is this enchanted beverage?" he demanded, "and why has it been withheld from us until now?"

"It is the produce of a sacred tree, high Majesty, and its use but lately revealed to me by special favour of the Powers. Never before, from the legendary days of the First Man until this hour, has it been brewed on earth, and, save for the necessary tests, your own distinguished lips are the first to taste it."

"It is certainly miraculous," agreed Ming Wang ecstatically, and unable to contain himself he began to cross and recross the room, to the embarrassment of the assembled nobles who were thus also kept in a continual state of flux. "It has a perfection hitherto unknown among the liquids of the world. It cheers yet without any disconcerting effect upon the speech or movements. It warms where one is cold and cools where one is hot. Already every trace of fatigue and despondency has vanished, leaving us inspired for further deeds of public usefulness, eager to accomplish other acts of justice. It stimulates, invigorates, rejuvenates, animates, lubricates——"

"Sublime Potentate," pleaded the recorder of his voice, "retard the torrent of your melodious soliloquy! How else

shall this clay-fingered menial take down your priceless words which it is his design presently to set to appropriate music?"

"It will be as acceptable at the earliest gong-stroke of the yet unwakened morn, as it will become the inevitable accompaniment to the afternoon rice. Into the inner office of the commercially-inclined it will be brought to smooth the progress of each bargain, and in the dim recesses of our departmental archives it will produce harmony and discreet mirth among the abstemious yet sprightly of both sexes. In the chambers of our lesser ones its name is destined to rank as a synonym of all that is confidential and inexact. The weary student, endeavouring to banish sleep; the minor priest, striving to maintain enthusiasm amid an inadequacy of taels; the harassed and ill-requited inscriber of the spoken word——"

"Proceed, O Tap-root of Eloquence, proceed!" murmured the one who plied a hurrying brush. "To an accompaniment of drums, horns, and metallic serpents——"

"To cope the final pinnacle, it is an entirely new thing; indeed it is *the* new thing, and unless our experience of an imitative and docile people is signally astray it will soon become 'the thing.'" It is hardly necessary to insist at this late date how noticeably the prescient Ming Wang's words have been literally fulfilled. Known for many centuries as "the new thing," the popular decoction passed by a natural stage into "the thing" and then, in affectionate abbreviation, to "the." By this appropriate designation it is recognised in every land to which our flowery civilisation carries, though doubtless on barbaric tongues the melodious word is bent to many uncouth similitudes.

"It now only remains," continued the even-handed lawgiver, "to reward virtue and to eradicate vice. The former is personified before us—the latter we shall doubtless very soon discover in some form or another. What, O benefactor of mankind, is your upright name?"

"My low-class appellation is Wan, that of my mentally-

defective father being Ah-shoo, we springing from the lowly house of Lam," replied the other suitably. "The inconspicuous shadow lurking in the background is Lan-yen, whose name entwines with mine."

"Yet how comes it that you, who are evidently under the direct protection of the higher Forces, are in so—as it may be expressed—?" and with commendable tact the humane Emperor merely indicated the threadbare walls and Wan's immemorial garb.

"Formerly, Magnificence, my state was thus and thus, lacking nothing and having slaves to stand before my presence," admitted Wan. "But of late one in authority has oppressed me for no cause, save that the proverb aptly says, 'Should you touch a rat upon the tail be assured that he will turn and bite you,' and in this latter end his malice has prevailed."

"Ah," commented the Enlightened, with a meaning nod at each of his suite in turn, to which they duly responded an apt glance of cognisance. "What is this corrupt official's name and the sign of his condition?" And the Justice-loving began to rub his hands pleasurably together.

"He is of the crystal button, lord, and his forbidding name Hin Ching. Furthermore, led on by an insatiable curiosity he is at this moment standing about this person's crumbling gate, striving to peer through the prickly hedge toward us."

"Let him be brought in at once," was the command and with no opportunity to prepare an evasive tale, Hin Ching was hurried forward.

"Hin Ching," said the Emperor, who had meanwhile taken up an appropriate station, "all your duplicity is known to us, and no defence will serve you. How comes it that you have so pursued this meritorious youth who has our royal favour?"

"Tolerance," pleaded the terror-stricken culprit, seeing no other course before him, and kowtowing so passionately that his words could scarcely be heard above the steady clash-

ing of his head upon the sonorous floor, "be clement in your strength, for it has long been suspected that this person's heart is touched."

"In that case," decided the Sun of Impartiality, "the marks should certainly be visible so that the innocent may be warned thereby." Then, turning to his retinue, he continued: "Procure a reasonable abundance of supple bamboo rods, and without disturbing the afflicted mandarin from the position which he has so conveniently assumed, remove his lower robe."

At this awful presage of the nature of the correction shortly to be laid upon Hin Ching a shudder went up from the assembled host, and even Wan vacillated in his strict resentment.

"Brother of the peacock," he pleaded, "suffer justice this once to drowse. He is a man of middle years and obese beyond his age."

"It has ever been the privilege to the wronged to condone the guilty," replied Ming Wang, "and to that extent your plea must hold. Yet wherein shall Hin Ching's penance lie, his case being outside the Code of Yaou and Shun? What, mandarin, is your strict equivalent?"

"Your entirely humble ranks equal with a district prefect, High Excellence—equal and above."

"Henceforth you will rank equal and below, thus degrading you appreciably and at the same time enabling you to save a portion of your face. On the unbending line of pure romantic justice all your belongings should divert to Wan, but as this would probably result in your becoming a dangerous criminal the special requirements will be met by allotting to him half. To prevent any mutual delusion you will divide all you possess into two equal mounds—and Wan will make his choice."

"May your life span ten thousand ages and your grandsons rule the world!" exclaimed Wan. "It is enough to have seen this day," and even Hin Ching contributed an appropriate, though a shorter, blessing from within his teeth.

"It only remains to define your duties," continued the Ever-thoughtful, addressing himself to Wan. "Your style will be that of 'Protector of the Tree' and the scroll confirming this will follow in due season. Your chief function will, of course, be that of assuring an unfailing supply of the beverage to our royal Palaces at all times. In your spare moments you can transmit offshoots of the tree to every point of our boundless Empire, so that the seed shall never fail. The office, which will be strictly hereditary, will naturally be quite honorary, what you receive from Hin Ching being sufficient to maintain your state. It will, however, carry with it a salute of three trumpets and the emblem of a steaming cup."

"Majesty," reported an attending slave, entering at this pause, "a relay of swift horses from the Capital awaits your commanding voice without."

The All-accomplishing rose and moved towards the door with the well-satisfied smile of a person who has achieved his worthy end.

"Everything has been set right here," he remarked pleasantly, "and the usual edicts will follow within a moon." Then to his suite: "Come, let us press forward with all haste to scatter the germs of promiscuous justice elsewhere."

DICK'S HATBAND [1]

By DORA M. BROOME

From *The Manchester Guardian*

Didst never hear t' tale o' Dick's hatband, as went nine times round and then wouldn't tie? Then tha'rt none a Lancashire lad. Dick lived i' Sto'pport on top o' a broo, an' worked i' a mill 'i t' days when there were horse tramcars and t' old orange-woman in t' Market sold oranges fower a penny, "Soft as silk an' heavy as lead."

When Dick were about eighteen he married Bess o' Thomas's, as her mother were a Heginbotham o' t' Lowgate, an' married Maria Hannam's eldest. Bess were a gradely lass. Hoo minded yo' o' t' cowslips i' spring-time, bur hoo werena strong, poor lass, an' hoo died when t' sixth were born.

I' those days it were t' custom for t' widower t' wear a tall hat wi' a crape streamer at t' funeral.

"Hap it round three times," says Dick to his sister; "hoo were a gradely lass, were Bess."

When he come back from t' funeral he put t' hat away under t' bed. "For," says he, "yo' can never tell if it won't come in agen, if it's only for young Dick when he's married." He were a rare one for fettlin' things an savin', were Dick. Yo' couldna expect a man wi' six childer to bide single, bur it were quite three months afore he went walkin' out wi' Mary Ann Hayes. Mary Ann were a jimpy body as lived i' Feg Lone, an' did dressmakin' behind a brass plate i' a room wi' two gilt mirrors, a creeping Jenny plant hangin' i' a basket, an' a pile o' last month's fashion-books. They said hoo clemmed hersen on rice an' starch an' strong tea

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to keep hersen jimpy, bur I dunnot know about that. "Ay," says she, "I'll tak' thee, Dick. I were allays one for Romance an' t' 'Family Herald,' an' it's ill work makkin' clo'es for other folk to peacock in. Bur it didna say ought about t' six childer i' t' 'Family Herald.'"

Hoo were welly jimpy, were Mary Ann, an' hoo never forgot t' crook her little finger when hoo were drinkin' tea.

Ay, an' hoo lasted til t'eldest were fourteen.

"Hap it round three times more," says Dick, when t' time come. "Hoo werena so gradely as Bess, bur hoo were welly jimpy, were Mary Ann."

He were welly cast down that time, were Dick. "I'll not wed no more," he says, "I've no luck wi' matrimony." Bur inside six months he were courtin' Elizabeth Schofield, as her husband kept t' Blue Pig an' left her that comfortable she'd nought t' do bur sit i' t' front parlour o' her six-room-up-an'-down (an' it were lobbied through, mind yo'!) an' mak' garments for t' heathen. Happen that were why hoo took to Dick an' t' six childer.

Hoo were a good woman, were Elizabeth, an' a' t' Chapel ministers testified to her damson jam, bur hoo had t' rheumatics awful bad, an' hoo caught a chill at a Prayer-meeting, an' it were a' up wi' her.

"Tha'll hap it round three times more for me, Dick," hoo says, "for though I'm none so gradely as Bess, nor so jimpy as Mary Ann, I've been a good wife t' thee, an a mother to thy six childer."

Ay, she were a good woman, an' they missed her sore at t' Tea-meeting i' boiled ham an' t' raisin-bread. When hoo werena fettlin' t' house or clothin' t' heathen hoo were bakin' pies or weshin'. Seems as if hoo wouldna be happy i' Heaven without a bit o' dirt or a heathen body, or summat t' do. Dick, he were welly nigh heartbroke when he come back from t' funeral. "I'm through," he said, "I've done marryin' an' givin' i' marriage till young Bess's turn comes. There's no stayin'-power i' women nowadays."

Ay, an' so he would a done if Selina Heap hadna met

him. Selina were a unmarried spinster as had enough to keep hersen like a lady wi'out workin' an' a big grey Tom. Hoo sung i' t' choir an' took a' t' top notes wi' a' escalator so to speak, an' hoo towd t' minister's wife what t' do an' how t' do it. Ay, there were one time when a' t' choir come out on strike because o' t' top notes as Selina took; bur hoo won through, so hoo did. Yo' could see at t' start as hoo'd set her mind on Dick, an' Dick seen it too. I've heard as hoo allays gen a hint to t' new ministers of t' sort of sermons as were expected on 'em.

"Nay then, Selina," says Dick, wipin' t' inside of his hat wi' his handkercher, "I'll none ask no more women t' wed wi' me. I'm a mournin' dove, an' a chatterin' sparrow on t' house-tops, as t' Good Book says."

"I were allays fond o' cage-birds," says Selina.

All t' neighbours come in t' see her.

"Art not feared, Selina?" says old Ann Pickles. "Tha'll be t' fourth."

"Nay," says Selina, goin' on wi' her bread-makin'. "T' others were china clay, bur I'm pot mug."

Dick were eighty-six when he died, an' he were that well looked after as even his baccy were chose for him.

Selina, hoo lived to goin' on ninety, an' hoo played t' harmonium to t' last.

Ay, nine times round it went, and *then* wouldn't tie!

FINE FEATHERS [1]

By A. E. COPPARD

From *The Bermondsey Book*

Homer Dodd was a clerk in a brewery, and when young had been full of ambition. But what is the use of ambition in a brewery, a country brewery at that? Haggar and Chibnall's Entire was a household word within a radius of ten miles of Humpingden, but within fifteen miles it was only casually appraised. In twenty miles it was rarely met and seldom mentioned. In thirty miles it succumbed to its parochial doom and was unknown. If time or distance or whatnot could do that to an old malty aromatic conservative brewery, what could it not do to the ideals of a Homer Dodd who had none of those peerless qualities? There was no Hagger now, not a Chibnall even, there was only a Company Limited; there had been a fair number of Haggers and quite a few Chibnalls in days gone by, but all that was left of them was their beautiful old brewery beside its stream that ran past the village that depended largely on the Company Limited, who depended in their counting-house to some trifling extent upon the honesty and exactness of Homer Dodd, son of William Dodd, and under-gardener to Squire Brownsill, of Humpingden Hall, Humpingden.

The laggard heavy stream drooled by the brewery wharf, with its barrels, barges, and chimney-stacks, and the office where Homer sat, and Homer had only to lift an eye from his book of accounts to enjoy a vision. On the opposite bank of the river a hill of ground, curved like a young moon and green as Eden, rose up to a vast collar of trees, and

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amid this stood an abbey of nuns, with its belfry and its holy air. Sometimes nuns in couples, with dark robes and absurd headgear, would be seen strolling about the greensward there, but Homer did not care for nuns, and he had a conviction that they were lazy.

"But they have very sweet knowledge, they nuns," his mother argued.

"They have," commented Homer, "and they have not."

"The kind of knowledge that would get you heaven," pursued she, "easy."

"It would," Homer replied, "and it wouldn't."

"It must do one or the other." Mrs. Dodd had the sure and certain hope of that, but Homer retorted:

"Not necessarily."

That was Homer all over. He knew that a crushing emphasis of ignorance was often as effective as a crushing weight of knowledge, and he was aware that he had plenty of the one and little of the other. The pursuit of knowledge was difficult for one born and reared in Humpingden, small dull Humpingden.

When Homer left school old Squire Brownsill had offered to take him on as a gardener, under his father William, but at the first hint of this from his mother the boy had taken himself off to the brewery and got a job in the office. You earned more money in an office than you earned in a garden.

"But I say it's like this . . ." His father discussed the insurrection with some heat.

"Ho, it is a very good thing for him," interrupted Mrs. Dodd, who had secretly urged her son to this course.

"But what does it all come to, this setting on a stool? A man wants a craft," said the father.

"Well, he is a good scholar at the pen and he's a good hand at the drawing. He done a picture of Marshall Croxford's donkey something beautiful. Like life it was."

"Life! Thass a donkey as near death as ever was. It's starved, you can count the hairs on its tail."

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Dodd, "it do want a bit of a rest!"

"Rest! I tell you that donkey wants a relieving officer."

"Well, he's a good scholar," declared Homer's mother, "and it is a good start in life."

"A rum start, adding up other people's money."

"And why not?" snapped she. "That's no worse than growing other people's cauliflower. My brother Bob was a sailor, and proud of it I am. He travelled the world round and saw every one of the King's colonies, but he never did and never could sail his own ship, could he?"

"Thass different," protested her husband.

"Nothing of the kind. Be honest, William. You never knowed a soldier as ever fought his own battles, neither, now did you?"

"Thass different."

"And besides," concluded Mrs. Dodd, "a clurk is more genteel."

That gentility was one of Homer's secret ambitions, though he was never to succeed in shuffling off his country husk and was to talk with the rich utterance of a ploughman all his days.

"Why don't you want to come a-gardening with me, my son?" asked William Dodd. "'Tain't hard work over yon; the soil's as soft as silk and grows taters as big as my shoe."

It appeared that the boy had a grievance against the Squire, who had recently sent him on a long journey, several miles in the rain, with a message, and had rewarded him with . . . what do you think?

"What did he give you?" asked father William.

"A threepenny bit," answered the boy.

"Humph!" Even the parent was shocked.

"He won't live long," said young Homer scornfully.

The utterance was strangely prophetic. Within a year or two the Squire, who for half a century had honourably pursued that most agreeable of callings, the three r's of squirearchy—reeving, riding, and rent-collecting—was to the

grief of his friends bitten by a pig and died of lockjaw. He was succeeded by his son, recently married to an actress whose face was too pink, too fresh-looking to be fresh. What with the actress and the new-fangled fads of the young squire, Humpingden was livened up, the Hall itself renewed its stucco, and even that pleasant spot in front of it, where three roads met, was transformed and genteelised. It was a triangle of rough green turf, where a white signpost grew like a lily and directed you to Pollock's Cross or Peck Common, and loungers sat there on Sunday mornings to gaze at the Vale of Humpingden, and smoked and swore with fluent affability. Very pleasant it was. Now the triangle was rolled and mown with such an austerity of virginal tidiness that not a soul had the hardihood to step upon it, and none halted near it lest they should be accused of some violating desire.

With reasonable despatch the actress gave birth first to a daughter named Laura, and then to a scandal which resulted in her divorcement from the Squire.

"Did she love him?" was everybody's wonder, when the actress was so tearful and penitent.

"Haw!" chuckled Homer Dodd. "Love him as a lark loves trees." For Homer was grown up now, and achieving wisdom if not knowledge. Learning was beyond him, there was only his craving for some measure of gentility.

"The parish of Humpingden," he said to his mother, "is full of men who've stuffed their noodles with things they've no mind for and knowledge they don't know how to use. They do not. And the churchyard's full of 'em too."

"And what's the harm of it?" retorted Mrs. Dodd.

"No harm at all that I can see."

"God prosper 'em," she continued.

"But what's the use of it?" he asked. "It's like picking up stones in one corner of a field and marching 'em over to another corner. You begin picking up stones as soon as you're born and by the time you come to your grave there's

a tidy bagful to tip into it. Lumber. If you lumber up your brains the cockles of your heart won't grow big enough to get warm. That's my fancy, however."

Homer's figure was tallish and slack, but neatly clad, though his feeling for dress was sombre—as befits a clerk. His hair was as light as honey, winter and summer his face was tanned, and though he walked always with his head slightly bowed it was not dolefully done, he was a lively freehanded man, and liveliness was always as welcome in Humpingden as a plate of cherries. The uncouth ambitions of his boyhood had been sloughed. These had mostly centred around a uniform of some sort—soldier, sailor, constable, porter or page—for early in life he had perceived that a uniform conferred distinction upon the wearer, and if Homer yearned for one thing more than any other—love, money, or sublimity—it was uniqueness. And the uniqueness of Humpingden was that this was impossible there. The only uniform that he regarded now was that of the squire as sheriff of the county. This was beyond his own hope and reach, a mere ideal, but there was still one form of adornment that clad a private man with his own private nobility, no less, and Homer was sworn to the consummation of that dream, though it would have to be done sixpence by sixpence as a slave might hoard for ultimate freedom. This noble attire was an evening dress suit. No common form, no trite or cheapened gear would satisfy his soul; this was no suit of clothes, it was a raiment. Nothing was forgotten, the list was drawn and calculated close.

One coat with tails
A pair of trousers with stripes
? braces
one white waistcoat
a hat that lets down
  black waistcoat
  pair of shiny shoes (laces)
and pumps

socks (plain and black)
a pair of white kid gloves
white shirt (stiff)
collar with wings
white tie
black ditto
a muffler
one opera-cloak
a handkerchief (silk)
studs? gold or pearl
links? ditto

Often he would take this list from his desk in the office and brood upon it with so tranced a speculation that when he raised his eyes and looked out across the river the vacancy of his dream was more vivid than the solid texture of stream and field, and he could see neither the abbey nor quiet nuns walking there. The yellow flowers in the grass reminded him then of things like studs, and even the glow of loose strife bending over the heavy-eyed water was but a shade to line that fabulous cloak. This immortal notion had been conceived when he was twenty. Its realisation would cost him a year's salary at the least, but what of that? Year by year the old brewery advanced his salary, sometimes by as much as a shilling a week, and the old brewery bore this strain with the common fortitude of breweries both ancient and modern. Steadfastly Homer set aside a tithe of his pocket money (Account No. 2), and at rare intervals he was able to add a guinea when the brewery let him repaint an inn sign, "The White Swan," "The Black Horse," or "The Old Market Tavern." Homer had that gift, and in the corner of each sign you would see his name inscribed in clear black letters: H. Dodd. Artist. The designation may have been only a claim—it might have been a challenge—but it is to be feared that the pale object with orange feet shimmering in a veil of blue liquid was an uncouth creature for a swan.

His parents knew nothing of this fantastical desire, but he had told his only sister Fan. Homer was fond of her. She was a big girl, with plump country contours, and walked majestically. Though vague as to expression, her face was agreeable in shape, and nothing marred the pure perfection of her skin but the one trifling fleck where she had been bitten on the neck by a peacock in Kidderminster. Fan was a year or two younger than Homer; he had no brothers, and he had sworn her to secrecy. Sometimes his mother would pester him skittishly: when was he going to marry and settle down?

"Plenty a time for that sort a thing." And this reply of Homer's would provoke her.

"Pooh!" she would scoff, "your unborn children will never have a father."

And he would answer mildly: "They may—and they may not. But he'll have a smart suit to his back, eh, Fan, one day!"

And Fan would smile and look very knowing.

Perhaps it was a mistake for him to have told Fan of his nest-egg, for there came a time when she made a slip with a fellow she had been engaged to for some years and wanted to get married in a hurry. Her man was quite unprepared; he was a wild young gamekeeper named Spatkin, who wasted his substance on riotous racehorses, and for a while it looked as if the worst was to happen to poor Fan. But when Homer heard of her quandary he behaved as all fond brothers should and bought her a suite of furniture. That alone cost him fourteen pounds twelve shillings, and what with the price of linoleum and other odds and ends his fund (Account No. 2) was terribly depleted. Homer was unconcerned about that, he did not seem to be disappointed in any way, and Fan married her fellow and went to live in a village some way off.

"Well," Homer consoled himself, "if I had that suit now I'd not have much chance of wearing it, not here in Humpingden. It would be wasted. I can wait!"

In the course of time Fan was blessed with a daughter, Betty Spatkin, and soon afterwards she persuaded her husband to give up gamekeeping and embark on the business of greengrocery. So they moved into a town, where he opened a modest shop, and borrowed money for this enterprise. Homer was induced to guarantee some portion of the debt, and he signed a document for this purpose full of a lot of long words that he could not understand; indeed he could not pronounce some of them, but that only made it seem the more impressive and legal.

When all this happened he was twenty-six or twenty-seven years old. After a while he began again to consult the list in his desk, and to scrutinise, a little despondently, Account No. 2. Across the river the same picture met his gaze; sometimes he would have a playful vision of himself walking under the abbey wall in the marvellous cloak and the hat that let down; at a certain point he would cast open the cloak and, to nobody in particular, reveal his splendid attire.

So he dreamed on for two or three years until he was thirty, and then a bad thing happened—his father died. Like all generous men, William Dodd had been improvident and was only lightly insured. To bury him and provide black clothing for himself and his mother cost Homer a pretty penny. He loved his father, he was sorry he had died, but the obsequies took a large sum, an astonishing sum. Then, of course, as head of the family and its only means of support he had to increase the weekly allowance to his mother, and so his fund for that far-off finery languished and was prone. That fund was a special and private one, Account No. 2; it had no connection with his general savings, Account No. 1, which held his reserves against the immediate contingencies of life.

But as time went on things settled down and were easy again. His salary at the brewery now amounted to thirty-two shillings a week. Good pay, you know, secure and regular, a nice easy life, rather quiet now and then, but

pleasant surroundings. There was the ever-rolling stream forever lapping at the wharf, fair flowers in summer, the fleabane and willow herb frilling the waterside, the smell of malt, the fleet and careless birds. Nothing could impugn the integrity of time, so richly crusted was the old abbey wall, not even those mysterious nuns walking in holiness across the living green of the fields in their dead dark gowns and white fluttering hats. Silly hats, silly women, it was impossible that angels could be anything like them, but somehow they gave a sweet tone to the day and its quiet affairs. You could not judge of sanctity by its clothes, their uniform was but a few secular rags to wrap the spirit in.

Minor troubles, it seemed, grew on Homer Dodd as easily as beans on a vine, they had their punctual season; yet they rested but lightly on him for he was no complainer, he was a hearty man with an appetite. Food was his delight, he ate it well and paid attention to it. He never looked under the table, there was never anything there but darkness and feet. His mother knew now of his late-concealed ambition, but she began to think he never would buy the suit he had so long desired and for which he had served so long. When she suspected that he had at last amassed sufficient money, and still he did not procure the suit, she began to bother and urge him. Gracious lord, but he was thirty-five years of age!

"True enough, I tell you," Homer replied. "If I had 'em now I couldn't wear 'em. Where could I wear 'em?"

"Pooh, you can't wear it if you haven't got it, don't you see?" Mrs. Dodd was a very amiable woman, but like all women, amiable or otherwise, she was a compendium of illogicality; yet when it served her purpose she could insist upon logic, and nothing but logic, with the bruising insistence that made one desire sweetly to assassinate her. "So it's stupid saying you don't get it because you can't wear it, Homer."

"I'll get it, I'll get it, I tell you! My mind's set on that."

"Well then, why don't you? Homer, my boy, why not buy just a good little second-hand suit? It would be much cheaper, and serve you just as well."

"Pah!" snorted the horrified man.

"And at least you would have it, even if you didn't wear it."

"I tell you I will wear it! Of course I will."

"Well," sighed his mother, "I'd like to see you in it."

"You may do that, sooner than you think for. Go slow as you can is what I think, always, but do it with a rush when the time belongs to you."

And at last Homer did it with a rush. A week of his annual holiday, spent in London, provided the opportunity, and from top to toe all the glory of his choice was regarded and approved. The suit came to Humpingden, and when it came it was laid with care, like a robe of sanctity, in a roomy chest and there it remained, locked up. Account No. 2 was closed, the list was destroyed, and yet . . .? Homer came to wonder vaguely whether a final accomplishment might not create another void as big almost as that it all so handsomely filled. Somehow he was not at the journey's end, although he had arrived; but there was now no other end for him to travel to.

He kept the suit idle for a year; two years. It lay buried in the roomy chest, invested with tissue paper and packets of perfumed moth-killer. Sometimes he inspected it to see that all was well, and after the bath in his bedroom on Sunday mornings he would occasionally try on some part of it—the squash hat was so very alluring. Nothing more than that. So again his ageing mother began to bother and urge him.

"It's a sin and a shame, my boy. Why don't you wear it? That beautiful suit! You know it is."

"I know," he said.

"Well then. You'll never have another one. It's a sin and a shame."

"There's nought to wear it to."

"There are dances, Homer, dozens."

"You know I can't dance, mother."

"Of course you can, you stupid thing! Go and learn."

"That's all very fine," said Homer Dodd.

"Or join the Freemasons. I can't think why you don't go to church in it sometimes."

"You know I never go to church."

"But you ought to go to church, Homer."

"Indeed to glory! What sort of a scarecrow d'you want to make of me? Go yourself!"

"I do go."

"Tcha! Why do you go?"

"Well, I go to encourage the vicar. He don't get much congregation, but he's such a nice man."

"You know, mother, you're not a religious woman at all."

"Homer! I am."

"You're not."

"I am!"

"And you never have been, so there."

"Oh yes, my boy, I have. I was brought up to it, thank God. And it's the way you're brought up. Our mother always made me go to church. I used to quarrel with her about it, dreadful I used to quarrel with our mother, but it was quite right, you know, for if you weren't brought up to it and made to go to church, why, you never would go, would you? You must have your photograph taken in it, Homer; and I'll tell you another thing: if you an't going to wear it yourself why don't you hire it out to those as would be glad of it for dances and weddings? You could make a tidy bit of money that way. . . ."

"Mother, you don't understand."

"It's a sin and a shame!"

"You don't understand anything at all, not a damn scrap. But I'll tell you one thing about that suit." His manner was impressive. "I want you to give me your solemn promise about it."

"What?" asked Mrs. Dodd.

Homer gave a preliminary cough, and then plunged: "When I die, you're to see that I'm buried in that dress suit, all of it."

The old woman glared speechless at him.

"That's all, mother, just buried in it. Promise me that."

"That I shall not." Mrs. Dodd indignantly bristled. "The idea!"

"Why not? I want your solemn promise."

"For one thing," said she, "you'll outlive me, please God, many and many a year. And besides that, you can't be buried in a suit of clothes, Homer."

"Why not?"

"Not with trousers on and all! Certainly not! Homer Dodd, what are you thinking of?"

Now her son displayed some thoughtful cunning. "Mother, I shall make a will, I shall make a will straight away and leave instructions for to be buried in my dress suit. And that you'll have to do, whether or no."

Mrs. Dodd remained a block of contemptuous adamant.

"You may say what you like, my boy, but I shall have nothing to do with it, that I shall not, nothing at all."

"You can't," said Homer hotly, "go against a man's last will and testament, signed and sealed. A dead man's instructions must and shall be carried out. It's law."

"We shall see about that," was Mrs. Dodd's rejoinder. "You an't dead yet."

Dodd was not the first to whom possession was something more than a challenge to envy or a prop to peculiar pride. Save for one pollution his robe of sanctity was to remain what it had become—the pure heaven of his desire. He had simply no wish to wear it. The ardours of the quest had perhaps exhausted him, as if a man with a fondness for Hesperidean apples had ground out his teeth in the search. Well, many's the man has bought a thing, and a few things that are of no service to him, and locked them in a cabinet for to be stared at. It is so indeed. The things people will put into a cabinet! Why, one of them once hung a copper

warming-pan in the hall of his house. For ornament! Astounding! There was never a red cinder ever seen in it. And between the doormat and the barometer was also a brass soup-ladle, big enough to convey half a pint—but empty! Impossible to tell whether it was there to mortify the postman or to signifiy a descent from Bumble, but it is certain that neither spoon nor pan ever suffered in service. The honour of disuse was theirs, and they were accorded reverence. Two ideas, however, requited Homer Dodd: first, although he might be content for ever with the mere possibility, he *could* wear his suit whenever he had a mind to: second, its possession marked him off quietly and impeccably from the half-baked insufficiently fledged clerks who shared his office, and from those crabbed countrymen his neighbours. What an uncouth world they occupy! On Sundays the countryman changes his shirt. If he be a young man he changes all his clothes and gets into a pair of extraordinarily polished sacred shoes that are worn only on the sabbath. But a middle-aged man is with difficulty persuaded to indulge in such diversity. At noon he may drag a crumpled suit from a damp box and put it on, but not all the arts of Helen could move him to wear a collar, and he goes off to the inn in an old hat and a pair of mouldy boots; walking slowly, not because of his deliberating nature but because his limbs have for so long been anchored to the soil.

> Pride and ambition here
> Only in far-fetched metaphors appear.

It is enough if the day provide him with meat and drink; there are few things he loves. He may wish for a little more money, a little more leisure, a little more joy, but these deficiencies are not tragic to him. As often as the sun of heaven shines he whistles at his work and touches his hat to his master without envy, for truly no one has a claim

that is likely to disturb his natural rights—so low is their level.

Homer's father had been much like that, but not for Homer was such rude inadequate scale, and the unworn suit was as significant to him as the inner revelation may be to every divergent mystic. It made him *feel* himself a gentleman, made him even cast an audacious eye on Laura Brownsill, the daughter of the squire.

When that lovely girl celebrated her twenty-first birthday the Squire invited all the village folk to a tea on his lawns, and Laura had certainly singled Homer out for some attention. This was on a warm Sunday in mid-April, when the formal garden was gay with yellow sprays on its deciduous shrubs, with pink blossoms on saplings that hadn't any leaves—and papas were explaining that those trees were foreigners, from Japan. All the idle families in the world seemed to be congregated there, strolling about the grassy pathways, clothed with propriety and behaving with sedateness, apeing an enjoyment they were desirous of really feeling. Yet although the verdure of the lawns invited them to loll, to bask, to meditate, to play, they were too inhibited to accept. They stared at the fountain with eight jets, and the labels in the lake announcing the names of lilies that were to flourish there later on, and looked timid and admonished their children. Homer surprisingly found himself in the yew pleasaunce, alone with Laura. He apologised to her for his mother's absence. (Really he had not wanted her to accompany him, she looked so "dowdy"!) And Laura was explaining to him the pleasant features of the grounds.

"Yes, I know," he said, "my father worked here once upon a time."

"I can just remember him," Laura smiled.

"And I nearly took a job here meself once."

"Indeed," said Laura.

Bright brown hair she had, a round pink face, a charm-

ing bust, and her white clothing gave her a fragrant blossomy appearance.

"But I never cared for manual work," he went on. "If you've got a headpiece you want something more mental."

"Of course." Her recognitions were perfect. "And now?"

"I'm at the brewery."

"Ah yes," said Laura.

"In the office," he explained.

"Ah yes," Laura repeated, "that gives you more scope."

"Well, it does and it doesn't," said he.

"Yes," she sighed, "that is so." And for some time they were silent. At last he ventured:

"We are going to have a beautiful summer."

"You think so?"

"Yes. The kind of summer you'd wish for if you knew it was to be your last."

"It is a splendid day. I shall always remember it."

"So shall I," he returned meaningly. Laura smiled at him with such frankness that the whole richness of her being and influence was demoralising. They were quite alone, unseen.

"I am now my own mistress," the adorable creature chattered.

"I wish you were mine," said he. She did not seem to notice the remark, it glided over and past her, and Homer idiotically hoped she would give him the opening again so that he might repeat it.

"Yes, it's a day to remember"—stupid how husky your voice got sometimes—"and I'll remember it too."

That was useless. Ah, but she was a grand creature!

"Now, let me get you some tea," she said, and they went back to the lawn. "Johnson!" Laura called out to her butler. Johnson was dressed in a suit something like Homer's evening dress suit, but not quite. The boots were all wrong, and the trousers. Waiters always fell away at footgear, but in his sacred chest there was a pair of shiny

shoes the squire himself might wear, but not old Bill Johnson, who pretended he did not know him and called him "Sir."

When later on Laura said "Good afternoon" and shook hands with Homer she gave him a smile that seemed to invite, to anticipate something further. But what could he anticipate, or she invite?

Ah, the endless futilities of desire! Yet he did not really desire Laura Brownsill, at least not so much as he desired her peculiar recognition. And she had devoted a special graciousness to him. He thought of her a great deal one way and another, and on the rare occasions when they met in the village she would stop and chat to him for a few moments. How was his mother? And his work? And was life pleasant? Mother was quite well, he told her. And work was simple, nothing to put a strain on a man's headpiece, you know. And life was pleasant enough if you were satisfied with your lot . . . but . . . of course. Ah yes, Laura would say; is it not a fine day; and good morning or good evening, as the case might be.

So two or three years went by, and then, one day, she had called at his home and asked for him. The Dodds lived in a corner cottage that had a fine chestnut tree in the front garden and a row of irises under the window. He was not home yet, Mrs. Dodd told her.

"Oh," temporised the beautiful woman. "We are having a dance at the Hall next week and I wondered . . . I am told he has some dress clothes?"

"Yes, he has," replied Mrs. Dodd, "this long time."

"I thought . . . perhaps . . . but I'd better call and ask him myself. To-morrow. What time?"

Dodd's mother told her what time Homer would be at home.

When Homer heard the tremendous news he was smitten with exquisite qualms. Why in the name of fortune had he never learned to dance? Why this? Why that? How was she looking? And even as he debated the matter with his

mother a knock came at the door. He leaped to answer it, and there was Laura again.

"Oh, I thought I would catch you this evening," she explained.

"Come in," cried Homer Dodd, throwing wide the door.

The lovely creature hesitated. "I hope I am not disturbing you?"

"Come in, come in," he repeated. "Present company is always accepted."

She went into the little parlour and plunged straightway into the matter of her visit. They were giving a ball in the following week, she wondered if he would be disengaged that night.

"Well, yes, but . . ." said Homer Dodd timorously.

"We are expecting a lot of people. Would you be able to come along and help Johnson?"

"Help? How? What Johnson?"

"The butler." She smiled explicatively, and then gazed away from him with a trifle of shyness. "We have to get extra help and we'd rather have someone we know and can trust. You have a dress suit?"

"Ah! You mean for me to come and wait on the visitors?"

"Yes. You would be paid of course."

"Help the butler?"

"Yes. We want someone we know and can trust."

For a moment he thought he would go away and thoroughly die. "But I know nothing about such work," he protested. "I've never done such a thing in my life. I couldn't do that, I wouldn't do it."

Laura looked disappointed, perplexed even.

"I thought you said, once—it was at my birthday party—that you would like to work at the Hall."

In a flash Homer realised that she had not comprehended his daring then. I wish you were mine—he had said—and she had thought he had wanted to come and look after her fowls, he supposed. And the clatter his mother was making

with those dishes in the kitchen almost demented him. He uttered a mirthless laugh.

"Oh, no, no, I never meant anything like that. No, I meant . . . Oh very different."

It began to gleam upon her that something was wrong, vitally wrong, but for the life of her she could not fathom the blunder.

"I am sorry, Mr. Dodd," she said. "I see. Please excuse me." And she held out her hand, adorably tender. Homer held her hand, smiling again. He was a whimsical fellow. The devastating proposal had swept him in its cold clasp like an avalanche, but having escaped this death he got up and began to pelt the avalanche with snowballs. He said:

"What time would you like me to come?"

Laura, still more mystified, answered:

"Would you really care to?"

"Yes," he said.

"You are sure? You can spare the time?"

"Yes," he said.

So she gave him all particulars and instructions.

"It will be rather a long night for you."

"The longer the better," retorted Homer.

"And . . . er"—it was delicately uttered—"how much am I to pay you?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all," said proud Mr. Dodd.

"Shall we say a sovereign?" she pursued suavely.

"Very well, thank you," he submittingly agreed.

"Good-night."

Homer went into the kitchen and told his mother what it was that Miss Brownsill required of him. Mrs. Dodd was elated when she heard he was to get so much money for such a little service. Homer went upstairs and took the moth-killer out of his dress clothes. Then he went to bed early, and dreamed that he was frying hundreds of eggs in a large ballroom. Each egg had to be fried singly and laid carefully and neatly in lines on the ballroom floor until

the initials H. D. and L. B. had been formed and then encircled by a heart. It took a long time.

On the evening of the ball Mrs. Dodd prepared her son's dress clothes, put the magnificent shoes besides the fire, set the squash hat acock upon the dresser, and hung the rich cloak across the arm-chair.

"Don't want those shoes," he exclaimed when he came in, "shall wear my old uns. You can put that white vest away, shall wear the black. What a fool of a woman you are, mother! D'ye think I can wear that hat and the gloves up to Brownsill's kitchen? God bless my soul! Nor that cloak neither."

Wasn't he a queer fellow! It disturbed the poor woman that he should go, as you might say, only half dressed. He looked grand in the tailed jacket and the starched shirt and things. It only wanted that hat, and the cloak hung over his arm, to finish him off properly. But no, he covered himself up in an old topcoat and went off wearing a cap. Wilful, foolish, but a good son. Never a moment's uneasiness, never a pang.

He was still a fairish-looking man, with a tolerable figure, though he was getting on towards forty. His hair had thinned, and there was an austerity in his gait, but still he was a lively man, free-handed, and was liked by Humpingden men.

Mother Dodd sat up dozing, hour after hour, during his absence. Ah, she was sleepy, but she could not sleep! She wrote a letter to her daughter Fan, and another to a friend in a distant town. The fire slackened and was renewed. There were nibbling mice under the floor; she smote the floor with a brush, but they took no heed. At midnight there was three parts of a moon shining in the sky, and the wind blew cold. The clock ticked on and on; if you could keep pace with that ticking you would not notice time. Time smoothed all things. The clock ticked on, the chestnut tree in the garden heaved its mournful sigh, the dawn came. And with it came her son.

"Well?" said she.

"You ought to been abed," he replied.

"I've got a nice cup of cocoa for you, Homer."

"Don't want it. I'm half tight as it is." He sat down, looking around the kitchen as if it were a place he scarcely recognised, and drummed on the table with his fingers. "Champagne," he said. "She's going to be married."

"Who?"

"Laura Brownsill."

"Laura Brownsill! Is she then?"

"Aw. Some rich old foxhunter. The squire gave it out at the ball. That's what this ball was for. Sir John Swells. Lady Laura, huh!"

"That's nice," commented Mrs. Dodd.

"Why?"

"Well of course it is."

"He's old enough to be her father! Silly girl!"

"That don't matter," said Mrs. Dodd, "not nowadays. And she must do as her father bids her. I wouldn't mind being an old man's darling."

"Well, I should," said her son.

"I suppose he's got a lot of money?"

"I'd hope so! He ain't got much else, 'cept a bald head and a spongy sort of nose to look at. I pity her, I do indeed."

"Humph." Mrs. Dodd was non-committal. "I suppose the Squire wants it so."

"He wants a lot of other things, I may tell you," said Homer sardonically. "I overheard him and Mrs. Sansonny spooning together. They weren't aware of me, they were so hot."

"Mrs. Sansonny!" exclaimed his mother. "That fat sarah!"

"Ah. She's wide as a barn door, and he's lean as a sheet, but there they were. Fat as she is she'd no more on than would clothe a child. And he says to her: 'I worship you, you devil!' "

"My God," murmured Mrs. Dodd, "what a wicked thing to say!"

"Wicked?"

"Well, he's a Christian, or he ought to be. And what did she say? Where was her husband?"

"Dunno." Homer yawned and began to unlace his boots. "I crept away. And it's bed for me now."

"Drink up this cocoa," said his mother. "And what did they all say about your suit?"

"Why, nothing."

"Oh, but they must have said something, Homer!"

"Nobody didn't, not to me."

"Nobody?"

"Nobody and nothing. Why should they?"

"Lord!" Mrs. Dodd muttered. "I think I should have said something."

"Well, I say bed. Where's candle?"

She lit a candle. "Drink your cocoa."

"Damn the cocoa!" said Homer Dodd.

Upstairs in his small bedroom he flung off the grand suit and let it lie on the floor. It was a low-pitched room with beams in the ceiling that would brain you if you were not wary, and it was hung with pestering white muslin. Muslin for the window, for the chairback, the mirror, for the valance of the bed, and muslin skirts (as if it were a female) for the washing-stand. He stood swaying in his nightshirt until he trod upon the clothes; then he picked up the coat, and holding it at arm's length, muttered: "Who'll buy it? Fourpence!"

Nothing answered, from nowhere.

"Fourpence!" he repeated.

On the shoulder of the coat he then observed a pale thread gleaming, a fine single golden hair, and he remembered. . . . In the Hall kitchen the servants had snatched from time to time their own fandango—drinking, dancing and bantering—and Homer had been beguiled by Polly, the parlourmaid. He had hugged her, and she him, they had

grown quite fond and daring. Homer picked the hair from his coat and gazed at it ironically.

"Keep that!" he mumbled, letting the coat slip to the floor again. Carefully laying the hair on the washing-table, he set the box of matches atop of it, so that he should find it in the morning. Then he lurched into bed and slept a sleep free of care and dreams.

On rising late he was still so tired that he forgot all about the golden hair under the matchbox, and in tidying up the room afterwards his mother swept it away. Homer did not remember it for two days. It was gone then, and he could not ask his mother if she had noticed such a thing under a box of matches. A pity! But after all it was not fitting to make a sally with the maid whose mistress had befooled you. That would indeed be the action of a poor-minded man. Having been a servant by romantic proxy for a few hours, now let it drop.

In a few months Laura married and went to dwell in Scotland, and within a year she had a child. Though she paid visits to her old home occasionally, it so happened that Homer never saw her again. And Homer, musing upon his unborn romance, came to believe that Laura was not happy, that she had once had for him, not love perhaps, not quite that, but a loving feeling and in time this conception accrued and brightened until it appeared that he and she had been separated only by the stern decree of her father! To charge with such fragrant lustre such faint seeming is a debility of any mind; we frame and bring to life the delusions we desire to cherish, lest in the void of our fancies we decline in pride and the soul faint in the shadow of its being.

One day is much like another day in general, but at times something may befall that is not diurnal: it clinches an epoch, stability is gone. Time has begotten a monster. The monster took the form of a letter to Homer from the moneylenders who had befriended Charley Spatkin, to whom Homer was inescapably bound as a surety for the Spatkin

loan, and whom a defaulting Spatkin had altogether displeased. They wanted forty pounds! They wanted it immediately, and they wanted it from Homer. Oh, the misfortune! Homer had not got so much money; he could not pay it. And if he had got it he would not pay! He stormed at the contrite Spatkin, he wrote to the placid lenders, the unrelenting lawyers, the adamantine bailiffs; there was no useless thing to be done which he did not do, but he could not escape the consequences of his sponsorship. So, finally, he hauled the dress suit from its chest and directed his mother to pack it carefully.

"I don't ever want to see it again," he said.

There was no help for it; it was packed and sent to a Jew dealer in London, who bought the entire panoply—the jacket, the cloak, the hat, shoes, socks, linen, studs and trousers for a moiety of its cost. There was no help for it.

"I don't ever want to see it again."

Mrs. Dodd was cloven to the soul.

"As God sees me, it's wicked!" she cried. "You might just as well ha' been a gardener, like your father."

"Yes," said Homer, "I might. The suit's no use to me now."

"And never has been," she added ruefully, "'twas all a foolish fancy, Homer. You've never even worn it."

"I wore it once," he said. That had been his only chance of sporting these fine feathers.

Mrs. Dodd recalled the occasion. "Why, so you did, and it paid you well that time."

The money received for the suit, with the rest of his savings, discharged the Spatkins of their dilemma.

"I will repay," the poor greengrocer wrote, "trust me for that, Homer."

Trust was far indeed from Homer, but at least the Spatkins, Fan, Charley and their Elizabeth, were on their feet once more. Yet not for long. One night in their town there was a great fire and Charley Spatkin, always a daredevil, in saving some children, lost his own life.

Mrs. Dodd took train and went to the aid of her daughter. After a few days she returned to Humpingden, bringing with her the ten-year-old Elizabeth for a short holiday.

"Poor Charley," said Mrs. Dodd through her tears, "he done prodigals of bravery."

Fan remained in her home to wind up the greengrocery business and look around for some new opportunity to live. Soon she had an offer from a kindly rich couple who desired a servant, and then she came home to sound her mother and brother on her project of leaving Betty in their care. No obstacle to this plan interposed, and so Fan went off to service, leaving Betty at Humpingden.

Homer never took a liking to this child. Blood may be thicker than water, but the blood was unattractive. Betty had a round greyish face and ashen hair tied tightly with a ribbon. She was thin and untidy and terribly plebeian. Though spiteful and stupid, she quickly conceived a morose desire to become a nun, like those she often saw walking from the Abbey.

"But you are cruel," says Homer. "You have a cruel nature. Why is that?"

Betty stares with silent hatred into her uncle's eyes.

"Sometimes you are cruel to the cat, ain't you?"

"Yes, I am."

"Now mind," says he severely, "you are not to ill-treat that cat any more."

The child says nothing, intimates nothing.

"You understand me, Betty?"

"Yes."

"All right then."

Betty goes away. In a little while she returns to Homer and says: "I've been banging the cat."

"You have!"

"I threw it down the stairs."

"What for?"

The child contemptuously grins at him.

"You're a bad thing, Elizabeth. Tit is good for tat, you know. I fear I shall have to serve you the same."

They were silently unpleasant to each other. The child grew, but she did not improve, and as the months wore on Homer's heart ached for that time to come when Betty could rejoin her mother. That happy event he began to fear was yet far off—as far as his forty pounds—and so at last, in despair, he wrote to his sister Fan, making her a fair proposal. His salary was now really a good one, he had been promoted head clerk, some day he might even be manager but their mother was getting old and the child was something of an anxiety to her. So would it not be fine now if she, Fan, would come back to Humpingden and live with them once more, to help their old mother and look after Elizabeth who was a good child in many ways but still needed a parent's guiding hand?

Homer wrote like that, and Fan replied to his "welcome letter," saying how pleased she was to hear of his progress, he had worked hard for it, he ought to have been made manager years ago, but she was sorry she could not do what he wanted now, and she implored her brother to keep the child. Indeed, she was thinking of getting married again; her sweetheart would marry her at once if only some arrangement about Betty could be made. No man liked to have the care of another's child, etc., etc. If Homer would only keep her in Humpingden she would know the child was in safe hands; and she, Fan, would contribute to her support. As she pointed out that soon Betty would be old enough to go out to work, into service; they would employ her at the Hall for certain, and so on. It was a hard thing to ask him to do, but he must remember that she was only a widow and had not had the best of luck in life. He had always been a good brother to her and she would be staunch to him.

"The best of luck in life!" he mused over the letter. "No, no one has that, for no one deserves it."

But was he to have nothing in life that he really desired? Or deserved? Nothing—though his hopes were not high

nor his deeds remarkable. Age came upon you, it had come upon him; younger men could go uphill now faster than he could come down. And yet, what would he have if he had but the power, what mortal desire for which he could still suffer and endure? He felt there was little enough to make a stir about at the best of times, luck or no luck. If only he could look forward now, as he had been wont to do, to some fine promise of the future—but no, no, there was nothing which age did not wither. His mother was old, and he could only look forward to the time when he would be left to the care and mercy of the hateful Elizabeth. That seemed to be his doom—not love, but loathing.

"It's bad!" he said, folding up the letter. "Why I might just as well have been born a fool."

FURNITURE [1]

By ANNE CORNER

From *The Manchester Guardian*

For a few moments there was a silence in the room—an awkward conscious silence, broken only by the ticking of the old grandfather clock in the corner. The atmosphere of the funeral service was still upon them; they all seemed to avoid looking at each other. Only the old woman dozing in her armchair by the fire seemed natural. She had sat and dozed like that for three days, refusing steadily to lie alone on the bed she had shared so long with her old man, although on the night when she had awakened to find him dead at her side she had continued to lie there till the morning, since to her there seemed no reason why Death should be allowed to change in one hour something which had endured for sixty years. But to lie there alone was different, she could not face that just yet, so she sat in her armchair in the midst of all the excitement attendant on a death in a small village—the arrival of her children, the visits of condolence, the constant reiteration of the dead man's virtues and failings, the crowning excitement when four of the villagers carried the coffin on their shoulders down the little path, while the mourners followed in their stiff black clothes with deep black-bordered handkerchiefs held to their eyes.

They had all come to the funeral—all, that is, except Amy, who was too poor to find the money for the fare, since her husband had died leaving her with four small children to support on the uncertain earnings of a charwoman in a

[1] Copyright, 1928, by Anne Corner.

London suburb. And yet Amy should have been there now, the old woman felt, since all the best of the furniture in the room belonged to her, and had only been left for the use of the old couple, and something would have to be done with it. What were they all chattering about? She caught something about insurance; then closed her eyes and listened. Her poor old brain could not understand much, but it seemed that there was some money to come to them all because of the old man's death. How could that be, since they had both been living on their old-age pensions for years? She gathered that they had paid something to get this money, but why should they want to have money for their father's death when they were all in good circumstances and only she was poor and alone? While she turned this over and over in her mind the conversation changed, and she was recalled to the present by angry-sounding voices and the word "furniture."

What were they talking of now? Whose furniture? It was nearly all Amy's, and she would have to remind them of it, but presently, when she was not feeling quite so tired and when her stiff old tongue could be brought to break the silence which had lasted for three days. Meanwhile she lay back and watched her children secretly, and while she listened to their talk her mind went back to the days when they had been children, and she a fine young woman in the farmhouse which her husband's racing debts had forced her to exchange late in life for this small cottage, where they lived mainly through the kindness of the Squire. . . .

There was Kate speaking now. She had always been a strong-willed, domineering child, and now as the wife of a prosperous publican her mother had heard it said that she ruled her husband, her children, the business, and everyone with whom she came into contact. What could she want with insurance money or furniture? . . .

Then Edith, who had been a bright and clever but rather sullen child. She had married a market gardener in a big town in the North, and had used her cleverness to help her

husband so that he now possessed three times as much ground as he had at the time of their marriage. She certainly could not be in need of anything. And Bob, her only boy, now in khaki and home on leave for a few days. He was not the sort to try and make anything out of his father's death; he had always been generous to a fault. But perhaps it was his wife pushing him on; she had always thought that girl not half good enough for Bob. . . . And so her thoughts rambled on to Ida, Ethel, and May until they fixed on the absent Amy—the best of the bunch, and the only one who had failed to secure a comfortable existence for herself and her family.

She woke from her dream to hear Kate say "So that's settled, and we've agreed that the furniture is no good to Amy in her present circumstances." And she had meant to interfere, but she did feel so tired.

What were they saying now? She caught the word "Mother." Ah! They were talking about her and what they could do for her; they did love her then, and care about her happiness. She closed her eyes again and listened eagerly this time, ready for whatever they might decide, since she knew they wanted the best for her in her old age. But what was that Kate was saying? She would have been delighted to have her Mother, but felt sure that a public-house with its noise and bustle would not be the place for her after a life spent in the country; it would be much better for her to live with Edith. Well, there, perhaps, Kate was right, and it would be very nice to live with Edith.

Then Edith spoke. She would have been delighted, too, but her husband was rather irritable, that she was afraid to bring home anyone he had not been used to living with; it would be misery for them all. She suggested Bob, but his wife said it couldn't possibly be managed with the family and all the work she had already.

By this time the old woman had begun to realise her mistake. They did not want her, these children she had loved and worked and lost her youth for. She was almost pre-

pared for the suggestion which was finally made that she should be sent to Amy and that her little pension would pay for her food, and she could be quite useful looking after the children. So they would rob Amy of her furniture and thrust upon her what was to them a useless burden. Even in her misery she thought there was something funny in it, if only she were not too tired to find out where the fun was. . . .

A sudden silence came upon them all, something strange and uncanny which held them in its grip, a feeling as of some unknown and terrible presence in the room. Had they heard that mocking laughter or imagined it? Then there came a slight sound, a slackening of the tension, and they knew what the presence was even before their eyes turned to where the old woman sat, huddled up in her chair, her head nearly touching her knees. . . .

The last piece of furniture was disposed of.

"LE PETIT RABBIN" [1]

By LOUIS GOLDING

From *The Bermondsey Book* and *The American Hebrew.*

It is a strange tale I have to tell of an old man, a Jew, by name Jean Pinchas, and a dead boy who has been dead for five hundred years. I must ask your indulgence for it. If you find it preposterous, which I dare to hope you will not, you will rather blame the old man, Jean Pinchas, than myself. Yet I am certain if I succeed in presenting him to you, if you will not withhold your censure, you will also not withhold your affection and your pity.

I confess that to me the prime importance of this tale—the only importance, if you like—is the curious reversal in it of a lamentable fantasy—the fantasy by which certain tragic fools hold that the life of a child is taken for some dark esoteric purpose, a fantasy hardly to be spoken of. I do not wish to allow my imagination, or yours, to dwell upon the mode in which sporadically, but during so many centuries, the Jews have been the victim of this chimæra. Nor, in presenting the tale of Jean Pinchas, and his "Petit Rabbin," as he called him, the boy who died five hundred years ago, will I linger among the crucibles and retorts, the mortar and pestles, of that ancient sorcerer and fine craftsman, Pierre d'Orange. We will not linger overlong about the spectacle of a lad dying upon a trestlebed, full in the rays of the setting sun, and Pierre d'Orange busy with spell and incantation, the refining of mineral and animal dyes, bubbling cauldrons, the green eyes of his cats.

[1] Copyright, 1927, by *The American Hebrew* under the title of "The Tale of Jean Pinchas." Copyright, 1928, by Louis Golding.

The tale opens in the tiny village of La Charité, in that region of Provence which Jewish writers in the middle ages called "Arba' Kehillot." The capital town of this region was the illustrious Papal city of Avignon. With the three further Jewish communities of Carpentras, Cavaillon and L'Isle, the "Arba' Kehillot" formed such a curious rich island in an encompassing gentile sea as Salonica, for instance, in later centuries. But these communities had a significance and a culture more memorable than the Levantine. It would be irrelevant to digress further into that fascinating by-path of Jewish history. I must only recall to memory the fact that from the earliest Christian ages these Jews had been established here, that in the time of the Papal Captivity in Avignon they became a noble race, famous for skill and learning, that in all the later centuries which extend to the time of the French Revolution these Jews dwindled, till nothing more than a name and a few stones were left of all their glory.

Now upon the outskirts of this region is the village of La Charité. And I find the name curiously appropriate from more than one point of view. For whereas this countryside is mainly a stony and a barren place, somewhat harsh, somewhat austere, and very few other trees grow there than the sparse olive, and when the anemones and the wild jonquils of spring have gone, but few flowers follow—La Charité is hidden away in a green pocket among the grey hills. Not here does the broad turbulent Rhône flow, the Rhône to which of old time the Jews of Avignon consigned their sins—but this is a countryside of sleeping pools. Beyond the willows that rim the pools, elm-woods stretch towards that opening in the hills beyond which once more Provence resumes her arid tale. If a stranger chances here, he forgets to go further on his wandering. Enough of music for him will be the lapse and murmur of breezes, the unceasing cry of doves; and the children tumbling about among the fat geese; and the sleepy builders who are building the new Church against the Mairie, and spend more

time on the benches in the *brasserie* than on the planks of their scaffolding. And the amiable priest, Père Amyas.

And that strange sweet man, old Jean Pinchas, the last Jew of that ancient communion of "Arba' Kehillot." And I do not know whether I should most dwell upon his sweetness or his strangeness. No, the traveller will not overlook old Jean, nor be unkind to him. The old priest is not. The children are not. And he is a Jew. There are no more Jews in all that region.

When first I saw Jean Pinchas he was wreathing chains of wild flowers round the dark Sinaitic boulder which stands in Fayard's meadow. His back was turned from me, but the breeze swung his long beard sideward and the sun refined it into a cadence of fine gold.

Now why did I say of that boulder that it was Sinaitic, a rock pregnant with secrecy and awe like the rocks which stand up upon the river slopes of Sinai? And why should I so promptly have concluded of old Pinchas that he was a Jew, almost before he turned his face towards me? I confess that my imagination had been possessed by the curious tale of the Jews in this land, how they had prospered and had fallen upon evil days, and now there was little left of them but a name and a few shadows. The old man garlanding the dark rock seemed hardly more substantial than a shadow. But he must of had substance once. And the substance belonged to an epoch before the middle ages initiated their glory and their shame, before his ancestors had begun their second wandering, before even they had attained the land out of which they wandered. He was a Jew amongst those earliest Jews who came wandering out of the southward desert and fell upon sudden water and wild flowers that seemed more incredible than moon or stars; and there among the pools out of which high Jordan rises, he took to weaving chains of wild flowers about the forehead of the dark rock in the meadow.

What? You find my geography more turbid than my history even? You swear that the footslopes of Mount

Sinai do not send forth those rivulets out of which the pools are fashioned whence high Jordan rises?

Forgive me. Provence is an enchanted land, and La Charité a nucleus of magic at the heart of that enchantment.

I knew only and at once that Jean Pinchas was a Jew, and the last of that race of Jews. And when he turned to me, and I had given him Jewish greeting, he smiled and said softly: "Ah, you wonder what this may be? This is the footstool of my Master. You have heard tell of him?"

But I had not. I urged him to tell me more. "The Master?" he said in astonishment. *"Le petit Rabbin?"* He would have continued, but a gang of children scampered over to him and seized his hands and made him play ring-of-roses with them. I whistled into the broad noonday. Was this man mad, or I? Curiously I would rather so have maligned myself than him. Children do not trust themselves to madmen. No man in all France was saner than Jean Pinchas, where he crawled and romped with two babies dangling from his beard and others stuck all over him like barnacles of mirth.

It was not easy, however, to get the tale out of the mouths of the villagers or the old priest, though they cared dearly for their "old Jew," and he sat against their thresholds for long hours till the time came for his evening prayers, and he went off to his small hovel and faced the East and shook his shoulders and tugged his beard like any ancient Jew from the pale of Russia. And though it seemed simple enough to ask him what he meant by his mysterious words, and who his *petit Rabbin* was—he was not only a gentle old man, but somewhat fearful, and in odd moments forbidding even. And less than ever before could I bring myself to bid him expound his secret until, wandering with me late one Sabbath night, he pointed to the stars which powder the heavens in the region of Vega, and speaking of one out of all that multitude, proclaimed suddenly: "Ah, then—do you behold him? The Master? The Little Rabbi? The Little Jew of God?"

"Where?" I whispered. "Where?"

He turned from me impatiently. "Ah! You are blind!" he said. "No eyes! No eyes!'

La Charité was not a lucid place, and though the pools there are full of clear water, they are so deep that you cannot see their beds. It was not lucid, I mean, in the sense that mystery hovered in the air and suspended from the willow-branches. And the very shrine of the mystery was an old disregarded church hidden away behind a mill. I could not help wondering for my own part why this lovely church of the early Gothic time should be so disregarded. It seemed peculiarly unaccountable why the people of La Charité should involve themselves in the expense of building a new church while so gracious a building was falling into decay. And neither the priest nor the villagers made any bones about going over to a church at a distance of several kilometres for the morning Mass, whereas if they had put their shoulders to the wheel, the old Eglise du Sacré Cœur, as the Gothic semi-ruin was called, might have been fit for service in a month or two.

The priest was *désoccupé,* as it were, except for his local administrations. The peasants lost any amount of time. Yet the repair of the Sacré Cœur seemed to be a matter which did not enter into consideration.

Why? Why was this? It was true that the roof was beginning to let in water. But that could have been repaired quickly enough. The windows were sound, or all but one. This was a window of such stained-glass as I have seen nowhere among my wanderings, whether in Chartres or in Ulm, in York or in Regensburg. I do not add as a mere afterthought the fact that this window was not sound. It was something other than a window. That I felt at once, not merely because a great hole gaped across its evil magnificence, so wantonly that I realized that it had been broken of set purpose, but because the window itself seemed to consist of something other than glass, and its

dyes to be something more precious and desperate than any cunning mixture of pounded minerals.

I stood one day in the bare aisle, flanked by its soaring arches. I gazed on the window with a sort of terror. Even now, gashed and gaping, it exerted a hypnotic spell. I endeavoured to present to myself the spectacle of that window in its completeness and glory, as it was five hundred years ago, as it might have been ten years ago. I felt at once a constriction at my throat, an evil odour in my nostrils.

I knew then. I knew. I knew that the stained-glass window was at the heart of the secret of La Charité. I knew that that place had not been a house of God, when that window hemmed in its western perspective. It was a thing of witchcraft. Not now. Oh, not now. The great blue winds surged in. You saw through the hole the intersection of swallows' wings.

And how then was the old Jew, Jean Pinchas, the last Jew in that country—how was he bound up with the mystery of a Christian church and a remote French village in a hollow among the hills?

I did not ask him bluntly now. It was with an almost conscious cunning, as I was aware, that he skirted all reference to his Master, his Little Rabbi. Nor could I bring myself to ask the priest or the villagers what the meaning was, of a window broken, a church abandoned, and an old Jew that wreathed the forehead of a rock with flowers.

I went carefully to work. I told Jean Pinchas tales of all the Jews in the world's strange places—of those that feast upon lotus still in Homer's Island of the Lotophagi; those yellow Jews with pigtails, on the Mongolian plateaux; of the stout Jews with cigars on Fifth Avenue; the black Jews with tomtoms in the swamps of Abyssinia. And we discussed not these people only, but their ritual and legends; I learned by slow comparison how the traditional service of these Jews of the "Arba' Kehillot" differed from all others, excepting that it had great affinities with the Portuguese. I

learned of those hymns and poems which they recited once and he alone recites now. We became good friends, that sweet old Jew and I.

Why should I further delay the tale he told me, that night thicker with stars than any lawn with daisies? It was a night when lovely airs were abroad and strings twanged upon invisible instruments. And when once a chord plucked louder than before, he threw his head back suddenly, and lifted his hand towards a star in the region of Vega, and cried aloud: "O Master, O little Rabbi—I shall not delay long!"

And this was the tale he told me in that countryside of sleeping pools, where magic suspends from the willow-branches.

"It had been known, my friend, for many centuries," said he. "It had been no secret. That was why the place was haunted by the crying of a boy in the night, and in the morning by the crying of a boy.

"Who was he? From what land do you come that you have not heard his fame? Not more than fifteen years old he was—his confirmation, his *bar-mitzvah,* achieved two years ago. Wiser he was than the grey-beards of Livorno or the rabbis of Hamburg. There was not one of the books which was not as open to him as the sky to the noonday sun. Not only the academies of France, but even the ancient academies of Egypt or Babylon, had never known a youth holier than he. He had a skin pale as parchment, and hair black as the jet upon the feet of a raven. But his blood was red with sanctity, urgent with God.

"Now in those days a great artificer lived, and his workshop was in these parts, in the city of Orange. No man was more cunning in the twisting of iron, the carving of stone, the mixing of dyes for stained-glass. And it seems certain that this man, Pierre d'Orange his name was, had reached the farther boundary of all that may be achieved by natural processes in the domain of beauty. No crafts-

man in all France was his equal for the illumination of missals or even the stitching of embroidery upon sacred garments. He was a poor man. So much I must say for him. He gave away what money was given to him to scoundrels or poor men, without distinguishing them. He had not the lust for money, but the more terrible lust for beauty. And he had attained all of beauty that was to be achieved in the sweet simple processes of nature.

"Whereon he betook himself to the dark Sabbatic books, the incantations of the inverse Kabbala, the ritual of Moloch and Beelzebub and of the primal Dionysius, the Dionysius not of Hellas but of Thrace. And the request came to him that he should furnish for this church of La Charité its eastern window. As I have said, he was not a man who loved God. He loved beauty only. And that is why God has never been truly worshipped in that place, for woe of a boy crying in the morning, and a boy crying in the night.

"Obscure and desperate were the recipes which that perverted man learned out of his books, for the fashioning of beauty.

"And the knowledge came to him— Hold my arm! I am faint! Let me be silent a moment!

"Ah! My heart beats again! So! Let us walk further!

"And the knowledge came to him how the most beautiful window in all the stained-glass of the world might be fashioned. And in no other wise than this. How a Jewish lad in the moment of his dying shall be held down in a magic circle by the utterance of the due words; what elements shall be compounded; what herbs gathered under what stars; what resolutions and disintegrations of matter; what persistence of spell and formula.

"So that, when the boy yields up his soul at length, he shall not yield it up to God. It shall be incorporate in the seething brew, among these gross humours of earth. It shall be fixed, perpetually frozen. It shall give the scarlet

among the artificers' dyes the glory of a holy lad's blood, and the high tints the splendour of his eyes.

"And in the measure that the Jewish lad is a lad of God, opposed therefore to Moloch and sworn foe to Dionysius, in so much the more shall the magnificence be more than the magnificence of comfortable earth or the bright sky.

"Even so, my friend, it came to pass. Even so. And for five centuries the little Master was arrested there, who should so long ago have put on white raiment among the companies of God. And no man in these parts did not know it. For at night there was the sound of a lonely boy crying for his own sanctities, and in the morning a lonely boy crying.

"And no Christian durst liberate him, for shall it not be sacrilege for him to do violence to his temple? And no Jew might, for none but a certain one has so dared in all these centuries.

"And no man was happy then in this place. And no man in this place is not happy now.

"And I it was upon a certain midnight came in and cast the stone with all my might, that the boy of the Jews might be free. I it was.

"For a voice said to me: 'Break the spell of that bad glamoury! Thou, the last of the Jews in this region, the last of his kinsmen! Break it, break it, or thou shalt be broken!'

"So I flung the stone into the teeth of the enchantment, straight and terrible at the heart of that corrupt window.

"And there was such a sweep of keen winds, and so splendid a music from beyond the star when the little Rabbi came from his prison, that for days I lay as one dead. But the Master stood over me, keeping my faint heart beating surely against my return to the earthly day.

"Behold him, O kinsman! Where his hair shines athwart the blue central star of the summer heavens!

"I shall not delay long, O little Jew of God!

"Leave me, kinsman, leave me now! I am very tired. . . ."

The sleeping pools slept trancedly under the willows of La Charité.

"EVERY TWENTY YEARS" [1]

By RAY CORYTON HUTCHINSON

From *The Empire Review*

On January 25th, 1926, at 5: 10 P. M., Ralph Saronby, General Manager of the Westways Hardware Company, took his seat in a smoking coach at Charing Cross Underground station—as he had done for as many years back as he bothered to think about. From the right-hand pocket of his expensive overcoat he drew an expensive pipe, and from the left-hand pocket he took an expensive pouch. The journey as far as Leicester Square was occupied in filling the pipe with expensive tobacco, and having placed it between his costly teeth, he lit it before reaching Tottenham Court Road. From there onwards he became absorbed in his paper, which had only cost a penny. All these things had Saronby done, with unfailing regularity, since what seemed to him time immemorial.

Ralph Saronby liked and admired consistency.

"I am not a narrow man, nor an excessively conservative man," he told his sister on those rare occasions when breakfast was just five minutes late. "I altogether approve of change in the proper place; but I have my own ideas on some things, and I prefer to stick to them. To be a productive factor in this world one must work in a regular and orderly fashion." He did. He was intolerably orderly. In a moment of bitterness his sister had once said to him, "I believe no form of existence would suit you better than one on which you simply ate and slept—at regular hours."

[1] Copyright, 1928, by Ray Coryton Hutchinson.

"I can think of other forms of existence a good deal less pleasant," said Ralph amiably.

But on the aforesaid January 25th, which, it may be mentioned, was a Monday (of all exasperating days), Saronby's calm and well-regulated career was destined to suffer a rude shock. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Camden Town his pipe went out. He continued to draw at it in short, quick breaths for a few seconds, scarcely believing that such a thing could have happened. It had never occurred before. The manager of an excellent tobacco firm personally blended Saronby's pet mixture, and sold it to him in neatly packed and entirely air-proof half-pound tins; nor could it have become damp in Saronby's faultless pouch. Clearly some very unusual mistake had been made by somebody, for the pipe was undoubtedly out. Saronby growled into his paper and felt for his matches. He opened the box and discovered that his last match had gone.

"The blows of misfortune never fall singly," he murmured, trying to recall some apt epigram which would sum up his feelings. It was unusual for the General Manager of the Westways Hardware Company to borrow matches from fellow passengers who might be in any walk of life, but it was quite impossible to travel between Camden Town and Hampstead with an unlit pipe. He looked round cautiously to find a suitable person with whom to transact this delicate business.

It was then that he realised that the coach was empty.

Saronby started. He was almost certain that he remembered noticing a shabbily dressed woman who had entered at Goodge Street and sat down close to him; he had not seen her go out. Besides, at that time of day, and on this section of the line, trains were invariably full and generally over-crowded. This was to Saronby the cause of some irritation. In fact, he only travelled by "Tube" in preference to his private car to avoid the risk of being held up at crossings, and he was constantly grumbling that the trains were too full. He maintained that big men with suit-cases and

women with babies should only be allowed to travel in non-rush hours. But a completely empty coach was another matter. It was carrying things too far. It was unusual, and to be deprecated as such. In this case, however, what annoyed him most was not the lack of passengers, but the lack of matches.

He was still fuming when the train came to a station and drew up. The automatic doors opened and a voice from the far end said "All change here." Saronby directed a withering glance upon the portrait of a smiling gentleman with a "Bovana" cigar, and stalked out on to the platform.

The doors closed immediately behind him, and with the customary rumble the train drew swiftly away. Saronby noticed that the other coaches as they passed him were also empty. Struck by what seemed a very elaborate coincidence, he turned to see the name of the station. Chalk Farm, probably, he thought. The red discs were there as usual, situated at intervals along the whole length of the station; but there was no name on any. Further, there seemed to be no advertisements anywhere. Evidently the station was under repair. He walked up and down, looking for some official to whom he might address his inquiries. No officials either.

Saronby swore under his breath and walked through to the other platform; seeing no one, he sat down on one of the station seats and prepared to wait. At that moment every light in the station went out.

Sitting alone in the darkness Saronby shivered. He was not accustomed to the sensation of fear, and would have ridiculed the idea of a return to the childish horror of night. Nevertheless, there was something peculiarly disconcerting in this total oblivion and total separation from any mortal being. But chiefly, he was angry. He felt that he, the General Manager of Westways Hardware Company, deserved better treatment. It was monstrous that a man of importance in the City should be lured into a temporarily disused station and left sitting there in utter blackness; it

was a grossly unconventional situation. Mentally he prepared a letter to the *Times* on the subject.

"As one who has patronised London's Underground Railways ever since their opening, I feel that I have a right——"

No, better still—

"It is high time that some form of protest came from the general public against the scandalous mismanagement of London's Underground Railways. Only yesterday——"

The distant roar of an approaching train cut short his meditations. He heaved a sigh of relief. The noise grew louder and a train entered the station at full speed; the coaches were fully lighted but empty. Without slackening its pace it passed through the station and was gone. Hardly had the noise subsided when the sound of another train from the opposite direction became audible. Saronby groped his way through to the opposite platform in time to see it shoot through the station. It was empty like the last, and he noticed that neither driver nor conductor seemed to be visible. He waited, and at short intervals more trains passed through, all empty, none stopping. At several he shouted, but it was useless; no one could have heard him against the din, and he could see no one in any of them to hear him. Ralph Saronby, who had lived fifty-two years and spent forty of those bullying everyone within reach, was beginning to be frightened.

"I say," he shouted. Then louder, "I say." He listened. At first tense silence, then a sound of rustling and scratching, coming first from one direction, then from another. The sound, whatever it was, was not produced by human agency, and Saronby did not care to listen to it. He felt for his matches, and remembered that he had none. So he

whistled to keep his feelings under control, and felt his way towards the exit staircase he had noticed while the lights were still on. On reaching the top he stepped into a passage that proved to extend in both directions. Keeping one hand on the wall, which was so damp as almost to be trickling with water, he felt his way along to the right and came at last to where the passage seemed to turn. He proceeded cautiously; none too cautiously, since a few paces further on he advanced one foot and found no floor. He realised that he stood at the edge of a lift-shaft and though the gates were open the lift was not there.

The escape he had had from falling added to Saronby's terror. He began quickly to retrace his steps towards the stairs, but, arriving there, he felt he could not venture down to the platform again. The sight of the trains passing through empty and heedless would make him desperate. At any rate, he must first try to find some other way of escape. To this end he started along the passage in the opposite direction, still moving with the same cautious footsteps. He thought he felt some kind of creature running between his legs, and he whistled louder; but his whistling echoed horribly down the long subway. Another ten yards, and his heart leapt as he saw, somewhere in the darkness ahead, a faint yellow glow. Light at last. It was what he longed for most. Moving rather more quickly, he came to a place where the passage turned, and then he saw that the light shone dimly across it from an opening on the left. Forgetting all caution, he almost ran towards the open door.

The room he entered seemed to have been designed as some sort of station master's office. It was only dimly lighted by a wretched yellow electric bulb in the ceiling; and a desk, some chairs, and a few oddments of office furniture could be seen only faintly. But what Saronby noticed, and noticed with satisfaction, was that on the desk stood a telephone. Now a telephone was to Saronby what a rifle is to a soldier; he stepped forward and placed his hand lov-

ingly on the instrument. When he put the receiver to his ear he felt more like Ralph Saronby, Esq., The Poplars, Hampstead, and 403–407, Barter Street. He waited anxiously, however, for it seemed almost too much to hope that the telephone would be working in this chaotic station.

"Number, please!" said a voice at the other end.

Saronby had always cursed telephonists, and complained about them weekly; but now he could have kissed one of them for the mere fact of her possessing a human voice. He gave the number of his home address, and waited while the customary buzzing and tapping proceeded. Then he heard: "Two pennies, please!"

Saronby swore again; he had not realised that the telephone was a public one. He felt in his pocket and took out a handful of half-crowns. He had no other coins. His breast pocket contained paper to the amount of twenty pounds; but not a single penny.

"I find I have no coppers," he shouted into the mouthpiece. "Will half-crowns do?"

"Two pennies, please!" repeated the voice without emotion.

"Exchange," called Saronby in desperation, "will you tell me the address of the call-office I am speaking from?"

The only answer was a long, hollow laugh, which might have been a man's or a woman's. Saronby rang again. He could get no further reply.

He sat down on a chair, mute, perspiring, listening to the scratching and shuffling. He could no longer doubt what these noises were, for, as he sat there, a large rat ran quickly across the room, dimly perceptible in the yellow glow. As he listened he heard a new noise mingled with the rustling in the walls, á regular, drawn-out whining sound, almost like a snore. It came from the opposite corner of the room, and, peering into the shadow, Saronby saw the outlines of a couch, with a heap of something upon it. He walked towards it, and as he did so, the object moved. Bending

close, he saw the outline of a human face—whether of a man or woman he could not tell. The age, too, was doubtful, for the eyes were closed and the skin so pallid that, but for the heavy wrinkles and broken lips, it might have been the face of a dead child. Yet it was partly hidden by a mass of long white hair. So distraught was Saronby that he could almost have sworn he had seen these emaciated features before—just a shadow of a face that had been familiar at some period long past. A former typist, perhaps? Saronby had employed hundreds in his time.

He examined the rest of the body more closely. It was draped in the remains of a heavy cloak, rotted and moth-eaten beyond all recognition. Certain details made Saronby feel that he would willingly have gone without human companionship in his prison rather than endure the society of this being, whatever it was. For it was alive; of that he could not doubt; although the body stank strangely of death, the nostrils were dilating incessantly, giving vent to the whining snore which had first attracted his attention. He drew away, overcome by the nauseous odour, and preferring to look on from a distance. As he watched, the eyes opened and blinked; the eyes, as far as he could see them, were moist and feeble; but they were not the eyes of age.

Suddenly they fell upon him, and immediately the figure sat upright, uttering a long, hoarse peal of laughter. The peal subsided and was followed by another, and another, till Saronby thought it would never end. He stood there, silent, wondering what he could do to calm the frightened creature.

"Pardon me, Madam," he said at last—for he now saw that it was a woman, "can you tell me at all where I am?"

She broke off in the middle of her hysterics and looked fixedly at him, her whole wasted body quivering. "Hell," she cried shrilly. "You're in hell, hotter than fire, the place of the damned!"

"To be rather less metaphorical," said Saronby gently, "I take it that I am somewhere in the proximity of Chalk Farm?"

The woman did not answer. Instead, she took something from the couch where she had been lying and began to gnaw it savagely. Saronby shuddered when he noticed that it was the body of a rat. He tried again.

"You must excuse my bothering you with questions," he said, feeling strangely at a loss to manage so unusual a conversation, "but can you by any chance tell me when the next train leaves this station?"

"Trains," she murmured, this time in a lower tone, "always trains, night and day, train after train, always going through the station. But they never stop, never stop, always empty, never stop."

Saronby coughed. "This is very irritating," he said. "I have an engagement this evening, and my sister who keeps house for me will be anxious."

His companion continued to stare at him vaguely; into those filmy eyes came the shadow of a thought—a wild, passionate struggle to recall the past. Suddenly she stepped forward and seized him by the arm.

"Listen," she said hoarsely, grasping him with her long fingers, "who are you?"

"My card," said Saronby, extracting one from a waistcoat pocket with his free hand.

"Card," muttered the woman, her eyes vague again, "card?—oh, yes! Gentlemen, ladies, name on card!"

"Exactly," said Saronby, "my card. And may I ask your name?"

"My name? I have forgotten," was the hesitating reply. "No, I remember it was Erse—Erse—Erse something."

"Ursula?" Saronby suggested.

"Yes, Ursula Lockhart."

"Ursula Lockhart!" Saronby knew the name, or thought he did. He shook himself, fearing that some madness was coming upon him, to make names and places seem familiar which he could not place accurately in his mind.

"How did you get here?" demanded the woman suddenly.

"I came by train," replied Saronby, "and was foolish enough to be led into getting out at the wrong station."

"Twenty years ago I got out at this station. I have been here, alone, ever since."

"Indeed," said Saronby. "Then, presumably, I am right in thinking that you occupy an official position in this very uncomfortable establishment?" She shook her head. "At any rate, having been here for twenty years, you are no doubt acquainted with the place pretty thoroughly; I shall be much obliged if you will show me the way out, since no trains appear to stop."

"There is no way out," she said.

"My very good woman," exploded Saronby. "This is London, not Mexico. There is always some way of getting from one place to another in London."

She shook her head again. Saronby clicked his tongue. The presence of a gabbling lunatic did not enhance the situation.

"How do you get your food?" he questioned, struck suddenly with a way of approaching the matter methodically.

"I eat only these creatures," the woman replied simply. "I have forgotten their name. There are many which have died here."

"Rats!" said Saronby, horrified, "you eat nothing but rats?"

"That is the name—rats!" she echoed.

"But you must drink something?"

"There is water running in the—the passage out there; it is not good water, but you can drink it. I have drunk it for twenty years. Soon I shall die. I think I am thirty-seven."

"How do you know that?" demanded Saronby abruptly. "You don't seem to have a calender here; do they deliver newspapers?"

She pointed to a clock hanging on the wall.

"That thing," she said, "it always goes. And the light always burns. I have marked on this table the days and

the years. I was seventeen, when—" She broke off into a fit of hysterical weeping, her body shaking with sobs.

Saronby felt an emotion which he had not been conscious of for years. Moved by a sudden impulse he stepped forward, took the quivering creature in his arms, and carried her back to the couch. Sitting there, he held her close to him, while her sobs grew fainter. A strange feeling passed over him. His loathing for this dreadful wreck of humanity, withered and actually preyed on by creeping insects, had given place to pity—more than that, to some strong feeling of tenderness which he thought had died out of his life. Dimly he remembered a time when to love and to protect were his strongest desires, great and beautiful. He had thought since then that they were the whims of a boy. Now he realised that as a boy his perspective had been clearer and truer than his vision of life as a man.

"Is is true?" he whispered to her. "Are we to stay here, alone together, for ever?"

"For ever," she said, choking. "They never stop; always empty, always passing. They never stop."

He sat still, grasping slowly the full meaning of the truth. The darkness, the rats, the noisome odours, the trains which passed ceaselessly, but never stopped. His brain worked feverishly, trying to devise a means of escape. He pictured his companion, a young and beautiful girl, groping her way round and round the long dark passages—in vain. He saw her living there throughout the long years, alone, rapidly becoming an old woman. He put his burden down on the couch and began to pace up and down the room, stopping occasionally to listen to the monotonous ticking of the clock. The white-haired woman watched him in silence. Wearying of his pacing, he went to the far side of the room and sat down upon a wooden box.

The woman started. "Do not sit there," she said.

"Sit here, why not?" he asked vaguely, feeling that he was losing all command of his reason.

"My baby—I buried him in that box," she replied.

Saronby turned abruptly. This was more than he could stand.

"You swear that what you say is true, every word of it?" he demanded. She nodded. "Then," he added, pronouncing each syllable slowly and with emphasis, "if the trains will not stop for me, they can at least kill me."

She gazed at him piteously.

"You will not leave me now?" she implored. "I have waited here, alone, twenty years. And now you have come. You cannot leave me now."

Saronby reflected. He tried to recall his normal way of facing any situation that arose in his business life. Then he made a decision.

"You must kill yourself, too," he said quietly.

She did not reply, but sat there, cowering.

"We must both die," he said again.

"You cannot die," she replied. "I have tried. You cannot die here."

At that moment Saronby became aware that the light in the room had brightened. Then he ran into the subway. It was fully lighted.

"The lights!" he gasped. "They have come on again—it may mean that a train will stop."

He ran back into the room and found the woman groping her way towards the door.

"Come!" he cried. "Come quickly."

"I cannot see," she faltered. "The lights have blinded me."

Ralph Saronby remembered that he had always prided himself on being a man of action. He seized the woman by the hand, and, telling her to hurry, he almost dragged her down the passage. As they came to the top of the stairs he heard the rumble of a train entering the station. Unmistakably it was slowing down. He heard the whistle of the suction brakes as it came to a standstill.

"It has stopped!" he shouted. "Mind—steps—buck up!"

And he ran down, pulling her with him, half stumbling, half falling.

The automatic doors of the train were open.

"Quick!" he cried, dragging her towards the nearest. She hung back, pulling her weight against him.

"No!" she shrieked, "I cannot; it is too much. I cannot face the world again."

"Fool," he panted, "you must—we must both be saved out of this hell."

"I can't!" she cried. "Leave me here. I would rather stop here."

Saronby did not stop for argument. He picked her up bodily and ran for the doors, which began to slide as he approached them. He thrust her between them, but before he could follow they had closed with a snap.

Immediately the train slid forward. He tried to push back the doors, but his strength was not enough. Wildly he looked for something to seize hold of as the train gathered speed, and then realised that he was left. He ran after it shrieking, and hurled himself against the windows of the last coach, only to be thrown back, stunned, upon the platform, as it disappeared from view.

He stumbled to his feet, looking dazedly around him. Then, high up on the tiled wall, he saw a notice, neatly printed in very small letters:—

FROM THIS STATION.
ONE TRAIN, EACH WAY,
EVERY TWENTY YEARS.

Then the lights went out. Saronby gave a groan.

. . . . . .

The General Manager of the Westways Hardware Company felt a touch on his arm, and a woman's voice said:—

"It's all right, sir, only something gone wrong with the electric; they'll come on again presently."

Light again, all in a flash, and the roar of a train, and the feel of motion. The coach was full, and Saronby, blinking, saw the woman who had woken him gazing fixedly into his eyes.

"Ralph!" she said suddenly.

Looking back at her, he remembered.

"Ursula," he whispered; "it is a long time since we last met. How long?"

"Twenty years," she said.

A WEDDING MORN [1]

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

From *The Story-Teller*

I

An Easter day was slowly breaking over one of those Squares in North Kensington which an ebbing prosperity has left derelict for many years. Strips of golden cloud lay across the sky behind the houses, and a quickening light made the rare street-lamps hang like dim fruit against the trees of the garden. From innumerable back-yards came the cluck and croon of waking fowls and every now and then the shrill note of a cock, sending a dream of farms to the sleeping country-born. The whole place was held in the dawn like a pearl, full of mysterious glows and a brooding dimness. It was the Square's moment—a moment in which it was almost a landscape of high cliffs and deep pools instead of a mere agglomeration of houses, pavements and lamp-posts, zoning a few exiled trees. The moment passed as the light grew and revealed the faces of crumbling stucco, the waste-paper that filled the gutters and drifted up the doorsteps, the sooty tanglewood of the garden where the grass grew rank and tall over the neglected paths and forgotten beds.

The dawn came in at the uncurtained window of a room set high in Number Seven, Lunar Square. It stroked the sleeping face of Ivy Skedmore, and she woke, for she was sleeping lightly. She started up, her mind full of whirling wheels, of a dream that was scarcely done. Her big, round eyes went wildly round the room, and drew reassurance

[1] Copyright, 1928, by Sheila Kaye-Smith.

from the hanging strips of wallpaper, the walls that were so high that they soared into shadows under the ceiling, the cornices of plaster fruits and the matchboard partition which shut her off from the room where her parents and the children slept.

Ivy slept with the lodger, who went by the name of Miss Peach Grey, forgetting some baptismal Maud or Mabel, and worked as mannequin at a small but aspiring dressmaker's. She was still asleep, and Ivy felt glad, for she did not want talk or company just yet. She wanted to feel herself alone, to gather some sort of strength with which to face the day. How many hours? Of course, she had no watch or clock. On working days there was always the big buzzer at the paper works. But to-day was not a working day, and she suddenly huddled herself over her knees as she realised that there never would be another working day—no more rising in clammy dusks, no more dressing in the darkness, no more hastily swallowed tea—she could feel the hot catch of it now in her throat—gulped before she ran down the huge, rickety flight of stairs, across the Square into Lunar Street, past the waking shops to the Tube Station. and then with her worker's ticket into town, to the Oxford Street restaurant where she washed up dishes, all day, all day . . . smells of grease and cabbage water, the miserable roughness of her skin in the constant water, the unutterable weariness of her legs at her unresting stand before the sink . . . all day, all day . . . No, never, never, never again.

She sprang out of bed, forgetting the slumbers of Peach, which luckily were too deep to be disturbed. Her heart beat quickly and her pulses tingled with the realisation of the new world she was making for herself by this marriage. She had escaped the tyranny of every-day and all-day, that deadly grind of going out to work; and she had not done as so many girls did in marriage, and merely exchanged paid labour for unpaid, the back-breaking toil of the workshop for the heart-breaking struggle of the home. From this day forward she would be easy and comfortable; she would sit

in a parlour and sleep in a brass bed, she would have electric light and eat bacon for breakfast . . . and a girl to help her sometimes in the house. She, Ivy Skedmore, nearly twenty-seven now, who had slaved at one ill-paid job after another ever since she had left school, and no prospect before her but toil till her life's end, she had captured the heart of a childless widower, earning eight pounds a week as an electrician, and offering her a snug little flat over at Hammersmith, full of undreamed-of luxuries in the way of parlours and electric light.

How it had all happened she scarcely remembered now. The first casual meeting at a friend's house, the next unsought encounter, the appointed tryst, later walks and excursions, the growth of expectation and the final settlement, all were merged together in an uncertain fog, in which stood many dark shapes she was wary of as she glanced back, so she glanced but seldom. The fog stretched all the way to the year she had left school. Before that it lightened, and she had neat, clear memories of family progressions from house to house, of brothers' and sisters' births and deaths, of her work and play at school and in the streets. The Skedmores were regarded as quite one of the old families of the district, as though they had been driven, chiefly by internal expansion, to many changes of residence, they had never moved out of the withered Squares and Crescents of Royal Kensington, as she lies north and is forgotten by her own kingdom in the south.

Ivy knew nothing of East End slum tradition—of drab rows of houses and dreary pillars of tenements, which have never been anything but the homes of the poor. The houses she had always lived in—the house she lived in now—had been built with a very different intention. A tablet in the wall of Number One, Lunar Square, recorded how the first stone of it had been laid by the Honourable Mrs. Addleham, in 1839. Enterprising Victorian speculators had planned a new district of wealth and fashion on the slopes behind the Notting Hill racecourse. They had designed

squares and crescents and terraces, and planted trees and gardens. For a few sweet years, gay crinolines had swum over the pavements, and elegant carriages had stood at front doors pillared with gleaming stucco, the music of the waltz and the polka had sounded of a winter's night, and in the galleried churches Victorian ladies had prayed into their muffs and Victorian gentlemen into their top hats.

It was all gone now. For some reason or other the district had never really thriven. Those who wanted suburban air went to Putney and Tooting, those who wanted the town remained clustered round Mayfair and Belgravia. No one wanted to be either so far or so near as Paddington. So rents and glory fell. The houses which had once been so respectable and inviolate became disreputable and common. They sheltered two, three, four, five families. Even their floors and finally their rooms were divided. Their basements seethed. Strings of washing were run out, fowls clucked in their areas. Their back gardens became back-yards, and their Square gardens became jungles, the haunt of the sleeper-out and the unchartered lover.

II

When Ivy looked out of the window, she might, had she been so made, have seen the ghosts of the happy and respectable people who once had lived in Lunar Square and must have been vexed to haunt it by its present ways. But instead of ghosts, she saw only one or two cats prowling among the rubbish in the gutter. The place was void and silent, alight, but without the sun. The dawn wind rustled to her through the trees, and she shivered.

Then she noticed a movement in the tanglewood of the Square garden. At first she thought it was the wind, then that it was a pair of those unchartered lovers. But the next moment a man pushed his way up to the railings, and beckoned to her to come down.

She stood motionless. Her round eyes staring from under the shock of her hair. So it was Bill—so he had come over, though she'd never thought he'd do it. Bill . . . there was no matching him for cheek. There was nothing he'd stop at. She caught her breath. Bill . . . he might have left her alone. He was one of those dark shapes in the fog, and now he had come out to stand in the dawn of her wedding day. How dared he? How dared he, the swine! She clenched her hands fiercely and helplessly. What was she to do? She couldn't make him go. She couldn't shout to him across the silence of the Square. He was making signs to her. He was beckoning her down. His lips were forming her name. The window was shut and she could not hear distinctly, but she knew that he was calling her. He mustn't call her. He mustn't wake the place.

She opened the window very softly and put her head out. She made signs to him to go away, but he only grinned and shook his head.

"Come down," he called to her.

"Shut up!"

"Come down."

"I can't. Do go away. They'll hear you."

"I don't care. If you don't come down, I'll come up."

"You can't."

But she knew he could. The catch of the front door at Number Seven was a weak makeshift, and once he was in the house there were no keys between him and her. She would have to go down. If she wanted peace and quiet and decorum on her wedding day she would have to go down. She could easily talk him into sense—she had done so many times. Then he would go, and she could get on with her business.

Ivy did not wear a nightgown. She had always done so until recently, but her couple were both worn out, and though she had bought three for her wedding, a pink and a blue and a mauve, everyone knows that it is unlucky to wear

your wedding clothes before the wedding day. So for the last month she had slept in her vest and petticoat, and dressing this morning was merely a matter of pulling on her old blue coat frock, thrusting a comb through the tousle of her bobbed hair, and slipping her feet into her old black shoes with their worn soles and trodden-over heels. What a blessing it would be never to wear them again. Of late they had hurt her badly, and they let in the wet besides. She thought of the comfortable new pair waiting for her feet.

New clothes, new shoes, new furniture, a comfortable home, a comfortable bed, light work, warm fires, good food. She thought of all these things as she ran down the staircase of Number Seven. The banisters had most of them gone for firewood, but the great and splendid width of the stairs allowed her to run without fear of falling. She dragged open the front door, and was out in a sudden snatch of cold.

The gate of the Square garden had long been pulled off its hinges, so she was soon treading through the high grass to where Bill waited for her, mercifully discreet, in a thicket of lilac.

"Don't let anybody see us," she said wildly, as he grasped her.

"They can't see us here."

"But they might have. . . . Oh, Bill, how could you? You nearly got me into ever such a fix."

"Nonsense. Nobody will wake up here for hours yet."

"Why did you come?"

"That's a pretty question. I came to see you."

"But why should you? I mean how dare you? You've no right to see me. I've done with you, Bill."

"Yes, so you told me once. But that's no reason why I shouldn't come to wish you luck on your wedding day."

"You know that's not why you've come."

"Of course it is; what else should it be?"

"Then why didn't you come at the proper time?"

"Because I'm going out for a day in Epping Forest.

That's one reason, and another is you never asked me. If I come to your wedding I come by invite from the bride, like a proper little gentleman. But I've a feeling the card went astray in the post."

"I didn't know you were back," she said sulkily. "I thought your ship didn't get in till the end of the month."

"So that's why you fixed to get married to-day."

"No, Mr. Smart; I'm getting married to-day because it's Easter Sunday."

"Is it really, Miss Clever? Well, we live and learn. And may I ask why you're in such a temper on your wedding morning? Haven't things been going as smooth as they ought?"

"Not since you came."

"But I haven't been here half-an-hour, and that temper of yours has been brewing for days. I know my little Ivy."

"Don't!"

She did not forbid his words so much as his hands, which had come suddenly about her waist.

"Don't, Bill."

"Why not?"

"Because if you've only come to wish me luck, you've no right to—to mess me about."

"Oh, so that's it. You think it should be 'hands off' because I've only come to pay you the compliments of the season. But suppose I told you that I'd come to give you one last chance of changing your mind before it's too late."

"Don't, Bill."

"It seems you can say nothing but 'don't.'"

"I—I can't bear it."

"Then *I*'ll say 'don't.' Don't bear it, little girl."

Her hands flew up between them against his breast, but it was too late. His arms were round her and his mouth on hers, forcing back her head. The tears ran out of the corners of her eyes, but she made no resistance and no

sound; she merely seemed to melt and fade and grow weak, and then suddenly to break, as love and sorrow smote her at once.

III

After that they talked more quietly together. She had tried at first to be angry, but she knew all the time her anger was unjust. She was vexed with herself rather than with him—not for any moral failure, but for allowing the past to come and upset the present, now at the very last moment, when everything had seemed settled and she herself was ready for everything. The fire in her had suddenly died, and she was cold and abstracted as he talked on.

"You don't love this chap Hurley."

"Don't I?"

"Of course you don't. You love me—you've just shown me that."

"I dunno."

"What d'you mean by you 'dunno'? I bet you do. I bet you wouldn't have kissed me like that if you hadn't loved me."

She shivered.

"Ivy, little Ivy, give yourself a chance. Give me a chance. You didn't, you know, last summer. There was I, all burning for love of you, and you sent me away."

"I didn't—your ship sailed."

"But you could have given me your promise to take with me."

"What 'ud have been the good of it? You said yourself you couldn't marry for years."

"If you'd loved me you could have waited."

"That's just it—that's what I'm telling you the whole time. I don't love you."

"Yes, you do—you've shown me that. You do love me—but it's the waiting you can't manage. You're afraid of waiting. Well, I'll tell you something. You shan't wait. I'll

chuck the sea and get a job ashore. I'm handy at most things and we could manage if you didn't mind having a job of your own at the start. It was only as I didn't want you to have to work, and if I'd gone on I could have done better for myself and you, too, some day. But if waiting's all that's the matter, I tell you what I'll do. I can't do nothing now, for I've only three days' leave—on Wednesday we go to Middlesbrough to refit. But I'll make it my last voyage. We'll be back in September, and I'll marry you then. I'll get a job in a garage—or maybe we could both go as caretakers somewhere . . . I knew a chap in the Navy who got a thundering good job as porter in a block of flats . . . anyhow, we'll manage fine. So you go home, Ivy, and tell 'em the wedding's off."

Ivy did not speak. She was still thinking—thinking, as she always thought, in a series of pictures. She saw herself as she had been, going out with Bill last summer, pleased with the places where he took her on Saturdays and Sundays, and sometimes of an evening in the week when she was not too late or too tired. He had spent money freely, and done her proud, and other girls had envied her. He had kissed her freely, too, and asked her to marry him when he was better off. At present he was just an ordinary seaman on the *Clio,* one of a small steamship line plying between London and Halifax. Like her, he knew what it was to be out of a job, though, as he said, he was handy at most things—at too many, perhaps, she had criticised in her heart, and the reviving criticism gave her a new set of pictures, this time of the future. She saw herself standing in front of the sink—standing till September—another six months of early and weary days, of roughened hands and greasy water, of aching legs . . . she'd already started what the Square called "various" veins, and the dreaded threat of "bad legs" was upon her . . . she had thought it all over and done with, in time, before the evil happened—another six months might bring it about, and she would have legs like those of so many women she knew, like her own mother's aching and ulcer-

ated, perpetually swathed in greasy bandages as one patent ointment was tried after another. . . . At the thought her mouth and nose wrinkled up adorably and her pictures were destroyed by Bill's provoked kiss.

"Sweetheart, I've got a better idea. Come away with me now, so as you won't have to face them at home. I'll take you straight to Mother's, and you can stop along of her till I come back. You'll like it, you know. You and Mother always did get on together. You can go to work just as easy from there as from here, and give her something for your keep and save the rest."

Ivy laughed shortly. That showed the way he thought of things—"save the rest"—as if there'd be any "rest." Bill was too cocksure by half. He saw things much too bright. He saw them married in September, when most likely they wouldn't have a penny piece to do it on. He'd have spent all his money—he always did—and she wouldn't have managed to save any of hers. He'd have to get another job, and try to save on that . . . not likely . . . more years of waiting, more years of working. Then there'd be more working after she was married—standing before the washtub just as now she stood before the sink, standing over the kitchen fire, always cleaning, always trying to manage on just too little. Bill's would be the sort of home in which there was never quite enough, because Bill's would be the sort of home in which there would always be periods of unemployment, lean weeks that would eat up any small fullness, lean weeks of struggle on the dole . . . she shivered again. She knew the dole, and so did he—it was failure to get work on land that had sent him to sea in the first place. Poor Bill . . . poor, darling, adored Bill! For, of course, she adored him, loved him . . . ever so much. . . . Oh, God! That made another picture come. She had a picture of babies—babies coming year after year, wearing her out as she had seen so many women worn out, binding her yoke upon her without pity or rest. Ivy had no illusions about

marriage in general, and, more remarkably, she had no illusions about marriage with Bill.

"Well, precious, what's it going to be?"

"Nothing," she jerked at him shortly.

"Ain't you coming with me?"

"No. And I'm not going to stop the marriage neither."

"Oh, yes, you are."

He tried to pull her close for another kiss, but she pushed him from her almost violently.

"No, I say. Stop pawing me about. I won't have it. Gawd! You ought to know better than to speak as you do, to me as good as married. I tell you I've made up my mind and I know what I'm doing. You leave me alone."

"Very well, Miss Spitfire. If you want to be miserable all your life, you're free and welcome, and maybe I've had a lucky escape."

"I shan't be miserable. I'd be miserable if I married you, but I'll be ever so happy if I marry Sid Hurley."

"Bah! He's old enough to be your father."

"He ain't. He's only forty-six; and, anyway, better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

"So that's it, is it?" His young face darkened, and at the same time his lip quivered childishly. She could not bear it. She turned from him with a little moan and fought her way out of the bushes. He did not attempt to follow her as she rustled through the wilderness towards the gate. One or two sick flowers went down under her feet. Her frock caught on a twig, tearing a shoddy seam. She cursed, and ran on. She wanted to forget. She wanted to blot out that picture of him standing there with his angry eyes and childish trembling mouth.

IV

It was eight o'clock in the Square—very different from the eight o'clock of most days. Usually at eight o'clock the

pavements echoed with the patter of girls' feet. From under the solemn porticoes, which long ago had sheltered the slow swaying exits of crinolined ladies, tripped groups and strings of prettily dressed girls. No Victorian belle had looked smarter or sweeter than these in their stockings of sunburn silk, in their patent-leather shoes, in their big wrap coats and little cloche hats. It was incredible that they should emerge from these ruins of home, that the muddle of the common living and sleeping room should produce anything so fresh and delicate and gay. Yet out they came, on their way to the dressmaker, the hairdresser, the café, the drapery store, to spend the day waiting on elegance and learning from it their natural lesson of charm, to return at night with step less springy and eye less bright, and maybe mud on the patent shoes (which often let in water) and spots and stains on the sunburn stockings (which often defeated the efforts of the wrap coat to protect its wearer from chills).

Ivy had never counted herself as a member of this society. She belonged to a smaller, inferior troupe that set out at an earlier, more unfashionable hour, and went to wait on necessity rather than on elegance. Yet it was she and not one of them who had been chosen to live in a four-roomed flat, to preside over the glories of a bath-room, a gas-cooker and electric light, to run an eight-pound-a-week home in unimagined honour. *They* would marry men like Bill, and in five years become middle-aged slatterns, slaving in three-pound-a-week homes, that periodically would become fourteen-and-sixpenny homes as prosperity ebbed and flowed over the district and the dole took the place of wages. Ivy Skedmore could pity them as she fled from passion to security, running across the empty Square, and up the many steps of Number Seven to where the giant door stood unlatched.

It was lucky that the Sabbath was in the Square, or she and Bill would have been discovered and the story down all the streets by this time. But on Sunday no one ever thought of getting up before nine o'clock. At nine-thirty the shops opened, and the market, and the streets were full of those

who bought and sold fish and meat and vegetables that the main-road shops had not been able to get rid of Saturday night.

The Skedmores had not on this occasion left their shopping till Sunday morning, but had done it in superior fashion on Saturday afternoon. The wedding feast had shared their sleeping chamber, the more perishable parts bestowed for safety on the window-sill. As she passed her parents' door, Ivy was surprised to hear the sound of voices. She felt uneasy. Had they somehow discovered her absence? Had Peach woken up and gone in search of her to the main room? She decided to go in and find out the worst.

But she need not have alarmed herself. Her parents' early rising was due entirely to social reasons. To-day was their eldest daughter's wedding-day, and they had already received one, or rather several, wedding guests. A large woman, with a baby in her arms, was seated on one of the two double beds that the room contained. Round her knees squirmed a mass of children, four of whom were her own, the other three being little Skedmores, arrayed only in their underclothing, as their wedding garments were for obvious reasons not to be taken out of the drawer till the last moment. On the other bed lay Mr. Skedmore, smoking a pipe while his wife struggled with the fire.

The room was big, and even now almost handsome, with its soaring walls and richly decorated cornice. Peach's and Ivy's room was a mere slice cut off it, and much remained in the chief apartment to suggest the splendour of the rock out of which it had been hewn. It was crammed with furniture—two big beds, a big table and one or two smaller ones, a chiffonier, a chest of drawers, innumerable chairs, most of them decrepit, and a broken backed sofa. The walls were gay with pictures, and ornaments and the family china and glass, for which there was no cupboard, adorned all available space. Clothes were everywhere—they hung from hooks on the wall, they were rolled up in piles in corners, and eked out the blankets on the beds. The place in its litter and huge-

ness suggested a parish hall rather inefficiently stocked for a jumble sale. The Skedmores had many possessions, none of which was intact, unblemished or really serviceable, but all of which were loved, prized and hoarded till the day of final disintegration.

"Well, dearie," cried Mrs. Skedmore cheerily, lifting a blackened face out of the smoke—"and how are you this morning? I thought I'd leave you to have your sleep out."

"Thanks, Mum, but I couldn't sleep late this morning."

"Of course she couldn't," the lady on the bed declared with cheeriness—"when it's her wedding day and all."

"A pity to waste a Sunday, though," said Mrs. Skedmore.

"What's that matter to her, marrying Sid Hurley? She may lay in bed all day if she likes."

"Of course she can—and will sometimes, I dassay. It'll all be ever so nice, I tell her."

"I bet she don't want to be told. Ivy, you're looking fine this morning."

Ivy's cheeks were blazing and her eyes were bright.

"It's ever so kind of Mrs. Housego to come in and help us," said her mother. "I thought I'd got everything straight yesterday, but it's all gone and got messed up again. Drat this fire—it won't catch and I've gone and used up all the newspaper."

"Let me help you, dear," said Mrs. Housego, heaving from the bed. There was a flaw in the Skedmores' grate which involved desperate measures every morning with a threat of suffocation throughout the day.

"Try a drop of paraffin, dearie."

"There isn't any in the place."

"I'll try and find you some downstairs. Mrs. Spiller has some, I know, for I saw her bring it in yesterday."

"Don't you go chucking paraffin on the fire!" shouted Mr. Skedmore from his bed. "You got me fined a bob last year for setting fire to the chimbley—it'll be half-a-crown next time."

The matrons heaved and struggled amidst clouds of smoke.

Finally, one of Mrs. Housego's children found a piece of newspaper under the bed, and, by holding this in front of the grate, a flame was persuaded to kindle and grow. By the time the paper had caught fire and whirled blazing up the chimney there was some chance of the kettle being boiled for a cup of tea.

"And we'll all be glad of that," said Mrs. Skedmore. "What you standing there for, Ivy, like a stuck pig? You'll be tired before you've gone through half to-day."

Ivy sat down upon the bed.

"Let's talk about the wedding," said Mrs. Housego. "How many are you expecting, dearie?"

V

"I've got food for ten besides ourselves. Mr. Hurley's mother 'ull be coming and his sister Grace. And then there's yourself, Mrs. Housego, and the Lockits and the Gaits and old Mr. Willard. We'll be a crowd, I tell you. But don't you worry—nobody shall go without. I've got salmon and crab and tongue and prawns, a lovely cake and some fancies and a vealanam pie, and two-dozen of ale and a dozen of Guinness for a start."

"Coo! Listen to that! Ivy, your mother couldn't have done you prouder if it had been your funeral."

"Well, I didn't want Sid Hurley's people to think he was marrying dirt," said Mrs. Skedmore modestly.

"They won't think it after this. What a breakfast! What a treat! When I married, my mother didn't give us nothing but fish-and-chips and tea—not but what she didn't have to pawn her crocks to get that much. Pore mother! Which reminds me, I've got my five-shilling parcel back, and it's got my best hat in it as well as the sheets, so I shan't look such a guy at your wedding, Ivy, after all."

"Are you coming to the church?"

"You betcher life!—now I've got my hat. I'm all for the

church, as I told the clergyman the other day. Why, I was as weak as a rat after Monty was born till I had my churching. I said to the nurse, 'for mercy's sake, let me out. I know what's good for me.' And I did. She found me cleaning the windows the next time she came. Now that Mrs. Winter, at Number Three, has never had herself churched nor her baby christened. I tell her the child won't ever be strong and healthy till it's done. And it don't cost nothing like being vaccinated, and you don't have to fuss about keeping the place clean afterwards. I tell you, I'm all for the Church."

"Well, I wish the Church 'ud let us get married a bit earlier. They won't have us till a quarter past twelve, which means nearly half the day gone."

"That doesn't matter to Ivy. She'll have more than the day for her holiday. Is he taking you away, Ivy?"

"We're going down to Eastbourne till Tuesday."

"Did you ever, now! Eastbourne! I've heard that's a fashionable place. Ivy Skedmore, you're a lucky girl, as I've always said. Now, I believe I hear that kettle boiling. Let's have a nice cup of tea all round."

She went to the tea-making, while Mrs. Skedmore spread a piece of newspaper on the table and set out the heel of a loaf and some dissolving margarine.

"We don't want more than just a bite just now. There's plenty coming later."

"Only a cup of tea to freshen us all a bit. Ivy 'ull have to think about getting dressed soon."

"Oh, there's time enough. She might spoil her gown if she sat about in it."

"Is she having any bridesmaids?"

"Just our Nellie. We've got her a wreath of flowers. That's why I've done up her hair like that in rags. I thought maybe it 'ud curl."

"She'll look ever so sweet. Oh, it'll be a pretty wedding, Mrs. Skedmore—quite like the ones you read about. Who else is getting married with Ivy?"

"I don't know for certain, except that there'll be young Spiller and Rose Chown—at last and not before it was time, to my way of thinking; and there'll be the gipsies."

"Who?"

"Those Lees—Tom and Dinah. I'm sorry about it, but it can't be helped."

"We've too many gipsies in these parts. My Jim was saying to me only yesterday as they've quite spoilt the barrer trade. They always seem to think of better things to take round on barrers than ordinary Christians."

"Talking of barrers, Mr. Skedmore's thinking of a new job. There's a chap asked him to go shares in an ice-cream stall."

"Ice-cream's no good. People are mostly too cold these days to want it."

"Well, you can do chestnuts and baked potatoes in the winter."

"Yes, and tortusses in the spring. Don't I know it? Haven't I been through it all with my poor Jim? I tell him that's the way to keep our homes about us—ha! ha!" and she pulled out a handful of pawn-tickets. "It ain't every woman who carries her home in her pocket."

"I hope you haven't too many things away, dear—nothing that's really wanted, I mean."

"Not now I've got my five-shilling parcel back. But I've not had a hat to me head nor a sheet to me bed these six months, and all because my man wants to be his own master."

"Quite right, too," growled Mr. Skedmore into his tea-cup. "It's a dog's life working for a boss. I'm all for being me own capitalist."

"He's getting quite red—Mr. Skedmore," said his wife proudly—"sings the 'Red Rag' and all. But I'd rather he stayed at the works; then I know where I am. Even as it is, I'd have had a lot of things away if it hadn't been for Ivy's Mr. Hurley's kindness, getting everything back for us in time for the wedding."

"Did he reelly? Well, that's what I call generous and handsome. My Gawd! Ivy's in luck."

"Ivy!" cried her mother—"what are you staring at? Come away from that winder and take some notice of us all."

VI

Ivy was looking down at the Square garden. She could see the tracks in the grass, the spoor, as it were, of some wild animal escaped. Down in that garden a wild beast, sleek and lovely, had threatened her, had opened its jaws to devour Sid Hurley's meek head and prosperous home. But it was gone now. The garden lay empty, tossed by wind, while the Easter sun at last shone down on it over the house-tops, spattering its undergrowth with dusty light—queer, shifting spots and speckles, as if a beast really moved there . . . Ivy turned away.

"Hullo, everybody; I'm all right."

"Betcher life you are!"

The door had opened as she turned and Peach Grey had come in—a very different Peach from the tall girl who trod indifferently the show-rooms of Madame Bertha. Her hair lay close under the shingle-cap in which she slept, for a wave cost one and sixpence to put in and must be preserved as long as possible. She wore a shabby but still colourful wrapper, and an edge beneath it proclaimed the aristocracy of a lace-trimmed night-gown. Nevertheless Peach was not exactly your idea of a successful mannequin—even of a mannequin, who is the only one employed by a small Queen's Road establishment, and has to take on occasionally the rôle of saleswoman, as pressure demands. Her voice was certainly different from what you would expect from those disdainful lips, and different from the voice in which she made occasional rare utterances while on duty. "This little dress would be very becoming to Moddom." "A model straight from our French house, Moddom." "The price is

really quate ridiculous, Moddom, when you look at the material."

"A cup o' tea, Miss Grey?"

"I don't mind if I do."

Peach sat down, and produced a packet of cigarettes from somewhere about her person.

"Have a fag, anybody?"

However, nobody smoked but Mr. Skedmore, who preferred his pipe. There was a subtle, social distinction of which all were conscious between Peach and the others in the room. Her wages were in point of fact no more than Ivy's, but she worked in elegance for elegance instead of in squalor for appetite, and the difference was appreciated. She sat with her kimono pulled modestly over her crossed knees, while Mrs. Skedmore poured her out a cup of tea, which Ivy brought to her.

"Well, Ivy, you were up fine and early this morning."

"How d'you mean?" blurted Ivy, taken unawares.

"Well, I heard you go out, and it wasn't more'n half past seven, for the church bells hadn't finished."

"How do *you* know? You were asleep."

"I heard you go out, I say, and I heard the bells, too."

"I tell you I didn't go out—not till after eight. I didn't come in here till after eight, did I, Ma?"

"No, you didn't. Mrs. Housego had been sitting with us a quarter of an hour before you came."

"There's bells at eight, too," continued Ivy desperately; "what should I get up earlier for on a Sunday?"

"Oh, well, you didn't then," said Peach airily. She felt quite sure that Ivy had got up and gone out before half past seven, but if she didn't want it mentioned, she certainly was not going to give her away.

"Did you go to the pictures, Peach, last night?"

"I did. We went to see Norma Talmadge at the Pavilion."

"What was she like?" asked Ivy wistfully.

"Ever so nice."

"Ivy will be able to go to the pictures any day she chooses now," said Mrs. Skedmore—"the price of a seat won't be no object, and she loves the pictures."

"Well, if ever you get the chance, Ivy," said Peach, "go and see Norma Talmadge in 'Love Makes New.' It's ever such a beautiful picture."

"What's it about?"

"Oh, about a girl in temptation. On one side there's a nice poor boy and on the other side a rich old chap, and she has to choose between them."

Ivy wished she hadn't asked.

"Who does she choose?" asked Mrs. Housego.

"Why, the boy, of course. But not till the end of the picture. The old chap brings her lovely pearls. I didn't half think I'd have married him in her place."

"And jilted your Algy?" rallied Mrs. Skedmore.

"Oh, the boy in the picture wasn't near so nice as Algy."

Here again Peach outraged your convention of a mannequin, who is always supposed to be superior and expensive in her love affairs, having been engaged for the last four years to a young salesman at a Brixton draper's, who might be able to afford to marry her in another four years' time.

"Well, I'm all for Romance," said Mrs. Housego—"Love in a cottage—that's what I like on the pictures. I pity the girl who sells herself for money."

"Lots of them do," said Mrs. Skedmore, shaking her head.

"But they always regrets it," said Mrs. Housego.

"And ends up old and grey, sitting in the empty nursery," said Mrs. Skedmore with a catch in her voice.

Ivy hung down her head, and her hands quivered and locked together, though she knew that her mother and Mrs. Housego were talking of another life than this, the Life of the Pictures in which things happen differently from this life, and therefore a life into which it is sometimes good to escape.

VII

"Albie," said Mrs. Skedmore, "run down to Mrs. Spiller and ask her kindly what time it is."

The youngest Skedmore emerged from beneath a bed, and trotted off. He came back with the alarming intelligence that it was a quarter past ten.

"A quarter past ten! Did you ever! And we haven't even begun to get things straight. Come, girls, make a start, or Sid will be here and none of us ready."

"What time is he coming?"

"He said he'd be round with a keb at a quarter to twelve. Come, hustle, girls! Bless me! You'd never think I'd spring-cleaned this room all over yesterday."

"We can't do nothing, Ma, with the children here. Can't they go out for a bit?"

"Of course they can—no, they can't, for they ain't dressed, and they mustn't play in the street with their new clothes on."

"They can wear their old knickers and jerseys, just to run out. Mrs. Housego's Gertie will look after them and see as they come back in time."

"I wan'er go to church," said Gertie.

"Did you ever!" cried her mother, "You'll have plenty of church later, when you go to see Ivy married."

"But I won't get a pitcher. I get a pitcher if I go to church now."

"I wan'er pitcher—I wan'er pitcher," chimed in the other little Housegos.

"I wan'er pitcher," echoed the little Skedmores.

"Oh, let them go, Ma," cried Ivy impatiently; "they'll be out of the way, anyhow."

"The children's service begins at a quarter to ten," said Peach—"not much good their going at a quarter past."

But such a distinction was merely trivial to the Skedmore conception of time. It being decided that the children were

best out of the way, that church was safer than the street, and that they were more likely to return from it than from more thrilling and scattered pursuits, they were accordingly dispatched there, to add their arrival to the confusion at the end of the Children's Mass.

As soon as they were gone Mrs. Housego and Mrs. Skedmore settled down to what they called euphemistically a "good clean." The crockery of the wedding feast was washed anew and would have to be washed again more than once in the course of the meal if the glasses and plates were to go round. A bunch of flowers, bought last night in Lunar Street market, was dispersed among Mrs. Skedmore's vases. Pictures and ornaments were finally dusted, the hearth cleaned, and the food spread out on the newly-washed tablecloth. In the midst of it all Mr. Skedmore shaved, with blasphemous interludes, and Ivy, in the next room, helped by Peach, put on her rosewood cloth dress with the detachable cape, the nigger-brown straw hat, the silk stockings and suede shoes that formed the chief splendours of her wedding.

"Coo, Ivy, but you look ever so nice! You pay for dressing up, you do. I wish I had a chance with you at Madame's. I could make you look sweet. But maybe you'll come some day. You'll be able to afford it, you know, once and again. I bet lots of the women who come to us don't have as much as eight pounds a week. But you're a lucky girl. I wish I had half your luck," and she sighed.

Evidently she was not looking at Ivy from the moral viewpoint of the pictures. She did not see her friend as "selling herself for money." And yet she knew all about Bill. She also knew all about life, and that a girl can't always afford to live up to the exalted moral standard set by the cinema —that she must occasionally move on a lower level, simply in order to avoid bad legs. . . . Ivy's chosen course suddenly appeared to her as absolutely sordid and humdrum. Not thus would Norma Talmadge or Mary Pickford or Mae

Murray have chosen. The tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"Wotever's the matter, Ive?"

"I feel so bad about it all, Peach."

"Bad about wot?"

"Marrying Sid when I ought to be marrying Bill."

"Now don't start all that nonsense over again. Why ever should you be marrying Bill? He's not got a penny and never will have."

"I could go on with my job."

"Yes, you could—till the kids came. And what then? No, you forget it, Ive. It's no good. I wouldn't say that if he was like Algy, but he isn't. My own opinion is that he's not straight. Anyhow, *I* wouldn't trust him. Now there's nothing really exciting about Sid, but he's as straight as they're made. He won't let you down. He's good stuff."

"Do you really think so?"

"Of course I think so, and so do you. You've only got the jim-jams at the last minute, the way most girls do."

Ivy wondered. Had she really only got the jim-jams? Or was this Conscience Roused At Last? The words seemed to flicker before her eyes, as if thrown on a screen. She went to the window and looked out—down at the garden where the sun-dappled shadows moved like some spotted beast. Suddenly she saw two figures come arm in arm round the corner of the Square. It was Bill and an unknown female, whom he led past the house. She was smartly dressed in green, with a hat to match, and her skirts displayed much silken leg. Bill's hand lay tenderly over the one he had pulled through his arm. He was bending towards her and talking eagerly.

"Cad!" shouted Ivy, and brought Peach, who was kneeling to button a shoe, startled to her feet.

"What is it? Who?—Oh!"

She looked out and saw Bill turning at the Square corner, to lead his lady back past the window that he wished to mock.

"Why, it's Bill! Who in the Lord's name has he got hold of now?"

"He's brought her to jeer at me. He's a cad. He's a——"

"Shut up, Ivy. You don't want everyone to hear. Don't be a fool and give him his chance like that. Get away from the window"; and she pulled her back into the room with such violence that she fell across the bed that filled up most of it.

"There, what did I say?" continued Peach. "I told you he wasn't straight. He's a rotten sort of chap. You're well rid of him."

Ivy sobbed, stifling, into her pillow.

"Now don't do that, or you'll spoil your face. Come and let me brush your dress."

"Has he gone?"

"Yes—now you're not looking out any more. He's cleared off"; and Peach made an unladylike gesture of farewell. "Come, Ivy, and don't be a damn fool. You'll get yourself all crumpled. Sit up. That's right. Now, let me give you just a dust over with my powder. Yes, you *must*. You can't let everyone see you with a red nose and red eyes like that. They'll think you've been crying. And you've nothing to cry for. You're a lucky girl."

"If you say that again," said Ivy sullenly, "I shall scream."

"Well, then, I won't say it, but I'll think it all the same."

A sudden clamour broke out in the next room.

"Girls! Girls!" shrieked Mrs. Skedmore—"Sid's come!"

Doors flew open, footsteps thudded, voices questioned and screamed.

"Sid's come . . . the keb's here . . . the children ain't back. Wherever can they be? They've got to be dressed, and Nellie to put on her bridesmaid's clothes and all."

In the midst of the uproar, Sid Hurley's step came quietly up the stairs.

"Hello, what's the matter? Where's Ivy?"

"Here I am, Sid."

"Don't sound so sad, little girl. What's she been doing, Mrs. Skedmore? Is she tired?"

"No, but what am *I* to do, Sid. There's all the children out heaven knows where."

"Well, if they can't be found, the wedding must go on without them. It's a quarter to twelve."

"But Nellie's to be bridesmaid. Oh, what shall we do? Ivy, you're dressed. Run down to the corner and——"

"No, no, Mrs. Skedmore; Ivy mustn't do any more running about this morning. Why, she's tired already, poor little girl"; and he gently tucked back a piece of hair that had flown loose under her hat.

"Well, I'll go to the corner, dear, if you like," said Mrs. Housego. "I can call them, but heaven knows I can't chase after them, being the size I am."

"Stay where you are, ma'am," said Sid. "I'll see if I can find 'em; and, if I find 'em, I bet I bring 'em, too."

"There!" cried Mrs. Skedmore. "That's a man, dearie."

Peach, too, thought that it was. She nudged Ivy in the ribs.

"Wot price Doug Fairbanks?" she whispered.

Meanwhile, the finishing touches were put to Mr. Skedmore's tie and Mrs. Skedmore's toque. Mrs. Housego went downstairs to her own room, to put on the redeemed hat and await such of her family as the bridegroom should recover in the short time allowed him. His chief efforts were to be centred on Nellie Skedmore, but it was more than likely that the children had kept together.

So it proved. Just as the more trustworthy clocks in the Square pointed to twelve, Sid Hurley reappeared with a little string of grubs. It appeared that, finding themselves too late at church to receive the coveted pictures, they had gone on in hope to the Salvation Army Sunday School, where they had each been rewarded with a coloured text about the size of a postage stamp. Thus refreshed, they had endured a certain amount of instruction, agreed that they had found the Lord, and started off home, stopping on the

way to join in a game of "house" on the steps of the Parish Hall. This was not "house" as played in the nursery, but as played in the British Army; and, though none of the players had any money, stakes were put up in the way of buttons, marbles, matchboxes and similar treasures. The little Skedmores staked their texts and lost them, and it was in the midst of the ensuing battle that Sid Hurley arrived and dragged them away.

It was decided once again to concentrate on Nellie; the others, having no prominent part in the coming ceremony, might scramble as they chose into the new jerseys and knickers laid out for them. But Nellie must be washed, combed, brushed, and clothed in white raiment, white stockings and shoes, with a wreath of daisies round her rag-curled hair. Nellie, though next in age to Ivy, was not yet twelve. She represented the other side of a gap which had been filled with a variety of births and deaths, as little Skedmores came into the world and left it in rapid succession. Three had not survived their birth more than a few weeks, one had died sensationally in a smallpox epidemic much written of in the newspapers, while another, as if to show the utter contempt of Providence for the efforts of the Skedmores, had died of a "bad arm" caused by septic conditions after vaccination.

While Nellie was being dressed, Ivy and her bridegroom sat together by the window, their conversation screened by the general uproar.

"Sure you're not tired, darling?"

She shook her head.

"I believe you are a bit."

"Why should I be? I've done nothing to-day."

"But it's all been exciting and trying for you. I'll be ever so glad when I've got you away all quiet by the seaside."

Ivy shivered.

"What is it, dear?"

"Nothing."

"Ivy, you're not unhappy, are you? You're not feeling—oh, my dear, tell me that you're glad."

"I am glad," said Ivy.

She suddenly knew that she was glad.

"I've only got the jim-jams at the last moment, the way most girls have," she repeated firmly.

She suddenly knew that she had only got the jim-jams. That was what it was—what every girl had on her wedding day. There was nothing else—no regrets, no flight, no sorrow, no wild beast in the garden. . . .

VIII

"There now!" said her mother. "She looks a pitcher!"

"Boo-hoo!" sobbed Nellie. "There's a pin sticking into me."

"There ain't. I tell you there's no pin. Now you behave! If it wasn't Ivy's wedding day you'd have been well tanned by your dad for the dance you've led us."

"We only went to the Salvations."

"Well, it wasn't the Salvations who rolled you in the dirt and spoiled your only decent pair of drawers. Now don't you move till we all go out together. Albie! Georgie! . . . Oh, thank you, Peach. Now, is everybody ready? Ivy! We can't get far without you, nor Sid either. You'll have plenty of time for spooning later. Now everybody go out. Dad! Got the key? That's right. Lock the door after us. Now, Albie, if you start running. . . ."

Somehow or other they all got downstairs and were not too hopelessly involved with the emerging Housegos. There stood the cab, and somehow or other they all got into it. As they drove across the Square, before the windows became too fogged to see out, Ivy looked her last into the garden. Nobody was there, neither a spotted beast, nor a maddening, jeering boy, parading his new love to mock the old. She felt quite quiet now—quiet and not unhappy.

The past was over and done with, and the future looked brighter than it had looked before the sun was up. It looked bright as well as comfortable. . . . She glanced across at Sid, and remembered with a little creep of pride that Peach had compared him to Douglas Fairbanks. Not that he was really very like him, but he was certainly strong and kind . . . and Peach had also said he was "good stuff" . . .

The cab stopped outside the church. They were not so very late after all, for though it was twenty past twelve, the Easter morning service was not yet over. The verger came out and told them to stay in the porch till it was finished. Looking in, Ivy could see dim figures and dim lights, and sniff the soft blue haze that reminded her of her childhood's Sundays. Church-going was either for the very old or for the very young—the middle years were too crowded and too hard, and Saturday night ate up too much of Sunday morning. But perhaps she would go again now, for there would be leisure in her home, such as there had never been in her mother's and as there would not be in Peach's when she married.

How smart Peach looked! Smarter than any of the brides —for Ivy's was not the only glory of that wedding day. No less than eight other brides were crowding with their retinues into that narrow porch, while their friends and neighbours covered the pavement outside.

"Bang! Crash! Bang! Terrumphy!"

The service was over and the organ had begun to play the congregation out. The various wedding-parties made a rush for the entrance, but the verger and churchwardens held them back.

"Let the people out first."

Out the congregation came, dribbling a thin line through the brides and bridegrooms. In the vestry a tired clergyman was taking off his vestments and scrambling into a surplice for the approaching orgy.

"I wish you'd let me take them," said the new curate, who had not begun his day's work at five.

"My dear chap, you couldn't start with nine couples at a time. You'd get 'em mixed. I'll polish them off in twenty minutes and then thank the Lord for food, hot coffee, rest."

He disappeared into the church, where the verger had by this time marshalled the different couples and arranged them in a long row in front of the chancel. Those who had no bridesmaids stood in front of the pews, those who had the longest trail stood in the aisle. Ivy stood a little way to the right, with Sid on one side and her father on the other, and Nell behind her, wedged against a Litany desk and still complaining of a pin. She had time to look round her while they waited for the priest. There stood the gipsies, right at the end—her hat was full of feathers like a donah. Rose Chown actually had a white veil. There was swank for you! Especially after what people said—and Hilda James . . . she didn't know Hilda was getting married. The other couples were strangers—two of them were quite middle-aged . . . getting married again . . . then it couldn't be so bad the first time. . . . She looked round shyly at Sid. Her jim-jams were all gone now—she supposed it had been just that, just like what every girl has before her wedding . . . no mistaking Peach for a bride now—she was right behind in one of the pews.

A great shuffle went through the lines. The clergyman had come in. He stood before them, turning over the pages of his book, eyeing meanwhile one of the bridegrooms who was a little drunk. Then he began to read:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together in the sight of God . . ."

PASCOE'S SONG [1]

By CHARLES LEE

From *The English Review*

All the evening in the inn-parlour our talk had been of moving accidents by road, of bullocks bemired and dog-carts upset in every variety of ale-ridden circumstance. Farmer Hicks now held our ears with a knotty yarn that promised to stretch well on to closing-time. The kitchen folk were essaying a carol; from the front, looking down the narrow passage that formed the bar, one had a glimpse of a harmonic circle of heads, diversely wagging under the stress of melody. "When Shepherds Watched" was the stave, to a tune of the ancient kind that rides rough-shod over the words, now dislocating their joints in an endless *roulade,* now rudely severing them altogether. In the bar, Mrs. Glanville, the fat landlady, sat dozing with clasped hands, oblivious of the double fusillade of song and story that hurtled about her ears.

"So down the road we went like fire, and singing like the wind," bawled Farmer Hicks, warming to his narrative.

"And this shall be—and this shall be a sign," warbled the kitchen, waving mugs in air.

The carol came to an end, paradoxically, with "Be-gin and neh—be-gin and ne-ver cease," and the handmaid of the inn tripped into the bar with a trayful of empty mugs. Still the tale went on, and involved itself in a mazy attempt to identify, to the clear comprehension of all present, the exact locality of the merry accident by which three jovial souls, a bay mare, and a stuffed owl in a glass case were pre-

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cipitated into a mud-pool. The maze was threaded, and the owl had just been rescued, miraculously uninjured, when sounds of tumult arose at the back. A moment later, Pascoe Moyle emerged suddenly from the kitchen, stalked with difficult dignity into the parlour, and sat down.

"A glass with you, Mr. Strongman," said he.

Mr. Strongman didn't mind, and it was the same as before, my dear.

"Music and harmony," said Pascoe, "is controvertible terms, and the man that says else is a mule of Moab. I've got the voice, and I've got the style, and I'll sing my song when I've the mind to, and not before, n'eet arter."

"You've the right," said Mr. Strongman. "And no time like the present, say I."

" 'Tisn' no low pothouse song, mind that," said Pascoe. "I've a-sung that song in parish schoolrooms before magistrates, scores of times. Yes, and one of 'em was a Sir with white kids up to his hands, and 'a clapped them till they splet down the pa'ms, so they did. But I was younger then, nor I don't say my voice is equal to what a' was; but I've got the style yet. Yes, I'll go so fur 's to say my style's better 'n ever."

"Shouldn' wonder," said Mr. Strongman. "Give us a taste of your style, then."

"A' old song," said Pascoe. "A terrible old song, but you can't wear en out. My father sung that song forty year on end, and passed it on to me 'pon his death-bed, fresh and fresh. I weep to think upon it. 'A stave of a' old song,' father used to say, 'and a noggin of old liquor, and the older they be the fresher they be, and nothing so proper to cheer a poor man's heart these shy times,' father 'ud say. Shy times they be, comrades. I'm a poor man myself, and know what 'tis to sarch for a meal in turnup fields, with the scarecrows looking scorn 'pon my rags. Where's my Sunday dinner?—tell me that."

"Get your gun and shoot a couple o' rabbits," said a voice from a corner.

"No, William. No to that, William. What rabbits I eat I pay for."

"That's very well," said William.

"I can afford to pay for the rabbits I eat, William."

"Nobody's saying you can't, Pascoe."

"I pay my way, William. Though I should run over ears in debt to do it, I pay my way so well as you or any other man."

"Better, p'raps."

"I an't saying so—mind that, William. I an't saying so, though I might. How are you so crotchety tonight, William? I can't think how you should be so teasy with your old chum. I wish I hadn' set foot in this proud parlour. I've a terrible mind to go back. They'm glad to have me down yonder; they'm asking me to pitch my song down in the kitchen, William, in a friendly way and good fellows all; but you, William——"

"Oh, come now, pitch en in here instead."

"There 'tis! A teasier man I never met. But I scorn to bear a grudge. A patient man, comrades, and a meek man, but one that can hold on to his note longer than any gay roysterer in the parish, male or female. Do I boast? No: 'tis a gift."

"Come, titch up your song, Pascoe. I'll give 'e the note."

"No, you won't, William. I'd scorn to take a note from your mouth, or any other man's. For all the scores of times I've sung my song, no mortal can say I ever took a note out of his mouth. Honesty's the poor man's jewel, William, and I wonder at 'e, so I do. Keep your mouth for your liquor, William, and don't go insulting hon'rable poverty in your cups. My song begin with *See,* 'pon the longest note in the parish. I've got the lungs, and I've got the style, and there an't a man among 'e——"

Pascoe broke off, as a long-drawn, high-pitched "See-ee!" floated in from the back.

"My song!" he shrieked, and shot through the bar. Loud laughter was heard, and Pascoe's voice above it, like thun-

der over hail. Mrs. Glanville awoke, grumbled, and pushed the lower door to. The parlour chuckled and made comment.

"Pascoe's a good way along tonight."

"Half a gallon—that's his singing-mark, I reckon."

"How about fetching him back?"

"Don't mind if we do. Anything for a gamut, as they say. Now, William, hoot en up."

William opened a cavernous mouth, and bellowed forth: "See-ee!"

The door crashed back, and with a wavering run Pascoe was upon us, having great wrath.

"Rogues in front and b-blaggurds behind! Where's the man—if he call himself a man? Show me the man. Old or young, married or single, I take off my coat to that man; yes, and my waistcoat beside, and brave your scorn for my shirt, all rags and totters as 'tis."

A chair was dexterously thrust against the inner bend of Pascoe's knees, and he sat down heavily.

"I'm a single man myself," he remarked mournfully, "and so no lawful excuse for making a b-beast of myself with the drink. Once there was a maid—ah, a tender maid!—but she wouldn' so much as look upon me, nor I couldn' abide the sight of she, and so it ended. Yes, a single man all my life, and my own master, thanks be—live all alone in my little house; lock the door when I go out, and hide the kay, now here, now there, according as my cheerful fancy do run."

"Do 'e know where the key's to tonight, Pascoe?"

"Do I know where he's to, William? I know s-seventeen places where that kay's to, good fellows all. I give 'e the name, you see; the word's on my tongue, but my deep thoughts is hid from the sight of all. And the kay likeways. Good fellows all, and not one of 'e have got the dacency to ask me to pitch my song. But 'twill out. I feel en working; 'tis terrible within me. Comrades, the longest note in the parish!"

Pascoe emptied his glass, cleared his throat to the depths,

squared his shoulders, thrust his thumbs into his waistcoat pockets, closed his eyes, tilted his chin to the ceiling, purged his face of all sublunary expression, awaited inspiration while you might count twenty, and gave voice:

"See-ee!"

"Too low, Pascoe."

"I'm a patient man. See-ee!"

"And that's too high, I reckon."

"A meek vessel, William. See-ee!"

"Pitched to a hair! Now, heave ahead."

"See-ee-ee! Ugh! Don't know how I come to catch this cold on my chest. Ayther 'twas through sleeping with my mouth open, or else 'twas drinking out of a damp cup. But cold or none, did 'e ever hear the like?—long and sweet, like treacle out of a jug. And the style! But there!—'tis the old saying, b'lieve: Pearls before swine—and d-drunken swine after that."

"Manners, Pascoe!"

"Manners, William? I've a smart answer to that. David's sow 'ud be a perfeck lady, if only David could larn her manners; but a dunkey's ear is more ornyment than use. There's my answer, William, smart and deep; make what you can of it. Yet will I sing, for sing I must. See-ee!"

The crazy clock in the bar jangled ten precipitate strokes. Mrs. Glanville roused herself.

"Time, gentlemen, please," she said.

"Time? What's Time? A snail crawling through t-tar; I scorn him. Time? Your eyes this way, gentlemen all, and judge 'twixt Time and Pascoe. Fifty-seven year old, come May month; sound as ever, wind and limb; prettiest cage of teeth in the parish, and never laid a toothbrush to 'em in my life, my solemn oath upon it. And what if this nose be ruddy? What then? Scores and scores of bright pounds have gone to the colouring of this nose, poor go-about tinkler though I be. There's noble lords that couldn' boast as much. See-ee!"

"Now, gentlemen, please," urged Mrs. Glanville. "Wil-

liam, take that holling, bawling faggot home-along."

"See-ee!" Ecstatic, self-entranced, Pascoe suffered himself to be led away. The longest note in the parish grew faint and died in the distance.

"But what *is* the song?" asked the stranger among us; and Farmer Hicks explained.

" 'See Our Oars with Feathered Spray' is the song, or so 'tis supposed else; but nobody haven't heard more than that first note these many years. You see, Pascoe won't leave nobody else sing it, drunk or sober, nor he won't pitch to sing it himself, not till he's too far gone to sing at all. A good song, too, I shouldn' wonder, though one note an't much to go by, and that's all we've got, more's the pity. Plenty good songs going round, but I've a conceit that Pascoe's 'ud be the pick of the bunch, if only we could get at en."

" 'Heard melodies are sweet,' " quoted the stranger, " 'but those unheard are sweeter.' "

"And that's as true a saying as ever was spit out," said Farmer Hicks.

BROTHERHOOD [1]

By H. A. MANHOOD

From *John o'London's Weekly*

For a full minute he stared at the canted signboard by the gate of Rosemary Cottage, scratching dubiously at his palm, his thick lips shaping the tipsy lettered words: "Teas —Minerals Provided." First peering over the hedge, he tapped a waistcoat-pocket as if to reassure himself, and entered the garden, carefully relatching the gate behind him, blushing ripely as he crossed to the bench farthest removed from my own perch. He sat down with all the cautiousness of an aboriginal encountering a rustic bench for the first time. Removing his cap, he dabbed his face with a new blue-bordered handkerchief and crossed his legs, immediately uncrossing them, obviously thinking that he would thus be better prepared for flight were he accused of trespassing. He had the hypersensitive air of an exhibition rabbit, a dock rat in Arcadia, so to speak. For a tense space he studied my feet, comparing them with his own, reluctantly deciding that I was harmless. Having pulled up his tight trouser legs, all unconsciously exposing two pale cutlets of flesh above the concertina'd socks, he relaxed with a double puff of relief.

Face and demeanour alike suggested that he had weathered about thirty years, with roses very few and far between. He was stockily built and curiously sallow, as though he had grown up in darkness. He appeared to have dressed in the dark, too. Store creases were visible in his shoddy "ready-mades." The knot of his tie had

[1] Copyright, 1928, by The Viking Press. From "Nightseed" by permission of the publishers, The Viking Press.

slipped so that it resembled a cleft twig tucked into his waistcoat. His boots were new, with solidly curving soles, uncomfortable, even to the eye. Hair fringed his small but prominent ears like dead grass about mushrooms, while his mouth had the appearance of being equipped with more teeth than is usual. His nose, which seemed to have been cruelly pinched while yet plastic, formed the centre-piece of a pair of tea-scales of which his large, misty blue eyes were the dishes. The balance was not quite true, the left dish being slightly lower than the right.

His hands were perhaps the most interesting physical feature, these aptly illustrating the law of natural compensation. They were finely shaped but sadly neglected, scars and agnails seeming to indicate that he had employed them against stone in the absence of tools. They were abnormally sensitive and active, sometimes wrestling together or exploring a surface, but more often fluttering in seeming imitation of the wing tremblings of the chaffinch confined to the cage hanging from the trellised arch above the bench. It was as though he was expressing with his hands all those thoughts that could not be put into words.

He did not at first notice the bird. A fall of seed husks at last drew his attention to the chilly, glinting cage. The chaffinch was huddled in the caked sand, panting laboriously, working its wings in an enfeebled way as though trying to recall their purpose, troubled perhaps by dreams of past flights between the balanced green and blue of earth and sky—of April moments when it had come near to perfecting its hurried lyric. Chance—no other name fits the wayfarer so well—chirruped unmusically, but with good intention. The bird turned its cracked, beady eyes towards him and uttered a single tarnished thread of sound. He took the reproach to heart. Climbing upon the bench, he peered into the cage with physician-like solemnity, scratching the bit of cuttle-bone wired to the bars as if suspecting that of being the cause of the bird's melancholy. The setting-sun-like wrinkle over his right eye deepened with his under-

standing. Sucking in his cheeks, he emitted seductive noises, whispering words of cheer. But the finch had no reason to associate kindness with the human voice. Its only response was to flutter its wings despairingly. Exhausted, it subsided again into the fouled sand, heart pumping sluggishly. Trellis and wires were imaged in the cage; the finch might have been the last pawn in an intricate game.

Perhaps the same thought occurred to Chance. His self-consciousness gave way to a jaunty concern. Skipping from the bench, he poked in the grass and among the flower beds, collecting a seedy bunch of weeds with which he decorated the cage, inviting the chaffinch to the feast with a cheerful "Come on, old sportie, dinner's served." The bird hopped close, pecking blindly, presently discovering the succulent greenery, falling to with pathetic eagerness, Chance watching with tingling enthusiasm.

He was still waiting upon the chaffinch when Mistress Bliscott came down the path to inquire his wants. Warned by her ponderous tread, he sat down hurriedly. She stood before him, drying her spongy red hands on her apron. He asked for tea, "with a mite of cake," grateful for her friendly manner. Watching her depart, he resumed his study of the bird, dropping again to his seat as she returned with a high-piled tray. With deft surety she distributed china over a little iron table. Chance looked at her sideways, scratching at his palm. Smiling at the puffing teapot he risked a remark:——

"'Scuse me mentioning it, lady, but that's a mighty fine birdie o' yours in the cage." He jerked a thumb over his shoulder.

Mistress Bliscott balanced her head and stroked her overflowing hips. "You're certainly right, Mister, that you are. He's not at all a bad little chap—a chaffinch, it is, y'know. A little mopy to-day—they do get like that, y'know." She whistled shrilly, as if calling a dog, but the chaffinch heeded her not at all. "He'll be as right as rain to-morrow—for sure. My favourite bird, a finch, y'know."

Chance nodded emphatically. "Seems a leedle bit short in the sight, don't 'e?" he queried, adding conciliatingly, "P'r'aps it's the heat."

"Bless you, no! that 'ant the heat," rippled Mistress Bliscott. With an explosive grunt she lifted the cage down and swung it in an attempt to move the finch to song. "See now? he's blind, that's what. They always blind finches, y'know—it makes them sing so much better. You just prick their eyes with a red-hot needle like you'd prick a currant. They don't feel it at all, y'know. You'd be surprised what a vasty difference it makes."

"Don't feel it!" Chance could not have been more astonished had his teeth suddenly melted away. Words curdled in his mouth. He stroked his cap, visibly sickened. Mistress Bliscott poked a finger into the cage, and he flinched, even as did the chaffinch. Fumbling in his waistcoat-pocket he produced a coin. It sank into the red palm as into the heart of a jelly-fish and Mistress Bliscott sailed away, leaving him staring dully. "Poor little beggar," he murmured.

With unsteady hand he poured a cup of tea, adding milk and sugar, stirring fiercely. But he did not drink. The tea cooled and he pushed it aside. With a piece of pink icing he scribbled upon the table top seeming to waver between two courses. Sight of Mistress Bliscott returning down the path bolstered his resolution.

"Your change," she smiled, complacently.

Chance stared up at her, patted his waistcoat-pocket, and rose slowly to his feet.

"Would you sell the little feller, lady?"

"Lordy me! that's quite a question to spring." Very deliberately Mistress Bliscott removed a hairpin and scratched her head with the point, regarding Chance thoughtfully, suddenly raising her voice:——

"George! Gennelman here wants to buy our finchy—cage an' all. What about it?"

A huge man with a moustache that was like a cusp of

sandstone, wearing the uniform of a warder, advanced from the rear of the cottage, wheeling a bicycle.

"What's that?" He settled his cap firmly.

Chance turned from his hopeful scrutiny of the bird at the sound of the heavy voice. He saw the uniform, stiffened to attention, and as suddenly wilted. A little torrent of words burst from him:——

"It don't matter—don't matter at all—my mistake. Sorry ter bother you. . . . Guess—guess I'll be going. It don't matter at all. . . ."

Cap clenched in his fingers he hurried from the garden, heavy-headed, stones bouncing from the touch of his boots, as if in disgust. Mistress Bliscott panted.

"*There* now! Did you ever see the like of that before?"

The warder calmly adjusted trouser-guards about his ankles, dusted his hands together, took up a cube of sugar, and crunched it with solid enjoyment.

"Out to-day," he said. "Now what would he be wanting with a bird, d'ye think?"

THE BRIDE'S DREAM [1]

By ADELAIDE EDEN PHILLPOTTS

From *Good Housekeeping* (London)

On the night of her wedding eve a bride lay for the last time under her father's roof. He, the rector of a country parish, was going to marry her the following morning to a young soldier called Richard Coleraine, whose home adjoined the rectory. Separated by a thin hedge of fir trees and a lawn, each house could be seen from the other.

The young people had known one another for a year, during half of which they had been in love.

Elfrida lay awake until after midnight, then, tired with nervous excitement, fell asleep. The curtains were drawn back and the window stood open, for it was summer and the night warm. Moonlight shone on the wall and dimly revealed the sleeper. Her long fair hair streamed over the pillow, she slept uneasily. Her beautiful childish face frowned and her cheeks were hot. She was nineteen years old.

The wedding-dress of satin and lace hung in a cupboard, and at the foot of the bed was a new trunk ready packed for the honeymoon. On a table beside the girl stood a large photograph of her bridegroom—an extremely handsome young man in the dress of a lieutenant. The picture faced her as she slept.

Elfrida suddenly woke, started up in terror, and, turning to this photograph, seized it and clasped it to her breast in a passion of fear and love. Then she began to kiss the glass and to weep.

"This is the third time it has come!" she whispered.

[1] Copyright, 1928, by Adelaide Eden Phillpotts.

"Oh, how frightened I am—and on my wedding eve!"

The alarming condition in which she had wakened was caused by a dream. The nervous creature began to cry hysterically, still clutching the picture to her heart.

"If it should come true!" she thought. "If somebody should separate us at the last moment! But it is surely impossible?"

Jumping from her bed she ran to the window, leant out, and in the moonlight discerned the outline of her lover's house. There he lay, not a hundred yards distant. She looked at her watch—the hands marked a quarter to three.

Haunted by the dream, Elfrida, creature of impulse and fear, became suddenly active. Swiftly wrapping herself in a cloak, she climbed on to the window ledge and, not to disturb the other people in the house, descended to the ground by means of a stout tuddlea tree the branches of which reached the sill. Her hair became twisted in the boughs, but she wrenched it free and dropped safely to the ground. In two minutes she had fled across the lawn, scrambled through the hedge, and was standing below Richard's window. Then she plucked a bud from a bush beside the house, and aimed it at the pane, but it fell short. She tried again and it struck the glass with a soft thud. She repeated the action, and was rewarded by the appearance of her lover leaning out and crying in a low voice.

"Elfrida!"

"Let me in!" she replied. "Oh, let me in, Richard."

He hesitated, vanished, and reappeared at a lower window which opened like a door. Elfrida rushed to him, gripped him in her arms and kissed him. He was a tall youth, with a fine, generous countenance which the photograph in no degree flattered.

"Whatever is the matter, Elfie?" he asked, drawing the trembling creature into the room. She relapsed into a chair and he knelt beside her, striving to calm her by stroking her hands and smoothing her wild hair.

"I've dreamt it again," said Elfrida, clinging to him. "This is the third time."

"What have you dreamt, my darling? And after all what is a dream? Don't allow yourself to feel alarmed by a dream."

"The first time was three years ago; the second, two years, and now to-night . . . I dream that I am in a dark church, and that I have just been married, but to a stranger —a man I have never seen before, and who does not care for me and leaves me after the wedding to go on his own way. And there am I left alone in the gloomy church. Oh, how can I describe the feeling of desolation that comes over me? I am left as one lost, abandoned. But I cannot give you any idea of the misery of my situation."

"Why, it is only a dream, my dear heart," replied Richard, kissing her many times. "How can you let a phantasm like that upset you?"

"He—the dream husband—is an elderly man, tall and grave—I can see him as clearly as I see you," she went on, returning his caresses between every few words. "And he cares no more for me than for a doll. Yet we are married, and then he goes away . . . Three times I have dreamt it, and I think it is a bad omen on my wedding eve."

The bridegroom endeavoured to comfort her and to disperse the atmosphere of the dream. He adored Elfrida, though sometimes she appeared to him to be almost an unreal person, fairy-like and ethereal, and filled with absurd fancies. She seemed not yet to have outgrown the influence of childhood; even her face retained the expression of a child. He sighed and brooded over her.

At length he persuaded her to go home. Together they stole across the grass, and, fearful for her every footstep, he watched her climb safely back into her chamber. From there she kissed her hands to him, and then disappeared into the shadow.

Elfrida rose early. Her mother and sister fussed over

her until it was time to dress for the wedding; her father prayed with her. As the church was close to the house, they were going to walk there. A crowd assembled to watch the procession, and everyone murmured at Elfrida's beautiful appearance. The sunshine had partly dispelled the effect of her dream, but she looked timid and pale.

Presently she found herself beside Richard at the chancel gates, her father standing before them. The service proceeded to that point where the ring is placed on the finger of the bride. At this moment the lovers had arranged to look into each other's faces, and Elfrida turned her head to meet his eyes. As she did so the large congregation which had gathered to see them made man and wife were horrified to hear a scream and to see the bride fall fainting on her father's breast.

Several people rushed forward; Richard caught the poor girl in his arms and bore her into the vestry.

The ring fell to the ground and rolled down a grating from whence it was afterwards recovered.

The young man, distracted with anxiety, laid Elfrida on the floor, tore the lace from her throat and pressed his ear to her heart; it still beat.

A doctor had been found, and silence fell while he examined the swooning girl.

"She seems to be suffering from shock," he declared. "Let her be taken home at once. It is not a serious breakdown; her heart is sound."

Reassured, the poor bridegroom almost burst into tears, held Elfrida to his heart, and kissed her white face over and over again. He was not aware of anybody else's presence, and seemed to be demented with sorrow.

When Elfrida came to herself, she was in her own room, her mother and father leaning over her. As she looked into their faces with recognition they exclaimed in joy, and hastened to restore her more completely, her father with consoling words, her mother with nourishment. The first thing she did was to glance at her ring-finger—it was bare.

She was not yet a wife, and she sighed with thankfulness.

For twenty-four hours no one asked Elfrida what had terrified her into swooning at the moment when she was to be joined to Richard. Then the young man himself was permitted to visit her.

She received him with a loving but melancholy look, and a gesture of resignation. His sorrow had already marked him, but he needed only the assurance of her love, and the sight of her restored health, to drive away the signs of grief. She could give him neither. Her appearance, always fragile, now looked deathly. And instead of throwing herself into his arms as was her wont, she withdrew from his embrace and looked at him so mournfully that he cried,

"Oh, Elfrida, darling, what have I done? Are you afraid of me? What did you see when you looked at me in the church? An ogre? Do you think I could hurt you or ever be untrue to you? Don't you know that you are my life and without you I would rather die? What can have frightened you so?"

"I will try to tell you," she said. "At the moment when we were to be married, I looked at you, as we had agreed to look at each other's faces then; but when I looked, I did not see you, Richard; I saw——"

She shuddered so violently that he moved forward to touch her, but she repelled him.

"I saw the husband of my dream. Plainly I saw him, yet I was as conscious as you are now, and nothing else in the church was changed. I looked for you, and *he* was beside me. Then I must have shrieked and fainted."

Richard exclaimed, "But you imagined it, Elfie; you could not really have seen him."

"I saw him as I see you now. Oh, Dick, won't you believe me?"

Elfrida began to cry, and Richard frowned and stared at the wall. Loving her as he did, yet he could not understand the girl's extraordinary fears. They seemed to him to be the fancies of an overwrought mind, and a naturally

nervous temperament. He strove to be patient, but also firm, and said at last.

"The excitement and preparations for the wedding have upset you, dearest. I know what we'll do. We will not be married here at all, nor will we have a public wedding. You shall join me in London—I'll get a special licence, and we'll be married very quietly somewhere where nobody knows us."

"Oh, no! no!" she cried, breaking into sobs. "It would only happen again. I should see him, not you, at the moment of marriage, Richard! Richard! You had better hear my resolve at once. I can never marry you."

"Elfrida—Elfie, you don't know what you say. You are ill. You're saying the wildest things——"

"I can never marry you," she repeated sadly.

Richard felt that for the time his bride had eluded him; she was sick and light-headed, and must be restored to health before they could plan the future. In that belief he bade her a loving good-bye, explained the matter to her parents, and returned home, expecting in a day or two to have Elfrida flying to him and begging him to arrange another date for their union.

But this did not happen, and at the end of two days so poignant had become his anxiety that he sought her again. This time Elfrida seemed to be perfectly calm and sane; no trace of nerves or fear characterised her demeanour, which was serious, gentle and restrained. He embraced her, but she did not respond.

"You seem to be quite well now, my Elfie," he said, assuming a confidence that he did not feel. "Say that all is forgotten and that you will fix the day of our wedding."

"I have not changed, Richard," she replied, sadly shaking her head. "I cannot marry you. If I seem to have broken faith, do not blame me, for I am sure that my dream and the vision or spectre in the church were sent as a warning from above, or from some power which we cannot understand. I am not able or willing to defy it."

"Elfrida," he said slowly, "I think you are still dreaming."

She did not answer and he burst out.

"Then it is plain that you no longer love me; perhaps you never did care for me. Oh, how can you treat me like this? You are torturing me."

Elfrida rushed to him and kissed him and mingled her tears with his, assuring him that she loved the earth he trod on, but she said that she could not change her mind. He implored her to cast away the insane fancies begotten of the dream and come to him, but she was resolute not to be moved. After a painful scene they separated, and Richard went home.

So they parted. A few despairing and passionate letters passed between them, and then the young man returned to his regiment and vanished out of her life.

Several years passed. Elfrida's father was appointed to be vicar of a parish in London and the family moved to the metropolis. Her mother died, and her sister married, so that she remained alone with her parent, the mistress of his house. Other suitors came, but not one touched her heart. Her beauty increased and she no longer remained a child. Her nervous temperament became modified into a nature sympathetic and mystical, and she appealed to various types, especially attracting those of an intellectual mentality, though she herself was not clever. Her love for Richard, which had partaken more of the character of a youthful passion than of a deep lasting affection, gradually lost the sharpness of its pain. In five years it was almost extinct, except for an occasional reminiscent dream of heart-ache. She heard that he was married and the father of a child. Her old dream of the church and the strange husband never returned to her.

When Elfrida was twenty-five years old a strange experience occurred in her life. Her father, now a popular preacher, was in the habit of giving a large dinner party

once a month, not to friends only, but also to strangers who expressed a wish to meet him. At these gatherings Elfrida presided, and it was generally the privilege of every guest to obtain a few words with her during the evening.

One night, as she and her father were receiving visitors before a meal, a middle-aged man, announced as "Mr. Grant," was shown in. Neither host nor hostess knew him, for he came upon the introduction of another person, not present that evening. This gentleman was conspicuous for gravity; he was tall and grey-haired, with an atmosphere of remoteness about him which, however, did not prevent him from possessing gracious manners and every characteristic of courtesy.

No sooner had Elfrida beheld Mr. Grant than she started, turned white, reeled, and then stood as if made of marble. Perceiving her extraordinary behaviour, the stranger presuming himself to be mistaken for another, hastened to greet her and thus dispel the illusion; but she received his bow with a faint smile and then, excusing herself, left the room.

The man looked after her with embarrassment, as if he had been guilty of rudeness, but was set at ease by her father remarking,

"Pray feel no anxiety, sir; my daughter is subject to strange whims. As a child she saw visions."

Then he began to converse on the subject of Oriental languages, in which Mr. Grant specialised. Indeed he was said to be more gifted in this branch of learning than any other man of that generation.

Elfrida reappeared at dinner, but avoided even a glance in the direction of the linguist. She was still pale, or rather pallid, and replied absently to remarks addressed to her by neighbours. They said; "Elfrida is in one of her trances to-night."

Humphry Grant, however, frequently rested his eyes on her, and longed to find out what in his appearance had startled her. Presently, therefore, when the drawing-room

was full and everyone engaged in conversation, he sought her and came upon her speaking with an elderly lady, who made his appearance an excuse to leave her. Elfrida would have fled also, but Humphry said,

"Forgive me, but can you tell me why I frightened you so unfortunately at the beginning of the evening? Only tell me that and you shall never be troubled by my society again."

He spoke whimsically, smiling gently at the young woman to reassure her; but her answer was to look on the ground and say,

"I am afraid I cannot tell you."

"That is unkind and tantalising."

"You must pardon me—it is impossible."

"Then you had some good reason for your alarm. My coming was really a painful shock——"

"A great shock."

"You took me for someone else perhaps?"

"I thought I had seen you before—yes."

"Well, as it happens I once lived in your father's parish at B——, when I was a young man. But I do not remember ever seeing you then, and you must have been a child. Still, it is possible that we met."

"I cannot remember."

"I am so sorry to have made such a bad impression on you," said Mr. Grant, smiling. "Please try to forget it. Will you?"

"Oh, no, I can never forget it," said Elfrida, rather to his surprise, in an earnest tone.

"In that case I am afraid you are wishing me to leave you. Good-bye."

Humphry looked at her with another whimsical smile; she suddenly glanced up, blushed and smiled, and then quickly withdrew leaving him to gaze after her.

Later in the evening he searched for her everywhere, but she had left the assembly and locked herself into her room.

"What can be the meaning of this?" she thought. "Here in the flesh is the spectre of my dream. It is not only his features, though they do resemble those of the vision; but it is the personality. Yet he seems friendly—not like the indifferent stranger to whom I was married in the dream."

Mr. Grant had not made a deeper impression upon Elfrida than she had upon him. Though he was forty-five years old, he had never been sufficiently attracted by a woman even to make love to her. Yet this evening, in five minutes, Elfrida had attracted him so strongly that for two or three days he did not once turn to his foreign tongues, but dwelt upon the few words that hers had uttered. He felt determined to see her again, and to find out the reason of her surprise at their meeting.

He called, and Elfrida received him. He knew that she was pleased to see him, but they made no allusion to her former behaviour. They were together for half an hour, and spoke of ordinary subjects, rather dry for the most part, yet all the time a silent communion of spirits progressed, and the most impassioned speeches and gestures could not have drawn them together more closely. Both were already in love.

Elfrida possessed that sort of nature which is not easily swept off its feet by human relationships, but, once caught in the whirlwind, abandons itself wholly to its fate. Calculation of a worldly nature never worries it; it will devote itself entirely to love. Though less impetuous and irresponsible, Humphry's emotion was of much the same quality; yet not a word and hardly a look of affection passed between them for some time. They continued to enjoy that calm sensation of delight and ease in each other's company which marks the early stages of love.

One day, walking together in the country where they had gone for an expedition, Humphry said to his companion,

"Elfridy, will you *never* tell me why you looked at me as if I was a ghost that evening?"

"Not yet—perhaps never," she replied.

"Give me some idea when it shall be, for I am determined that it shall be some time."

"I do not think there is any reason why you should know."

"Suppose I were your brother—would you tell me then?"

"Oh, no—certainly not."

"Your uncle, say?"

"No."

"Your father?"

"Not even then—my father does not know."

"Well—suppose I were your—husband?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then, blushing crimson, laughed and said "No" again.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "That hesitation means yes. So now I shall not rest until you have promised to marry me; for I intend to find out the secret."

He was smiling gayly, but to his astonishment Elfrida turned to him and said with solemnity,

"As to that, I have been married to you three times already, and each time you left me alone in the dark church and went away."

"What do you mean? Why, you are quite changed. Elfridy, dear, you're dreaming. What is the matter?"

He was quite alarmed and for the first time took her hand in his and held it.

"And then," she went on, "as I stood by the side of the man I was really going to marry, and looked at him, I saw you. The shock was so great that I swooned, and broke off my engagement."

Humphry begged the girl to explain these peculiar words, and she did so, relating with every particular the story of her dreams, and the astonishment that came upon her when the living resemblance of the dream husband stood in front of her.

"You may not believe it," she said, "but it is all true. And now—now I see the reason."

He kissed her and said,

"Yes, I believe it all, Elfridy. You were intended for me—I for you—and your own pure spirit prevented you from being rapt away from me. Would that all brides and bridegrooms were so fortunate."

"Yet in the dream you did not seem to love me; you went away."

"That was only because the time had not come for us to meet, darling. At that time I was far away and could not stay with you. I could only warn you in a dream."

"How mysterious it is!" Elfrida cried, holding him in her arms.

"Oh, my dear love, if I had missed you, what a wasted life mine would have been!"

"And mine had I missed you—as I so nearly did! What a terrible possibility!"

So violent was her emotion that she nearly fainted at the thought. In this man she had found the only explanation of her being.

In three months they were married. At first they lived near the British Museum, where Humphry studied for the greater part of his time. But later they travelled in the East. So complete was their happiness that when a daughter was born she came more as a superfluous pleasure than as a necessary increase to their joy. Yet Elfrida loved her, because she was part of her husband.

But though the child as she grew up never lacked parental affection and care, and was never neglected or heard an indifferent word, she may have felt a little outside the inner temple of the home. At any rate she soon married and settled down at a distance, and Elfrida and Humphry resumed their life as of one person in two forms. Neither ever became disenchanted with the other, or felt the slightest attraction towards anybody else. Elfrida would often say,

"If you die before me I shall follow you, Humphry. I could not live without you."

And he would reply,

"While you live, Elfridy, how can I die? That will never happen."

But it did happen. Twenty years after their marriage, Elfrida's husband caught a chill, it developed into pneumonia, and he reached the point of death. His last words to her were,

"Elfridy, if I can I will come back to you."

"I shall be with you before you have time to revisit me," she said.

He died; but she did not perish of her grief. Indeed the sorrow she endured was not so great as she had anticipated. The disappearance of one body hardly seemed to sever the two souls, and Elfrida had no feeling of tragic division between herself and her husband. Yet in visible form he did not return to her, wherefore she concluded that his spirit had found eternal peace.

Now Elfrida decided to live alone, and to devote the rest of her life to collecting and publishing various translations of Oriental classics which her husband had made. She worked very slowly, for she had no great ability of intellect. For ten years she laboured, passing nearly all her time in solitude in the country. Her daughter had gone abroad to live and they seldom met. In these days Elfrida never dreamed, or even fell into trances, or endured unreasonable fears. Those who knew her thought her to be a sweet, rather timid creature, wrapped up in the memory of a departed husband.

At this time of her life, Elfrida spent a fortnight every summer in a secluded watering-place, not yet spoilt by a too ambitious town council. This was her only holiday during the year. On bright mornings she sat sunning herself on the sea front, reflecting on the past and idly watching the life around her.

One day, while thus amusing herself, she observed a stout, elderly gentleman with white hair and moustache and handsome features coming towards her, arm in arm with

a young girl. As he drew near his eyes happened to rest on Elfrida, then he glanced again, then he peered, and even turned when she was behind him to notice her a fourth time. Being now of a rather prim and faded appearance, she was not accustomed to attract the gaze of elderly gentlemen, and wondered at his singular and rather impolite conduct.

Presently she perceived that the couple were returning, and she decided to move away when they had passed. This time the old man positively stared at her, having inserted an eye-glass into one eye, and whispered something to his companion.

Thoroughly annoyed, Elfrida rose when they had gone and was about to hurry to her hotel when a swift young step sounded behind her, and the girl belonging to the rude old gentleman appeared and said,

"Excuse me, madam, but Grandfather sends his apologies, and please will you tell him if you are Mrs. Humphry Grant?"

"Why, yes—I am," faltered Elfrida. "Have I failed to recognize a friend?"

"Grandpa!" cried the young girl in a loud voice. "It *is* Mrs. Grant!"

Then the stout personage who had offended Elfrida's dignity hurried up, and, clasping her hand, said,

"Elfrida—Mrs. Grant—I knew I was not mistaken. Don't you remember me? Though to be sure it is forty years since we met?"

"Why—you're Richard," Elfrida murmured. "You're General Coleraine."

The General smiled with satisfaction and replied,

"Those longest absent from each other are bound to meet again one day. Don't you think so?"

The grand-daughter soon left them and ran away to find some young companions. Then the two walked up and down the front for half an hour, each relating as much of his and her life history as seemed to be appropriate. And Elfrida very soon found out, by intuition, not explanation,

that her old lover, recently left a widower for the second time, was anxious to meet with a lady, not young—for he was a sensible old man—willing to be his third and probably last spouse. And indeed Richard was already thinking,

"Providence has played into my hand yet again! What a lucky man I have been—excepting for that first disappointment. This lonely woman—the only creature perhaps that I have really loved—has been cast at my feet again in the very most opportune moment. Lucky to the last!"

He wooed her without delay. Tea parties took place, gentle walks by the sea, conversations in shady groves, and soon the time seemed propitious for the proposal.

They were seated beneath a may tree on the edge of a cliff when he said,

"Elfie, I see now that your strange dream was sent for a purpose, and that purpose has been most happily fulfilled. Though my heart was broken at the time, I did not allow the bitter experience to ruin my life. And now, may I dare to suppose that the reward is near at hand? Without being unfaithful to any person now gone, or injuring any beloved memory, I can truly say that my love for you never faded. I cherished it as a secret in my heart from that day to this. None ever heard me utter your name, Elfrida, but there it was, spoken every night and every morning. 'Good-night, Elfrida,' I said; and 'Good morning, Elfrida,'—every day of my life. Can you, after all these years, fulfill the promise you so nearly fulfilled once before—though you were mercifully spared from so doing at that time? Does anything stand between us now?"

Elfrida sighed, but remained unmoved.

"I am very sorry to disappoint you," she began. "I am afraid it is impossible."

The General, however, was accustomed to the ways of women, and prolonged his suit, while Elfrida, lost in thoughts of Humphry, hardly heard him.

"I am afraid you are not listening to me," said Richard

at last, with some acerbity as she made vague and inappropriate answers to his speeches.

"Forgive me if I seem inattentive," replied Elfrida. "I was thinking of my husband."

The General rose, placed his hat on his head and bowed; he knew that he had lost.

"I hope your husband will pardon me for interrupting," he said with sarcasm. But then Elfrida turned impulsively, as if she had been a girl, and cried,

"Oh, Richard, don't be offended! My husband would be pleased to think I had such a kindly friend, and sorry that I cannot requite his friendship more suitably."

She soon had him in a good humour, and they parted, but not to meet again.

The General lost no time in finding another wife, and a widow too, but not of such a rare type as Elfrida. She forgot the incident within a month, and returned to her husband's manuscripts; but she never went to that watering-place again.

One night in her old age, she was lying awake, not feeling very well, when the door of her bedroom opened and Humphry came in. She greeted him with a glad cry and stretched out her arms. He came and sat down beside her as he had so often done in the past.

"Here I am at last, Elfridy," he said, in a matter-of-fact but affectionate tone.

A curious thought came to her and she asked,

"But do you recognize me? I must have changed a great deal since you knew me."

He did not reply, except to smile and she thought, "Of course—he has been watching over me."

"It is lovely to have you sitting there again," she cried, like a young happy woman, and laughed merrily. He continued to smile without speaking; then she said,

"Do you want me to go with you? I am ready. But I don't feel very well. Have we far to go?"

And she began to get out of bed and to look for her travelling coat.

"Yes—come," said her husband. "It is not far."

Elfrida stretched up to open the cupboard door to find her coat.

"I cannot find it," she said, fumbling in the dark.

"You will not need it."

"The work is not quite finished, Humphry. I am afraid I have been a very long time about it, darling."

"Never mind that!" answered Humphry, laughing.

"Oh, how nice it is to hear you laugh again!"

She was still searching for the cloak when she felt his arms come round her and sank upon him with relief. He seemed to be flying away with her, she knew not where.

In the morning a maid found Elfrida stretched lifeless on the ground, in front of an open wardrobe. Her heart had failed.

"Poor soul, to die all alone in the night," said the girl weeping.

And another servant replied.

"Well, it's better to go to loved folks when you die than to leave them behind you. And who knows what the dying see that may comfort them?"

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T LAUGH [1]

By HERBERT SHAW

From *The Century Magazine*

On a bright Saturday morning four days before the Cesarewich race, the paneled and roomy saloon bar of the White Horse was justifying its reputation as the brightest spot in Dulchester. Shrewd men in breeches, wise guests of the hotel in flannels, farmers and tradesmen who could teach you something and make a jolly little profit on the lesson, were gathered together in the happy feeling that the week's work was as good as done.

Thirty men were lounging there in comfort, and all but one or two were prosperous and unworried. The name that flashed continually in their talk was like a magic word that joined them all as brothers in a happy secret. There was only one horse in the Cesarewich, and they had all backed it. Dulchester had famous training-stables of its own, and knew every whisper from Newmarket, and responded sagely to every quiver of the betting on a big handicap. From the mayor down to the urchins who cried the newspapers, every Dulchester sportsman was on Galloper Gem . . . the magic name.

The urchins were crying the racing editions of the evening newspapers, just arrived from London, and one or two men made for the pillared doorway. Rapson, the auctioneer and estate agent, came into the place, looking at a copy as he walked. Somebody called a greeting to him.

"Fine, thanks," said Rapson. "How's yourself?"

He looked up from the paper, grinning. He was big-

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shouldered, pink-faced, cordial, and, before looking up, had instinctively taken exactly the right number of steps to fetch the bar. "What are you taking?"

"A small one, please. What's the latest about ours?" Rapson handed him his copy of the "Evening News." "The odds have tightened up—they were still shoving money on the Galloper at the Beaufort Club last night. He's now second favorite—eleven to two."

"He'll start favorite at six to four on Wednesday," Pollock declared.

"He will and all," grinned Rapson. "Galloper Gem will dance it." He looked round the group. "Where's Tom got to?" Tom Aubrey was the most prominent of the Dulchester book-makers. There was a burst of laughter, and the well-dressed landlord of the White Horse spoke.

"I'll wager you don't see old Tom this morning. He's in hiding—wishing there was no such day as next Wednesday. He's full to the back teeth with bets on Galloper Gem, and he can't lay a penny of it off. Most of the bookies in the country are in the same fix." He stroked a shining beer-handle and added gleefully, "It's time they had a bump; they've had enough of my money."

Rapson glanced toward the inclosed telephone box in the corner. "I'll ring him up before I go," he said. "I mean to have another tenner on, at least. If it were the last tenner I had, I'd plank it down. It's money for jam."

"You won't get old Tom to take it, any road," observed the landlord.

"We'll see. Gin and it for me—half and half. And take the orders, please. Call for what you want, boys. It's not with me you're drinking. Next Wednesday's going to be a picnic for Dulchester. You're having this one with our friend and esteemed colleague—Galloper Gem!"

"Galloper Gem!" They uttered the magic name with solemn feeling; for a tiny space of time the saloon bar had the quality of a church. Visions were with them. More than one of the "lads" of Dulchester thought, quite honestly,

that it was a shame to have to wait till next Wednesday. "Galloper Gem, boys! It's a cake-walk! The handicap certainty of the year!"

They dreamed and glowed. Rapson, his great fingers holding the tiny glass, beamed upon the company, and meditated on the new limousine he had already arranged to buy in the coming week to replace his old and sedate touring-car. His glance halted at a little man who sat in one of the small bow-windows.

Although well known to all the others, he had the odd effect of being lonely in the midst of that cheerful company. He had tried half a dozen trades to make a living, in half a dozen unimportant back-streets of Dulchester, and had failed in six of them.

He had patient eyes and a shadowy personality. It was a continual amusement to Dulchester that the two sides of his wandering fair mustache did not balance properly. His name—heaven knew why, he had once bitterly exclaimed —was Hannibal Strive. Now the great Rapson hailed him.

"Aren't you drinking, Hannibal?"

There was the usual laugh.

"I've got one, thank you, Mr. Rapson," said the little man, very politely. Not quite immediately afterward, he examined his tankard. "Well, I'll have a bitter, thank you, Mr. Rapson," he said.

"Amendment carried," cried Rapson, heartily. The drink came and Hannibal Strive continued to look as if he weren't there at all.

"What are *you* backing on Wednesday, Hannibal?"

The little man started painfully. For the millionth time he rebuked himself for having ever given away the secret of that horrid Christian name.

"Nothing, Mr. Rapson."

"What!"

It was incredible to discover there was somebody in Dulchester without a share in the golden gain coming next

Wednesday from Galloper Gem. Hannibal Strive apologized, with penitence.

"I haven't had anything on a horse since I was in the green-grocery in Earl Street, Mr. Rapson. You see, Mr. Rapson, I'm leaving Dulchester. I haven't been very lucky —not so wonderful lucky, as you might say. I'm going to Australia."

Bluff Rapson tried to look sorry. Of course, what the man really meant was that he hadn't any brass; he was a failure—down and out. Poor little chump, Rapson thought. He couldn't say boo to a goose—never could. "Australia, eh?" he muttered awkwardly. "Well, it's a fine country. There's plenty of chances in a place like that, young Hannibal!"

"If there are, Hannibal will miss them," somebody said. "Fancy not backing Galloper Gem!—he'll never get a better chance than that."

"What's that?" demanded a booming voice from the doorway, and everybody turned. The owner of the voice was a big-shouldered giant in tweeds, a stranger to them all. There was a splendor uncommon to Dulchester, about his expensive clothes, his wonderfully polished shoes, his Stetson hat, and the opal pin in his tie. He was magnificent as he walked to the bar. Rapson, and one or two of the other men who were near enough, saw him pull a thrilling little bundle of notes from a top-waistcoat pocket. The thrill sharpened as he took the top one. They were neither fivers nor tenners. They were fifties. He lowered his voice, as a gentleman should when he talks about money.

"Could you possibly change me fifty, landlord?" he asked politely. "For if you can't, I shall have to leave my car with you, I'm afraid. I want some lunch—and I've only a bit of loose silver apart from these notes."

Even Hannibal looked interested. The stranger had taken the place as the leading actor walks on, and possesses, the stage. And as, at a stage cue, his audience now stared through the bow-windows, and discovered the magnificent

yellow Rolls-Royce that had come to rest outside the White Horse without a flicker of fuss or sound.

The fifty-pound note was changed. Hannibal Strive, worrying continually over the difficult business of getting together the fares to Australia for himself and his small family, tried unsuccessfully to stop blinking at the lordly carelessness with which the big stranger restored the bank of fifties to his vest pocket, and crammed the change the land lord gave him into his trouser pocket. It didn't seem like life, somehow. Here was a greater, even, than the prosperous Rapson. . . . The stranger turned, and, his back to the bar, faced his congregation in the friendliest way.

"You'll honor me by having a drink, gentlemen, I hope," he said. "I'm glad I struck your pretty town by lunch time. Some places would have made a bother about changing a note for a stranger, eh?"

Rapson murmured a polite dissent. You could trust the landlord of the White Horse to know his job properly, he explained. The ritual of fresh drinks was again observed and again Hannibal Strive, in answer to the invitation, refused gently.

"I've got one here, sir, thank you. Thank you, sir. Well, I'll have another one in this, if I may change my mind."

"Certainly," said the stranger, cordially. "I'm afraid I interrupted you when I came in, gentlemen. I spoke out of my turn, you might say. But didn't I hear you saying something about Galloper Gem?"

"You did, sir."

"Are you boys backing it next Wednesday?"

Rapson stared at him harder than ever. "We are, sir. Not only on Wednesday, either, but for the last fortnight we've been backing it—all of us."

"You *are?*"

"We are, sir," repeated Rapson. "We know something. There's more money for Galloper Gem here in Dulchester than from any other big town in England."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the big stranger in a horrified tone, and looked at Rapson, and from Rapson around the other faces, as if he had suddenly found himself in a well-appointed lunatic asylum. "Bless my soul and body!"

There was a strained pause. They looked at the stranger's incredulous face, and then did not dare to look at him. Instead they looked from one to the other. If the landlord had moved a single glass a single inch along the bar, every man there would have jumped into the air. They left it to Rapson.

"May I ask, sir—" began Rapson, but the other cut in.

"Let's drink up and forget it, if you please," he said. "Galloper Gem! *Galloper*. . . . GEM! You may ask nothing, sir. I know a nice crowd of boys when I see them, and I don't want to upset anybody. GALLOPER. . . . GEM! Galloper Gem couldn't win a donkey-race next Wednesday—not unless he started at the winning-post and the others had to go the full distance."

"But——"

The big stranger raised a hand on which a wondrous diamond shone.

"Not another word, sir, if you please. You've lost your money. Forget it. Landlord, would you show me the lunch menu, please?"

The dazed landlord found a menu-card. Somebody sniggered, but the protest was unsuccessful. Rapson stopped fidgeting to look at him. It was in a dark and solemn hush that the owner of the bright yellow car weighed braised ham against sirloin, minestrone against hors-d'œuvres. It had become a world of shadows and of mystery. One would have expected the pale eyes of Hannibal Strive to make quite a noise if ever they popped back. With a struggle, a man by the fire found his voice. It was a sneering voice.

"Perhaps, sir—what do you think *you* know?" it demanded.

The stranger started. He did not so much as begin to look in the direction of the voice, whose owner quickly

wondered if he had really used it. He gestured toward the box in the corner, and courteously asked permission to use the telephone. He confirmed the time of his watch with the clock.

"Just time to get on the one o'clock race," he muttered. Leaving behind him the change from the five-pound note with which he had paid for the round of drinks, he entered the inclosed telephone box. In his haste he did not quite shut the door. They heard him ask for the number of Sam Rogers, one of the big book-making firms in London. Rapson recognized the number, and so did several others there who betted with Rogers. They woke from their gloom, and their interest quickened.

They heard the big stranger's muffled swearing, saw him look at his watch again as the time passed. "Curse it, can't you get me that number? It's most important. Try them again, please—they've got a dozen numbers on their own exchange—they can't be *all* engaged. Hurry!"

Little Hannibal Strive stroked the tip of his nose with a forefinger, and thought that the human race would be much improved with four ears per unit instead of two. Something was going to happen—what was it? It was like being in the front row of the gallery.

"Is that Rogers? Sam Rogers? Willis speaking. That you, Sam? Yes, I'm fine, thanks. What's that? I do not, Sam—I want to back Blue Monkey. Mars Blue Monkey, Sam. Right you are!"

Rapson gave a violent start. "He puts the money down, anyway," he whispered to himself. For Mars was the code word used by Sam Rogers & Co., Commission Agents, for two hundred pounds. He glanced beyond Strive and saw another man who placed his money with Rogers, looking furtively at that firm's book of rules. Half a dozen of the stranger's hearers were now aware that he had invested two hundred pounds on Blue Monkey in the one-thirty race. The stranger reappeared in society a little flushed.

"Got me a bit hot and bothered," he remarked, genially.

"Your country exchanges—pardon me—are not all that they should be. A bit close on time, too."

"You were, indeed," Rapson agreed. "There's not many bookies would have taken it so late. A tidy bet, wasn't it?" The other's eyes measured him for a second. "Oh, I see you bet with Rogers, too," he said. "I've a special arrangement, you see—do a bit of business there in the course of the year. Sam Rogers and I are pretty good pals. Landlord, it's too stuffy for me to go inside there again till I have to. Perhaps you'd get one of your staff to phone Sam Rogers in ten minutes and ask him what won. And will you send somebody round to look after my chauffeur?"

He seated himself and talked. The population of the White Horse shook off something of its apprehension, its troubling sense of mystery, and listened, for he talked well. His name was John Willis. He had made his bit of money in the States, but he was no American. Not he! He was spending a wonderful holiday year in the old country, for he had the money to do it with. His hobby was racing, and he had been to all the important meetings that year. He had, he told them, packed up a parcel—there never had been such a year. He knew all the chief characters in the world of the turf, and he had good stories about them, every one.

In ten minutes the big stranger had them all laughing, and Hannibal didn't mind. All his life he had never been allowed to mind being laughed at. He stroked his nose and looked into his tankard, and stared at each of them in turn; and perhaps he stared mostly at big John Willis, fascinated by his good spirits, his huge voice, and the wondrous atmosphere of ease and gold and success about him.

Then the landlord called a boy in buttons, and the boy received his instructions from the landlord and went into the telephone booth. He got the connection more quickly than John Willis had done. He came out and saluted Willis, and once again that expectant hush visited the place.

"Blue Monkey did it, sir," he said smartly. "Eight to one."

"Good enough!" Willis exclaimed. "Sixteen hundred to the good—a nice little appetizer for lunch!"

He got up, unconscious of the awed murmur that greeted the news of this victory. This man was a miracle-worker —he had given the proof. He said, as though to himself, "Very nice too. It isn't all the money in the world, but very nice too!" He turned and looked around, including them all, even Strive, in a victorious, benevolent smile. "Do you know, boys," he declared, "I'm one of those people who *like* money! I love it!"

"Who doesn't?" demanded Rapson, brightly. And unable to keep it in any longer, he added, "What's your idea for Wednesday—the big race, sir? What were you going to tell us about Galloper Gem?"

The other's manner changed. "Keep off it, that's all. I've told you that—and that's all there is to say. It's not going to win."

"But——"

Again John Willis smiled. "Well, good-by, boys," he said kindly. "I'm due for a bite of lunch, and I'm feeling just like it. I'm glad to have met you all—I really am!"

He went from them, whistling, great-hearted, laden with money already—and about him the halo of Blue Monkey's sixteen hundred still to come. The hard-headed men he left behind him were shaken and uneasy. And in their souls the glory of Galloper Gem was shaken also. Their faith was disturbed. The world was without light, and was changed and wrong. What did he know—hearty John Willis, the magic man?

"Well," Rapson fumbled with the heavy silence, "I can't rightly place him, but that chap's a wonder!"

"When I kept the little tobacconist's shop in Park Street, I once saw a fifty-pound note," contributed Hannibal Strive seriously, and they laughed at him, and one of them said, "Oh, shut up, you little poof!"

It was said very kindly, but Hannibal didn't laugh. He went out and stood on top of the broad steps of the hotel.

The chauffeur was at his lunch and Hannibal stared in entrancement at the brilliant yellow Rolls-Royce, warming his neighborly little heart with the feeling that it had probably cost over three thousand pounds. He tried to work out how many fares to Australia would go into that. He supposed he could go to Australia and back and keep on going there and back, as long as he lived, for that money.

The landlord came from upstairs with the information that John Willis was drinking Roederer 1914, and had discovered from the head-waiter that there were seven bottles left in the cellar. It was, so John Willis had manfully asserted, a very sound wine. If the gentlemen in the bar would do him the honor of allowing him, John Willis, to order said seven to be opened for them, he, John Willis, would be very pleased indeed.

"Bring 'em up," said the mystified Rapson, savagely. "Look here, you chaps—we mustn't let that fellow go! We've got to have a talk with him. I don't know how you feel, but I've lost my nerve. That fellow's a—a—" the tremendous word would not come—"a *winner!* If Galloper Gem's not going to do it next Wednesday, what *is?*"

Hannibal Strive tore himself away from the bright yellow car in time for the champagne. They were toasting John Willis when the provider of the feast dashed in and rushed to the telephone booth.

Again they heard him call Sam Rogers & Co. Again he planked the maximum—code word Mars, on Poor Man's Purse, running in the two-thirty. Hannibal Strive, still dazed from long staring at the Rolls-Royce, watched him, through the thick glass of the telephone booth and through a bright yellow mist.

"Close shave," smiled John Willis, emerging. "Nearly forgot that time. And it's a cert, that one—it could throw a fit and still have time to win. Glad you like the wine, boys. I'll finish my lunch, and be with you in a tick! Thank you, boys—all the best to you!"

John Willis finished his lunch, and appeared on the stage

again two minutes before the boy in buttons entered the telephone box for the second time on his behalf. For the second time the boy saluted the owner of the yellow car. He reported.

"Poor Man's Purse clicked all right, sir. Gentleman said it was four to one and supposed you hadn't the sauce to go to the telephone, yourself. You big stiff, he says. He——"

The boy in buttons began to stutter, and stopped. The face of big John Willis was smilingly pleasant.

"Did Mr. Rogers say anything else, Tommy?"

"He says would you be so kind as to go and drown yourself? Anywhere would do, he says."

John Willis clapped his hands together, and found five shillings for the boy in buttons. The mind of little Hannibal Strive swam in warm and pleasant seas, and he imagined the waves to be made of honey, and pigeon-holed for tankards as he swam. There was something about this champagne stuff that made you feel bigger and brighter, somehow.

He stared at big John Willis.

Crikey, what a toff! Blue Monkey sixteen hundred, Poor Man's Purse eight hundred; twenty-four blooming hundred . . . and still he had the lovely yellow Rolls-Royce! What he could make, that toff, if they let him work overtime. There ought to be more than seven days in a week for a first-class toff like that—dashed if there oughtn't!

Twenty-four hundred in an afternoon!

They saw big John Willis, the magician, the book-maker's terror and please would he drown himself, rub his hands together. They heard him murmur.

"Doing nicely, thank you. . . . Not so bad! Not so bad!"

Nothing they missed of the ecstasy of that murmur, these hard and envious lads who knew everything—but not so much as smiling John Willis—these poor defeated triers who had put down their money on Galloper Gem. A new magic possessed them, and they perceived this wondrous stranger

to be the myth of all punter's dreams—a myth-made fact —the *man who could not lose!* Once again Rapson voiced their innermost hearts. He stepped to Willis, who was still smiling, and seized his arm.

"Come on!" he half shouted. "Have a heart, Mr. Willis. You've been asked what you thought before, and you wouldn't tell the boys. What are you going to back next Wednesday?"

"I told you what *not* to back, didn't I?" said Willis quietly, and his look moved round them. "Didn't I?"

They nodded. "Yes," persisted Rapson. "But——"

John Willis with a gesture, interrupted the fresh plea he would have made. He raised his arm, and for what seemed a very long time, a somber silence captured his hearers.

"I'll be straight with you boys—and I'll tell you why. It's because of you, landlord—or at any rate it started there. Do you know, I tried to change that note of mine at three different towns within a hundred miles before I struck Dulchester. They wouldn't look at it—nearly shoved me out of the place. Believe me or believe me not, I know the winner next Wednesday—I've got him taped." He challenged them. "What's that?"

There was no sign of any contradiction. They watched —and heard him with reverence. At this moment, they would have believed anything. John Willis glanced toward the door.

"If I tell you what I know," he asked solemnly, "will you promise not to let it go beyond this room?"

"Of course. Absolutely to ourselves!"

Willis appeared to be satisfied. For the third time that afternoon he stepped to the telephone box. "Then I'll give you the winner," he said. "Listen to me—I'll tell you what will win!"

Once again he called the long-suffering Sam Rogers & Co. Sam Rogers, already wounded by the afternoon's warfare to the extent of twenty-four hundred, was evidently in

a harsh mood—and rightly so! John Willis found it necessary to soothe him down, to sweeten him. To the intent listeners it seemed at first that Sam Rogers & Co. had had more than enough of John Willis, that they didn't want any further bet from that too-victorious plunderer of their funds. But in a little time, Willis brought them to the scratch with a jest—and then——

"Mars on Friendly Fairy for the big race on Wednesday—have you got that? Wait now—it's days before the race, and you'll have plenty of time to deal with it, and lay it off—if you want to. I'm feeling like a real bet before I get back home next month. Book me Mars three times. . . ."

His listeners gasped.

"Yes, that's right—three times I said. Here, have it plain English—six hundred pounds on Friendly Fairy! Right! Thank you, Sam!"

Rapson, the others crowding round him, looked at the list of the latest betting for the big race. Friendly Fairy? There it was, quoted at thirty-three to one!

John Willis came out, smiling still.

"I shall clean up a fortune on Wednesday," he declared. "And now you boys know all I know—you know the winner! You've dropped your money on Galloper Gem, and that can't be helped—but you can get in out of the wet on Friendly Fairy, and make a parcel, every one of you. I've your solemn promise it goes no further than this room, mind! Good-by, everybody!"

He saw them all smiling, again made happy, and was delighted. His gaze stopped at the foolish somberness of one face only, and he turned on Hannibal Strive.

"Don't you ever laugh?" he demanded.

Hannibal Strive was puzzled.

"I thought I was laughing," he apologized. "Good luck and thank you, sir. You see, I'm going to Australia."

The yellow Rolls-Royce left in glory. Dulchester proceeded to get out of the wet with vigor and determination.

Not only Dulchester—these things will get talked about, despite any promise—but Maryboro', Marshton and Corberstead, neighboring towns, abandoned Galloper Gem as a cheat and a lie and went solid for Friendly Fairy, all ends up. Wednesday next was as Waterloo, and every man a Wellington. Galloper Gem went out in the betting, and Friendly Fairy closed in to twenties. Hannibal Strive still gave himself to thought. He thought mostly about the fares for himself and his little family to Australia.

Wednesday was a nasty damp morning. The sun came out at lunch time, but, figuratively, it continued to be a nasty damp afternoon, and before it was over many stalwart lads in Dulchester and elsewhere glanced a little nervously at the nicely scrolled shop-front of Elias the undertaker, which announced that Charles Elias conducted funerals with economy and refinement.

Galloper Gem won the big race by a length and a half. Friendly Fairy was present at the start of the entertainment, and finished fifteenth. Dulchester and several other places went into fury and overdrafts and mourning. Hannibal Strive went into more thought, and took a pound out of the savings-bank with which to go to London.

In the opulent waiting-room of the gorgeous offices of the successful firm of Sam Rogers & Co. somewhere near Piccadilly, little Hannibal Strive sat and stroked his nose. A smooth clerk came and said,

"Mr. Rogers doesn't know your name. He can't spare time to see you."

"Tell him," said the visitor, "that I come from the White Horse, Dulchester."

These tidings passed him in, with no more than half a minute's delay. Hannibal Strive, awed by the super-luxury of the place, stared at Sam Rogers, whom he had last seen as kind-hearted Mr. John Willis, smoking the biggest cigar in the world.

"Well," demanded Mr. Sam Rogers, "what's your trouble?"

"Did you have a good race, Mr. Willis?"

"Mr. Rogers, please. Get that in your mind, you little worm."

"You're not as nice as you were when you were Mr. Willis," said little Hannibal regretfully. "I liked you as Mr. Willis."

"Get on with it, you shrimp," said Mr. Rogers. He was excessively angry. "How did you find out, you crawling little squirt, you?"

"Ah!" breathed Hannibal Strive, happily. "It was the new yellow paint on your car. While your chauffeur was at lunch, I found an estimate for painting it in one of the leather pockets, and I saw that a new number plate had been nicely clamped on to the old one. And I went to the painters and found out that the car really belonged to Mr. Sam Rogers. It was a bright red before, and everybody knew it. I expect you went to a few other places besides Dulchester, didn't you, Mr. Rogers? Of course these bets you pretended to make were with your own firm, Mr. Rogers. Wait till I've finished, please. And the bets were right on time—after time. Your people flashed the leading horses to you as soon as a watcher on the course flashed the leader's name to *them*. Very neat, Mr. Willis—pardon me—Mr. Rogers!"

Mr. Rogers grunted. "I was so full of bets on Galloper Gem that I had to do something. No other bookmaker would help me out with any of them. But when I got the lads switched on to Friendly Fairy here and there, Galloper Gem's price went out enough for me to cover a lot of my money, bit by bit. I'd have been ruined if I hadn't done something. Have you told anybody, you maggot?"

"You'd be ruined if I did," said Hannibal, still regretfully. "I'm not a hard man. I——"

Mr. Rogers growled with such storm that Hannibal held on to the table edge.

"You're not a man at all," he roared. "You're a little halfpenny nuisance! Nobody would buy you for a used tram-ticket! You're——"

"Mr. Rogers, I'm surprised at you. I thought you ought to know——"

Mr. Rogers bellowed. "Know what?"

"Know that I knew, of course," whispered Hannibal. "It isn't the sort of thing one would expect——"

"Dry up," said the other, rudely. "You interfering little sneak. I wouldn't use you for blotting-paper. How much do you want to keep your mouth shut?"

"Two thousand pounds," said Hannibal Strive, sweetly, and the big victim jumped. "You see, I'm going to Australia."

"I'll give you five hundred," said the great Mr. Rogers, getting his check-book, and Hannibal stroked his nose and said, simply and kindly. "Two thousand."

"Five hundred, you nasty little spot of dirt. Five hundred."

"Two thousand, Mr. Willis," said Hannibal. "I want to travel first-class. Do you know I've never traveled first in my life?"

He could not be shaken. There was a painful scene until at length, Hannibal Strive folded up a bearer-check for two thousand, with every appearance of gloom. He then remembered he was a little gentleman. He lingered. He said, "Mr. Willis—pardon—I mean Mr. Rogers, I thank you very much. You couldn't tell what a lot of good this will do me. I——"

"Didn't you say you were going to Australia?"

Hannibal nodded.

"What's the matter with your starting now?" asked big Mr. Rogers. "Don't sit there laughing at *ME!*"

TRAVELLERS [1]

By L. A. G. STRONG

From *The Dublin Magazine* and *The Dial*

The driver pointed with his whip toward a high round hill on my side of the jaunting car and, shifting his quid, spat clear of the wheel with great precision.

"Just forenint o' where that cross is now—before it was stuck up there, d'ye see—there was a poacher met with a gamekeeper. The gamekeeper was out a long time lookin' for this same poacher, a lad that had bested him more than once, an' one night the' met, just forenint that cross: only the cross wasn't there, d'ye see: it was—hol' up!"

The mare pecked suddenly and recovered, and the driver broke off his narrative to pull on the reins.

"There's no knowin'," he continued, after a minute, "which one o' them seen the other first. Mebbe both the same time. But there was two shots fired, as near together as no matter; and there the two o' them was found the day after, dead corpses, lookin' at each other. The doctor said, judgin' by th' examination of them, they was neither one killed off straight, but they must have stuck there some time watchin' one another die, and maybe with only the breath to let a curse on each other and they goin' off.

"The friends o' the two o' them met in Inchileenagh, and first they was for fightin': but one o' them says, 'Let up, boys,' says he, 'sure it's a clean score, an' they're both quit. Neither one o' them is left livin' after the other,' says he, 'so it's a clean score.' So they made friends on that, and

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drinks all round, and they put up the cross between the lot o' them."

He shifted his quid once more, and we jogged on in silence. I was but fifteen; illness had kept me away from school, and so, when a cousin came back on leave from the East, my father had been glad to suggest that the two of us should travel about Ireland. For pretext, we left letters upon my father's old clients, but they were of no real importance, merely settling for us where to go, and taking us to out-of-the-way places. We were the best of friends, despite eight years between us, and the days were good.

We came to the top of a steep hill: the driver delivered a sudden exhortation to the mare, and clapped on the brake. Close before us, in a hollow, lay the little town of Inchileenagh; only the sharpness of the hill had prevented us from seeing it sooner. The mare, her ears cocked, put her feet down warily, sliding forward a little with each step. The car lurched violently, and we sat at an angle, protecting our hip bones from the little iron rail above the cushion, and studying the view as best we might.

Near the foot of the hill was a sharp curve to the left. Sloping at improbable angles, we negotiated it somehow, but not until we were well round did we see what was happening in the road before us.

A big man, hot and uncomfortable, with a soft felt hat and a walking-stick, had appeared from a laneway and was walking quickly towards the town, pursued by a little woman in black. He hurried on, trying to ignore her, but she caught him up and began clutching at his sleeve, beating at him with her hands, and crying out something which we could not hear. The big man stopped, and we caught sight of his profile as he put out a hand to restrain her. Neither saw us; and as we came nearer she broke through his half-hearted defence and beat at his face.

Our driver gave a short bark of amusement, but I was shocked at the sight; the big man, his hat all crooked, his face red and sheepish, clumsily holding off the little old

woman, trying to quiet her in tones of foolish expostulation: she beating in his arms like a black withered bird, repeatedly landing a blow on his chest and chin—the extent of her reach.

"Go to her, then," she screamed breathlessly, as we came close. "Go to her. You're free, do you hear! Free, free, free!"

And on each word she struck at him with all her might.

Suddenly the man looked up and saw us. Even so he could not quiet the woman till we were almost upon them. Then, seeing that they were observed, the woman stood aside, panting, dishevelled, to let us pass. The man, very red and flustered, straightened his hat and drew himself up in an attempt at dignity and unconcern: and, once we had passed them, I did not look back. It was the first time I had seen a grown person stripped of self-possession, and I felt I had witnessed something indecent.

My cousin noticed my distress, and turned to the driver with a laugh.

"Queer things still happen in these parts," he said.

"Oh, indeed the' do."

And then, as we had reached the foot of the hill, he shot off the brake, flicked the mare lightly with the whip, and we drove into the town of Inchileenagh with a flourish. The Imperial Hotel had been recommended to us as the least villainous of three, so there we went, left our traps, and ordered an early dinner. Then we got back in the car, the hour being about half past five, and went on to discharge our one piece of business.

When we got back, we decided to spend the rest of the time before dinner in exploring the town. Inchileenagh was like many other small country towns in Ireland. The streets were narrow, rather dirty, and full of public houses. At one end was the river, crossed by an old bridge of singular beauty, with ivy-covered piers. Along it loafed a number of men, some sitting, some leaning, all spitting meditatively

into the water. There was a police station, and a town hall; and as we reached the latter, we saw that something unusual was in the air. A number of crates and some pieces of tattered scenery, loking incredibly garish in the summer evening, were being unloaded from a lorry, and carried in at an obscure folding door at the end of the hall. Upon the crates, in large but faded letters, ran the legend, "The O'Donovan-Morgan Opera Co.": and a little further on we found a bill, with full particulars. Faust was the opera with which, "by special request," the town of Inchileenagh was to be favored. Then followed a list of the company's personnel. Beyond such attributes as "the eminent tenor," "Ireland's favourite soprano," and the like, the bill was reticent about all the singers save one: but upon this one it let itself go with considerable freedom. At the end of the list was magnificently inscribed:

"and
MURTAGH McCARAGH
The Celebrated Baritone,
Of The Royal Opera, Covent Garden; The Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company; The Moody-Manners Opera Company; etc., etc."

My hopes rose high. I had never heard a great singer, and had often longed to do so.

"Dennis," I said, turning eagerly to my cousin, "what luck. But what is a man like that doing here?"

"I can't tell you," he replied. "Probably some old crock on his last legs. Or drink, perhaps. Still, we'll go."

We booked seats there and then, the best to be had, and I went back to dinner reluctantly. I was fifteen, and so I suppose should have outgrown my first excitement about the stage. But there it was; and I gazed with great respect and a secret envy upon the slightly shabby persons who were congregated about the "stage door."

We had ordered our dinner, so nothing remained but to find and eat it. An attempt upon the "Coffee Room" was frustrated in the nick of time by an embarrassed damsel, who

explained breathlessly that "it wasn't fit" and conducted us to the "Commercial Room." Here we found a table set for three, and, in the window, the gentleman with whom we were evidently to share it. This gentleman, upon our entrance, lowered his paper and gazed at us without expression. My cousin rose to the situation at once.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he said, advancing with a charming smile. "I'm afraid we are intruders here: but really, we've no choice. They wouldn't let us into the other room. I hope you have no objection to our sharing this one with you."

The gentleman smiled amiably, and executed a courteous gesture with his fat hand.

"None in the world," said he. "Sure I'm glad of company. So they wouldn't let ye into the Coffee Room?"

"They wouldn't."

"An' small wonder. 'Tis stiff with shifts and chemises, it is, and they on the back of the chairs to dry. Ah, they've no idee. Look at that, now."

He pointed with the stem of his pipe at an object which had caught my eye already—a stuffed fox, over whose back was stiffly draped a doormat.

"Will you believe me, now," continued our friend, "but the little girl was for skelping that mat in here. Brought it in here, she did, and cocked it up on the fox. 'Glory be to God, girl,' says I, 'yer're not going to beat that in here?' 'The mistress is after tellin' me to beat it,' says she. 'But she didn't tell ye to beat it in here,' says I, 'get away out o' this now, or it's yourself will be beaten,' says I, 'and not the mat.' So she gives me a grin and off with her, and glad enough to spare the work."

The gentleman paused, and spat out of the window. "Ah, sure," he said, replacing his pipe. "They know no better. They've no idee."

He was a stoutish little man, bald on the top of his head, with a red face, a straggly moustache the worse for nicotine, and goggle eyes. All the same, there was something attrac-

tive about him, and we found ourselves liking him as the meal went on.

"Ah yes," said he, his mouth full, "it's not a bad life, ye know. Of course, there's draabacks. Hotels is bad sometimes—this is one of the good ones, for they try to make ye comfortable, even if ye have to tell them the way—and railway stations in winter is the divil. And of course, ye can't always choose yer company. Sometimes the company in the commercial room is mixed—very mixed. There's a lot of fellas got into the profession nowadays that has no respect for its traditions—no respect at all. We wouldn't have tolerated the like in the old days. But generally speaking there's pleasant company, and plenty of it."

"But don't you find it a trial to be so often away from home?" asked my cousin.

"Well now"—he wiped his moustache with the back of his hand—"you're right. Yet, in a manner of speaking, it's not such a draaback as it looks. D'ye know Rathmines? Ye do. Well, I've a nice little spot there, with a grand view of the mountains—I'm at home, I was saying, about one night in the week, maybe two; my wife's always eager and glad to see me, and so are the children, and that's a good thing, anyway."

He told us more about his children and his home, and then stopped. My cousin no less confidentially told him our story. He proved to be as good a listener as talker; asking a shrewd question from time to time, with many an interjected "Well now," and "Do ye tell me that," and, above all, with an interest so unfeigned as to charm any narrator. When we came to the subject of my illness, he turned to me with such ready concern that my heart was finally won.

"But, sure, you're over yer weakness now?" he asked me, picking his teeth.

I hastened to answer that I was, whereon he gave me an approving nod, and leant back in his chair.

"Are yer going to the Op'ra?" he enquired presently.

"We are," replied my cousin. "But tell me now—you're

sure to know—this man McCaragh—is he all they say he is?"

"Oh, indeed he is, and damn the lie. Many's the time I've heard him."

"Well, why is he here?"

Our friend in expressive pantomime lifted his little finger and tilted back his head.

"That same," he replied. "They could never be sure would he be able to go on or not, and he had such a grand voice they gave him all the chances they could. But sure, it was the same in every troupe he joined: and after he'd let them down two or three times, they'd fire him off, and so down he'd go, and down, till he comes to sing Faust in Inchileenagh."

"But isn't his voice all to bits?"

"It is not, and isn't that the queer thing? Mind ye, he's on in years, and it's not the voice it was: but it's a damn fine voice all the same. And you're pretty safe of him now, what's more, for he hasn't enough to make himself drunk. It takes a hell of a draught to put him under.

"Do ye know how they found him? Faith, it beats the finding of McCormack altogether. Did ye ever hear tell of the gallery o' the Gaiety Theatre, in Dublin?"

My cousin smiled.

"Ye know the way they had of singing in the waits of an opera. One fella would sing this bit, and another fella that bit, as well as the fellas on the stage sometimes, begob. Well, it was in Rig'letta: and young Murtagh was up in the gallery.

"After one of the scenes, when the curtain was down, someone turns to Murtagh and says, 'That's a grand singer!' says he. 'Do ye think so?' answers Murtagh back to him (he had drink taken, even then). 'Do ye think so?' says he. Bedam, but I could do it better than that meself.' 'Ah, how are ye?' says the fella to him, daring him. 'I'll show ye can I,' says Murtagh, and he stands up and starts off—he had a grand strong voice.

"Well, sure, in a minute every head was turned round, stalls and boxes and all, looking up to the gallery, for they never heard the like.

"When he done there was great hand-clapping, and presently one of the attendants comes up and wants to know who it was done the singing. Murtagh was for showing fight, because he thought they were coming to fire him out, but the attendant swore there was no harm intended to him. So down he goes to the fella that owned the troupe.

" 'It was you was singing, was it?' says he to Murtagh.

" 'It was,' says Murtagh, a bit daunted by the white shirt of the fella, 'but sure, I meant no harm.'

" 'H'm,' says the manager man. 'And what trade might ye follow?'

" 'I'm a porter, Sir,' says Murtagh.

" 'Well,' says the manager, 'ye'll be a porter no longer,' says he, 'for ye'll come along with me, and I'll make a singer of ye. What's more, if ye'll do what I tell ye, I'll make a damn fine singer of ye.'

"So Murtagh went off, and in less than three years he came back and gave a concert at the Rotunda: and everyone said no better voice came out of Ireland, not even Foli himself. I tell ye, that man's sung half over the world: if he could only have struck it, he'd be in the top flight."

"And here he is now," said my cousin, making patterns with the breadcrumbs on the cloth.

"And here he is now, as ye say," replied our companion, "singin' Faust to gomachs in Inchileenagh. Ah well," he stretched himself, and yawned enormously, "sure it's an event for the place."

"Very little happens here, I suppose?"

"Little enough. And what does happen has no sense."

"What do ye mean, exactly?"

"Well, it's this way." He turned himself sideways in his chair, and frowned up at the sluggish flies around the gas-jet on the ceiling. "What goes on here goes on sleeping, underground: ye see nothin' of it. Then, one day all of a

sudden, something 'll happen, and no reason to show—no reason at all."

"Like the gamekeeper and the poacher who shot each other?" I interjected shyly. He gave me a quick look.

"Aye, like that," he said. "Bang-bang. That's all. No why nor wherefore, not a word ye might hear till the two dead corpses are starin' ye in the face. Oh, it's queer, the way things go on in these parts." He rose and walked over to the window.

"For that matter," he said, over his shoulder, "if ye'd been here a bit sooner before your dinner ye'd have seen something happen, here under this window."

"Yes?"

"I heard a noise, but I didn't heed it much, till the little girl ran up full of it. An old woman in a fit, and I was just in time to see them cartin' her into the chemist opposite."

My cousin and I looked at each other.

"What was she like?"

"Faith, a little old woman in black, with a bonnet on her. I didn't see but the white of her face as they carried her in. Why," he said, screwing up his eyes at us, "do ye know her?"

"No," said my cousin, "but we saw an old woman on the road as we were coming along."

"Well, the poor soul," said he, turning to the window again, "I'm thinking it's her last jaunt, for they were saying below she'd never over it. H'm." He hummed a few bars. "Are ye goin'? Well, I'll see ye at the opera."

In a few minutes we were outside strolling towards the Town Hall. I was strangely moved, and felt within me an exaltation, a sudden perception of the wonder of life, which brought a lump into my throat. The bridge was almost deserted. The sun was sinking, and the town, the trees, the distant hills swam before my eyes in kindly gold. I trod upon air: and with every step my soul went out towards the uncouth stranger who had shared our meal. Here, I thought, are three human beings, dissimilar as may be, whom chance has brought together: fellow travellers,

fellow adventurers, bound alike to life, telling each other in perfect trust their fortunes and their hopes. It was my first actual realization of the brotherhood of man. One cannot at this distance convey the full sense of that discovery; at fifteen these movements have a convincing beauty that later years cannot describe.

We were soon inside the hall, seated upon chairs reserved for "the quality," covered, two whole rows of them, with crimson baize. As it happened, we were isolated, for "the quality" was apparently the one section of Inchileenagh which did not patronize the opera, and our only companions we suspected of being the editor of the local paper, and his wife, with free passes.

The performance was to consist of the solos and concerted numbers of the opera, for the company did not run to a chorus: and, not more than ten minutes after the advertised time, lights were lowered, and the overture struck up on the piano.

The company—I remember their names still, as well as if I had the programme in my hand. Mr. Leo Peabody, the Faust, thin and reedy, but true and never unpleasant: Mr. Carlos Gooding, the Mephisto, with an exaggerated *vibrato* and mannerisms: Miss Susanne Perle, the Marguerita, surprisingly good, but no longer young: Miss Sybil Child, who by quick changes of wigs and garments, doubled the parts of Siebel and Martha, singing both in a fresh, unspoiled contralto: and, last and greatest—Murtagh McCaragh.

The scene where the Mephisto turns the water of the fountain into wine was cut, so we had to wait till Valentine's *cavatina* to gain a sight of the great man. The preliminary bars clanked from the piano, and from the wings appeared—the big man we had seen on the road. It was a shock, yet hardly unexpected; however, I had no time to think about it then. The audience greeted him with enthusiasm; he smiled easily, fumbled in his ample breast for Marguerita's token, and began to sing.

My first feeling was one of disappointment. Never hav-

ing heard a great singer, I suppose that in my ignorance I had expected something volcanic: and the voice in the short recitative, though easy and full, seemed to me in no way remarkable. The singer, too, seemed indifferent to his work.

Then—suddenly—a change came over him. As the piano sounded the introduction to the *aria,* he shut his eyes. It might have been fancy, but I could swear a tremor ran through him: he smiled to himself, and when he opened his eyes again, their light was different. The look of bored good-humour had given place to a strange gleam, almost of defiance. We were sitting right under him, and could see his smallest movement.

Then, once more, he closed his eyes, and sang. The great notes rolled out pure and full, with an exaltation, an almost savage power, that seemed to thrill through the very chairs we sat on. When he came to the martial movement, he opened his eyes and declaimed it with a volume and a fire which was literally frightening. Then his voice sank magnificently back upon the slow swell of the air. Inevitable as a great wave sweeping to the shore, it rose towards the climax of the music, gleamed there a moment in majesty, and rolled out the final notes in rings and rings of sound.

There was a silence, then applause. It was frantic. We clapped and stamped and shouted: I only stopped when my hands hurt too much to go on. McCaragh himself seemed almost dazed: then his face lit up with an expression hard to analyse. Many times he had to come on, and bow again, and yet again, with a certain ironic dignity; yet it was obvious that he had been deeply moved. When at last he disappeared, I sat back exhausted, let my aching hands lie limp, and murmured to myself over and over again—I don't know why——

" 'I am the Duchess of Malfi still.' "

There is little else that I remember till the scene of Valentine's death. In the dual trio McCaragh carefully "sang down" to the others, and they, to do them justice, had been roused rather than discouraged, doing their best not to dis-

grace their great colleague. Indeed, with all its inadequacies, I have never seen a more spirited performance of Faust than that handful of singers gave with their clanking piano in the town hall of Inchileenagh. There was magic abroad; they were possessed with it.

The duel was over: Mephisto's treacherous blade had done its work (amid loud booing from the back seats) and Valentine lay writhing on the ground.

The music does not seem sublime to me now, and I have heard many Valentines curse many Margueritas, but I have never known the scene played as those two played it. The man was inspired. Between him and the audience flowed that magic current of emotion that made the moment apt for a revelation. The facile phrases were transfigured, the whole place filled with the agony and pity of noble strength treacherously brought low: and there was fear also, as if a lion that could no longer strike still cowed the hunters by the sheer terror of his wrath. The whole barbaric power of that great voice attacked each note of denunciation with stunning force, and the soprano herself recoiled, in a wild excitement that left her pale and breathless, from the rage and spate of sound.

I have often wondered if we were all hypnotized into believing it better than it was, for of course any artist's success must always depend partly upon his audience's will to believe. There can be no doubt, however, that we heard a great singer on one of those nights when his fire burnt at its highest and nothing stood between him and fulfilment. We were uplifted, shaken, dazed, beside ourselves. I sat trembling from head to foot, till the last trio swung us out into the street and the cool air.

The long summer night still held the sky, and a gentle breeze refreshed our foreheads. We crossed the bridge, and walked until we reached the gloom of a little wood, a chill cavern of darkness, astir with scents and the scurrying of little beasts. We stood drinking in the sweet air; and then turned slowly back. Over a blunt low hill on our right a

faint radiance hovered. It grew steadily, and the line of the hill showed more and more distinctly. Then a gleam winked and trembled on the dark line, and the enormous moon, wavering and unstable, shouldered her bulk into the heaven. We watched till she rose clear of the hills, gaining dignity and radiance at every minute, and then walked homeward, with our shadows gradually deepening before us.

At the foot of the stairway we met our friend, who had seen us through the glass door of the bar, and stepped out to meet us. He said nothing, but raised his eyebrows in enquiry. We nodded. He nodded back; and there we stood, our hearts overflowing with delight, nodding at each other in absurd enthusiasm. Yet he knew nothing of the mystery we shared. "What goes on here, goes on sleeping, underground; ye see nothin' of it, then, one day, something happens. . . ." This time we had seen a little more. Not much more, but enough to give to what had happened a double significance.

"Are ye goin' to bed? Yez are? Well, I'd better say good-bye to ye so, for I've an early start before me. What —you have an early start, too? Faith, that's grand. We'll meet at breakfast, then. Good-night to ye both."

And with a wave of his hand he went back to the bar.

A minute later I was in my room. I did not want to talk, nor I think did my cousin. The moon was flooding in at the window: I crossed to the broad ledge, and sat there with my knees drawn up, looking down on the empty street. Now and then a man would go by, and voices would sound for a moment: otherwise the night was still and peaceful.

How long I had been there I do not know, when suddenly my attention was caught by the two figures in the street. They came along, clear in the moonlight, and passed close to where I sat: McCaragh and the soprano. He was talking to her, earnestly, in low tones, gesticulating with one hand: she walked silently, with little steps, her shoulders hunched up

and her eyes on the ground. Close to me they passed, down the street, and round the corner out of sight.

I did not try to piece out their story, and have never really tried since; but I sat on there till I was stiff, and the moon had wheeled a great course in the sky, pondering with secret fear and joy upon the heritage of life which was mine. The driver, the little old woman, our friend the traveller; Faust, the pinewood, and the moon rising—what a day I had been through. And now this last incident in the drama—enacted for me alone.

The moon rose higher, and the shadows in the little street changed their shape. Distant, faint in the moonlight, stood the hill where the gamekeeper and the poacher had fought their strange duel. Soon all movement ceased, and, except maybe for a big man and a woman talking somewhere down by the river, there was stillness in the town where things happened that had no sense to them.

THE HELLER [1]

By HENRY WILLIAMSON

From *The Atlantic Monthly*

I

In March the high spring tides lap with their ragged and undulating riband of flotsam the grasses near the flat top of the sea wall; and once in a score of years the southwest gale piles the sea so high that it lops over and rushes down into the reclaimed grazing marsh within. The landlocked water returns on the ebb by way of the reedy dikes, and the culverts under the wall with their one-way hinged wooden doors, and through the muddy channels to the sea again.

I was unfortunate enough to miss seeing such a flood this year; but, hearing of it, I went down to the marsh the next afternoon before the time of high tide, hoping to see it happen again. I wandered along the sea wall, with its hoof-holed path of clay still holding salt water, as far as the black hospital ship, and then I returned. The gale had blown itself out, and a blue sky lay beyond Hartland promontory, and far out over the calm Atlantic.

There is a slanting path leading to the road below by the marshman's cottage, and by this I left the wide prospect of sand hills, sea, and sky, seen from the sea wall, and as I was descending I noticed that the grasses down the inner slope were washed flat and straggly by a heavy overflooding of the day before.

The marshman was standing on the porch of the cottage,

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looking at his ducklings which had hatched about a fortnight before. He wore his spectacles and had a book in his hands. We greeted each other, and I stopped to talk.

I always enjoyed talking with the marshman. His face pleased me. I liked his kind brown eyes, his gray hair, his small and intelligent sea-browned face. In a soft voice he began telling me about the book in his hands, which he said was "wonderful and most interesting." It was thick and heavy, and printed in small close-set type. It was called *The History of the Jews,* and the marshman had read it with the same care and patience with which, year after year, he had cut the reeds in the dikes and scythed the thistles in the rank grass. For years he had been reading that book, and he had not yet reached the middle pages. Appalling labor!

Would I like to take the book home with me, and have a read of it? He was a bit busy just now and could easily spare it for a day or two. I was quite welcome to take it, if——

I was saved from a reply by the sudden change in the marshman's face. He was staring intently beyond the gate by which we stood. His spectacles were pushed back from his eyes. I looked in the direction of his stare, and saw the usual scene—fowls on the stony and feathery road, and a couple of pigs nosing amid them; the down-hanging branches of the willow tree over the leat; the green pointed leaves of the flag iris rising thickly along both banks; the sky-gleams between them. On the water a brood of yellowish-white ducklings were paddling, watched anxiously from the road by the hen that had hatched them.

"The heller!"

At the muttered angry words the marshman's dog, which had assumed a stiff attitude from the moment of its master's fixed interest in something as yet unsmelled, unseen, and unheard by itself, whined and crouched and sprang over the gate. One of its forelegs had been broken by a bullock's kick, and was set in a wooden splint. It had gone forward

a few yards, sending the hens clucking and flying in all directions, when the marshman shouted. Seeing its master's arm flung to the left, the dog promptly turned in that direction. I saw its hackles rise.

The narrow leat, which brought fresh drinking water to the grazing marsh, was crossed under the willow tree by a clammer, or single heavy plank of elm wood. As the dog ran on to the clammer I saw something at the farther end slide into the water. I had a fleeting impression of the vanishing hind quarters of a squat and slender dog, dark brown as a bulrush, and with the palms of its feet widely webbed as a duck's. It had a long tail, tapering to a point. The brown tail slid over the plank flatly yet swiftly, and disappeared without splash into the slight ripple made by the submerging animal.

"'Tis that darned old mousy-colored fitch," grumbled the marshman, opening the gate. "It be after my ducklings. It took one just about this time yesterday. Yurr, Ship!" to the dog—"Fet un, Ship!" The dog sprang around barking raucously, and trotted along the plank again, its wooden leg tapping, nose between paws, and whining with excitement where the "heller" had stood. Then it looked at its master, and barked at the water.

While it was barking the ducklings, about fifteen yards away, began to run on the water, beating their little fluky stumps of wings and stretching out their necks. "Queep! queep! queep!" they cried. The foster hen on the bank was clucking and jerking her comb about in agitation.

"Ah, you heller, you!" cried the marshman, as a duckling was drawn under by invisible jaws. The other ducklings waddled out by the brimming edge of the road, made for the hen in two files of uniform and tiny yellowish bodies aslant with straining to reach the cover of wings. Very red and jerky about the comb and cheek pendules, with flickering eyes, this motherly fowl squatted on the stones and lowered her wings till they rested on her useless pinion shafts, and fluffed out her feathers to make room for the eight mites

which, in spite of her constant calls and entreaties, would persist in walking on that cold and unwalkable place, which was only for sipping from at the edge.

"Peep, peep, peep; quip, pip; queep weep," whispered the ducklings, drowsily, in their sweet and feeble voices. The marshman came out of the cottage with a gun.

"The heller," he said. "The withering beast, it ought to be kicked to flames."

We waited five minutes, watching the leat where the duckling had gone down.

Parallel lines of ripples, wavering with the infirm and milk-white sky, rode along the brimming water. The tide was still rising. Twenty yards away the young strong leaves of the flag irises began to quiver. The marshman lifted the gun and curled a finger round the trigger. The leaves were still. We waited. The peep-peeps of the happy ducklings cased.

Water began to run, in sudden starts, around the smoothed stones in the roadway. The tide was rising fast. A feather was carried twirling on a runnel that stopped by my left shoe; and after a pause it ran on a few inches, leaving dry specks of dust and bud-sheaths tacked to the welt.

The outline of the leat was lost in the overbrimming of the water. Grasses began to float and stray at its edges. The runnels of the tide explored the least hollow, running forward, pausing, turning sideways or backwards, and blending, as though gladly, with one another.

"It be gone," said the marshman, lowering the gun, to my relief; for its double barrels had been near my cheek, and they were rusty, thin as an egg-shell at the muzzle, and loaded with an assortment of broken screw-heads, nuts, and odd bits of iron. He was as economical with his shooting as he was with his reading. Originally the gun had been a flintlock, owned by his great-grandfather; and his father had had it converted into a percussion cap. Its walnut stock was riddled with worm-holes; and even as I was examining it I heard the sound like the ticking of a watch, which ceased

after nine ticks. The death-watch beetle. It was doubtful which would go first—the stock, "falling abroad" in its tunneled brittleness, or the barrels, bursting from frail old age.

"It's a high tide," I said, stepping further back. "I suppose the otter came up on it, and down the leat?"

Then the marshman told me about the "heller." We stood with our backs to the deep and ancient thorn hedge that borders the road to the east, a hedge double-sheared by wind and man, six feet high and eight feet thick and so matted that a man could walk along it without his boots sinking. It was gray and gold with lichens. I had always admired the hedge by the marsh toll-gate. I leaned gingerly against it while the marshman told me that he had seen the otter on the two afternoons previously, and both times when the tide was nearly on the top of the flood. No, it did not come up the leat; it was a bold beast, and came over the sea wall where the tide had poured over two afternoons agone.

"My wife zeed'n rinning over the wall, like a little brown dog. I reckon myself th' heller comes from the duck ponds over to Heanton marsh, and sleeps by day in th' daggers [reeds]. Artters [otters] be always travelin' up the pill [creek] vor to get to the duck ponds, or goin' on up to the pill-head, and over the basin [weir] into fresh water, after trout. Never before have I heard tell of an artter going time after time, and by day too, after the same ducklings.

" 'Tis most unusual, zur, vor an artter will always take fish when he can get fish, eels particularly, and there be plenty of eels all over the marsh. An artter loveth an eel; 't is its most natural food, in a manner of speaking.

" 'Tis what is called an ambulance [amphibious] baste, the artter be; yes, 't is, like a crab, that can live in both land and water. A most interestin' baste, vor those that possess th' education vor to study up all that sort of thing. Now can ee tell me how an artter serves an eel different from another fish? Other fish—leastways those I've zin with my

own eyes—are ate head downwards; but an eel be ate tail vust, and the head an' shoulders be left. I've a zin scores of'n, and all ate tail vust!"

While the old fellow was speaking, the water, in irregular pourings and innocent twirls, was stealing right across the road. It reached the hen, who, to judge from the downward pose of her head, regarded it as a nuisance. A runnel slipped stealthily between her cane-colored feet, wetting the claws worn with faithful scratching for the young. She arose and strutted away in the lee of the hedge, calling her brood; and "Wock! wock! Wet!" she cried, for with tiny notes of glee they had headed straight for the wide water, now gleaming with the early sunset.

The marshman said, "Darn the flood!" for *The History of the Jews,* container of future years' laborious pleasure, lay in a plash by the gate, ten strides away. He picked it up, regarding ruefully the dripping cover. He was saying that it was n't no odds, a bit of damp on the outside, when I noticed a small travelling ripple in the shape of an arrow moving out from the plank, now almost awash. It continued steadily for about three yards from the plank, and beyond the ripples a line of little bubbles like shot began to rise and lie still. The line, increasing steadily by lengths varying from two or three to a dozen inches, drew out toward the ducklings.

I took long strides forward beside the marshman. Our footfalls splashed in the shallow water. The dog trotted at his heels, quivering, its ears cocked. A swirl arose in the leat and rocked the ducklings; they cried and struck out for the grass; but one stayed still, trying to rise on weeny wings, and then it went under.

"The *heller!*" cried the marshman, raising his gun.

For about twenty seconds we waited.

A brown whiskered head, flat and seal-like, with short rough hairs and beady black eyes, looked out of the water. *Bang!* It dived at the flash, and although we peered and waited for at least a minute after the whining of a screw-

head ricocheting away over the marsh had ceased, I saw only our spectral faces shaking in the water.

II

The next afternoon I went down by the eastern sea wall and lay on the grassy slope, with a view of the lower horn of the Ram's-horn duck pond. Wild fowl were flying round the marsh, and settling on the open water hidden between the thick green reeds. Many birds had their nests in the preserve. Why did the otter, I wondered, come all the way to the leat, when it could take all the ducklings it wanted in the pond? Perhaps in my reasoning I was falling into the old error of ascribing to a wild beast something of human reasoning; for, had I been an otter after ducklings, I should certainly have stayed where they were most numerous.

The tide flowed past me, with its usual straggle of froth covering the flotsam of corks, bottles, clinker, spruce bark from the Bideford shipyards, tins, cabbage leaves, and sticks. The murky water moved wide and deep between the muddy glidders. Two ketches rode up on the flood, the exhausts of their oil engines echoing with hollow thuds over the mud and water. I wondered why they were wasting oil, when the current was so swift to carry them; but when they made fast to their mooring buoys, and the bows swung round, I realized the use of the engines—to keep them in the fairway. Of course!

Gulls screamed as they floated around the masts and cordage of the black craft, awaiting the dumping overboard of garbage. I waited for an hour, but saw nothing of the otter.

"Did ee see'n?" asked the marshman, when I went back. His gun lay on the table, and Ship the dog was crouched over the threshold, its nose on its paws pointing to the clammer bridge over the leat.

"He took another duckling, the heller!" he growled.

The otter must have made an early crossing, while I was

lazing on the bank. Perhaps he had come through a culvert, squeezing past the sodden wooden trap; and then, either seeing or winding me, he had crossed under water. The marshman, happening to come to the door, had seen the duckling going under, and, although he had waited for ten minutes, nothing had come up.

"Ship here went nosing among the daggers, but couldn't even get wind of'n. I reckon that ambulance baste can lie on the bottom and go to sleep if it has a mind to."

By "ambulance" he meant amphibious, I imagined. The otter had no gills; it breathed in the ordinary way, being an animal that had learned to swim under water.

"Didn't you see even a bubble?"

"Not one!"

It seemed strange. Also, it had seemed strange that the engines of the ketches were "wasting" oil. That had a perfectly ordinary explanation—when one realized it!

"And it took a duck in just the same way as before?"

"That's it! In a wink, that duck was down under."

"But didn't the ducklings see the otter?"

"Noomye! The por li'l beauty was took quick as a wink." He was much upset by it.

"Now I'll tell ee what I'll do," he said. "I'll till a gin vor a rat, I will, and if I trap an artter, well, 'twill be a pity, as the artter-'unting gentry would say; but there't is!"

Otters were not generally trapped in the country of the Taw and Torridge rivers, as most of the water owners subscribed to the otter hounds. There were often occasions, however, when a gin was "tilled," or set, on a submerged rock where an otter was known to touch, or on a sunken post driven into the river bed near its holt. About once in a season the pack drew the brackish waters of the Ram'shorn duckpond, but an otter was never killed there, as there was impregnable "holding" among the thick reeds.

I looked at the marshman's face, filled with grim thoughts about the "heller" (had he got the term from *The History of the Jews?*), and remembered how, only the year before,

when an otter had been killed near Branton church, he had confided to me that he did n't care much for "artter-'unting"; that it was "not much sport with all they girt dogs agin one small baste."

"I've go some old rabbit gins," said the marshman. "And I'll till them on the clammer, and get that heller, I will."

I went away to watch the mating flight of the golden plover over the marsh, and the sun had gone down behind the low line of the sand hills to the west when I returned along the sea wall. Three rabbit gins—rusty affairs of open iron teeth and flat iron springs ready to snap up and hold anything that trod on them—lay on the plank. The marshman had bound lengths of twisted brass rabbit wire around the plank and through the ends of the chains, so that, dragged into the leat, the weight of the three gins would drown the struggling otter.

My road home lay along the edge of the leat, which was immediately under the sea wall. Old upturned boats, rusty anchors, rotting bollards of tree trunks, and other gear lay on the wall and its inner grassy slope. Near the pill-head the brown ribs of a ketch, almost broken up, stood up above the wall. I came to the hump where the road goes over the culvert; and, leaning on the stone parapet, I watched the water of the little river moving with dark eddies under the fender into the leat, and the overflow tumbling into the concrete basin of the weir and sliding down the short length of the weedy fish-pass into the dull and placid level of the rising tide. It barely rippled. The air was still, silvery with eve-star and crescent moon.

The last cart had left the Great Field, the faint cries of lambs arose under the moon, men were all home to their cottages or playing skittles in the village inns. Resting the weight of my body on the stone, I stared vaguely at the water, thinking how many strange impulses and feelings came helter-skelter out of a man, and how easily it was to judge him falsely by any one act or word. The marshman had pitied a hunted otter; he had raged against a hunting ot-

ter; he felt tenderly and protectively toward the ducklings; he would complacently wring their necks when the peas ripened, and sell them for as much money as he could get for them. In the future he would not think otter-hunting a cruel sport. And if the otter-hunters heard that he had trapped and drowned an otter they would be sincerely upset that it had suffered such a cruel and, as it were, an unfair death. Perhaps the only difference between animal and man was that the animal had fewer notions. . . .

I was musing in this idle manner, my thoughts slipping away as water, when I heard a sound somewhere behind me. It was a thin piercing whistle, the cry of an otter. Slowly I moved back my head, till only a part of my face would be visible in silhouette from the water below.

I watched for a bubble, a sinuous shadow, an arrowy ripple, a swirl; I certainly did not expect to see a fat old dog-otter come drifting down on his back, swishing with his rudder and bringing it down with great thwacking splashes on the water while he chewed a half-pound trout held in his short forepaws. My breath ceased; my eyes held from blinking. I had a perfect view of his sturdy body, the yellowish-white patch of fur on his belly below his ribs, his sweeping whiskers, his dark beady eyes. Still chewing, he bumped head-on into the sill, kicked himself upright, walked on the concrete, and stood there crunching, while the five pools forming from his legs and rudder ran into one. He did not chew, as I had read in books of otters chewing; he just stood there on his four legs, the tail half of the trout sticking out of his mouth, and gulped down the bits. That trout had disappeared in about ten seconds. Then the otter leaned down to the water, and lapped as a cat does.

He was old, slow, coarse-haired, and about thirty pounds in weight—the biggest otter I had seen, with the broadest head.

After quenching his thirst he put his head and shoulders under water, holding himself from falling in by his stumpy webbed forefeet, and his rudder, eighteen inches long, press-

ing down straight behind. He was watching for fish. As though any fish remained in the water flow after that dreaded apparition had come splashing under the culvert!

With the least ripple he slid into the water. I breathed and blinked with relief, but dared not move otherwise. A head looked up almost immediately, and two dark eyes stared at me. The otter sneezed, shook the water out of his small ears, and sank away under. I expected it to be my last sight of the beast, and, leaning over to see if an arrowy ripple pointed upstream, I knocked a piece of loose stone off the parapet. To my amazement he came up near the sill again, with something in his mouth. He swung over on his back, and bit it in play. He climbed on to the sill and dropped it there, and slipped back into the water. It was the stone that had dropped from the parapet!

I kept still. The otter reappeared with something white in his mouth. He dropped it with a tinkle beside the stone, and the tinkle must have pleased him, for he picked up the china sherd—it looked like part of a teacup, with the handle —and rolled over with it in his paws.

As in other Devon waters, the stream was a pitching place for cottage rubbish, and during the time I was standing by the parapet watching the otter at his play he had collected about a dozen objects—rusty salmon tins, bits of broken glass, sherds of clome pitchers and jam jars, and one half of a sheep's jaw. He ranged them on the sill of the weir, tapping the more musical with a paw, as a cat does, until they fell into the water, when he would dive for and retrieve them.

At the end of about half an hour the sea was lapping over the top of the sill and pressing under the fender. Soon the leat began to brim. The taste of salt water must have made the otter hungry again, or perhaps he had been waiting for the tide, for he left his playthings and, dropping into the water, went down the leat toward the marshman's cottage. I crept stealthily along the grassy border of the road, watching the arrowy ripple, gleaming with the silver of the thin

curved moon. The hillside under the ruined chapel above the village of Branton began to show yellow speckles of light in the distant houses. The leat being deserted (for the brood of ducklings with their hen had been shut up for the night), why, then, that sudden swirl and commotion in the water by the flag irises, just where the ducklings had been taken before?

Bubbles broke on the water in strings—big bubbles. Then something heaved glimmering out of the leat, flapping and splashing violently. The noises ceased, and more bubbles came up; the water rocked. Suddenly the lashing increased, and seemed to be moving up and down the leat, breaking the surface of the water. Splashes wetted my face. A big struggle was going on there. After a minute there was a new noise—the noise of sappy stalks of the flags being broken. Slap, slap, slap, on the water. I saw streaks and spots of phosphorescence, or moon gleams, by the end of the plank. The flapping went on in the meadow beyond the flags, with a sound of biting.

I stood without moving for some minutes, while the crunching and squirming went on steadily. My shoes filled with water. The tide had spread silently half across the road. Then the noises ceased. I heard a dull rap, as of something striking the heavy wooden plank under water; a strange noise of blowing, a jangle of iron and a heavy splash, and many bubbles and faint knocking sounds. The otter had stepped on the plank to drink, and was trapped.

III

At last the marshman, having closed *The History of the Jews,* placed his spectacles in their case, drawn on his boots, put on his coat, taken his gun off the nails on the ceiling beam and put it back for a fluke-spearing pronged fork in the corner, and lit the hurricane lamp, said with grim triumph, "Now us will go vor to see something!" He was highly pleased that he had outwitted the otter.

"There be no hurry, midear," he said glancing at my face. "Give 'n plenty of time vor to see the water vor the last occasion in his skin."

We stood awhile by the clammer under the dark and softly shivering leaves of the willow looming over us in the lamplight.

The water had lapsed from the plank when the last feeble tug had come along the brass wire. The marshman, watched by his dog, hopping round and round on its wooden leg in immense excitement, pulled up the bundle of gins, and the sagging beast held to them by a forepaw. It was quite dead; but the marshman decided to leave it there all night, to make certain.

"I see on the paper," he said, "that a chap up to Lunnon be giving good money vor the best artter skins"—tapping the spearing handle significantly with his hand.

When it had been dropped in the water again we went a few paces into the meadow with the lamp, and by its light we saw a conger eel, thick through as a man's arm, lying in the grass. The dark living sinuousness was gone from it; and stooping, we saw that it had been bitten through the head. Suddenly I thought it must have come with the high spring tide over the sea wall; and soon afterwards, the keen-nosed otter, following eagerly its scent where it had squirmed and writhed its way in the grass. The conger had stayed in the leat, hiding in a drain by the flag irises and coming out when the colder salt water had drifted down.

The marshman carried it back to his cottage and cut it open, and then stared into my face with amazement and sadness, for within the great eel were the remains of his ducklings.

POULTRY, 2S. 6D.[1]

By MARGARET FANE *and* HILARY LOFTING

From *The Bulletin,* Sydney

Tom Lonely's fine store at the top of Brazier-street looks down upon a Woolloomooloo that is not the Sydney 'Loo of other years. Most of the broken streets are mended now, and an abundance of paint has changed those that are not. But it is still a slightly sullen, watchful place, lazy and secret as heretofore; Tom, who knows practically everything between William-street and the docks, knows also that the paint and the mending have made no real difference. Clifford Mimbles doesn't sit on the gate of the coal-yard on Sunday mornings now, perhaps; but that is a concession more to the fact that Cliff is married and a father than to the irritating slick prosperity of his view from the gate. Spiky Stott still works in the bookshop, unconscious of any radical change in the 'Loo; and Coaly Mimbles, Cliff's young brother, has gone up country and doesn't care what the 'Loo looks like.

On this Sunday morning it looked dead. That is, it looked dead everywhere but in Mrs. Wales's place in Palmer-street. On week-days this was a laundry; but on Sunday mornings it was, up to 10 o'clock, a battlefield. At 10 o'clock all the Waleses departed for Newport; and presently that dusty, lazy, careless peace descended upon Palmer-street once more. Mrs. Wales, in the conduct of both her laundry and her household, was an arbitrary woman; her self-imposed duty drove her to spend every Sunday with her mother and father at Newport, and, further, to drive her family before her. The raucous clatter of this duty with its attendant unlovely

[1] Copyright, 1928, by Margaret Fane and Hilary Lofting.

details of half-completed toilet and bullied weeping children made the battlefield effect. No neighbor was quite certain where Mr. Wales was; but on Sunday mornings Palmer-street in bulk agreed that if it *was* Long Bay gaol or even Bathurst he was lucky.

The old man sitting in the kitchen looked up as Mrs. Wales's completed head came angrily into the doorway. A diffident, half-terrified smile flickered into his eyes.

"Now look, Moonier," she told him, "there's a bit o' cold beef in the safe—not much, but it'll do *your* appetite. If it don't," she menaced him, "there's a bit o' rabbit at the back o' the top shelf."

"Merci, madame"—M. Meunier's hands flashed out in deprecation, "you trouble too much."

"Well, yer must eat, mustn't yer, and I shan't be 'ere to wait on you 'and an' foot, shall I? You know where the tea an' sugar is, an' "——

"Carm on, mum," a voice called from the passage. "It's gone ten."

"Shut up, Guy; I'm puttin' yer grandfer right for the day. Now look, Moonier—don't leave the 'ouse and don't let anyone in. Liz an' me'll clean up to-night when we get home. All you got to do is to smoke yer pipe an' get yer grub."

The tide of instructions flowed over the old man's head as it had flowed, it seemed, for millions of Sundays. Presently the tide ceased and the strident clamor fulminated to the banging of the door. This was the last shot, heralding the lazy peace. For all this day now Monsieur Adolphe Guy Meunier was alone.

He sighed and looked round the room, seeming to come to life in the blessed silence. Causelessly, a vision of his mother's kitchen in Rouen crossed his memory—the deep wide fireplace, the stone floor that was so cold in winter, old Eugénie stooping over the fire. For a moment memory possessed him. He saw the notary's office under the brow of the cathedral and himself a pupil there in a high-waisted

coat, sixty years ago. He saw Uncle Jacques's farm and a blushing dream of beauty under an apple-tree in bloom, as she, too, was in bloom. He saw the gradual ruin of the years that followed, the departure of his son for Australia, the death of the dream of beauty. The bleak ruin had closed round him when his son, who had married in Sydney, invited him to come and live with them and had sent his passage-money. There had seemed a small ray of hope in this; his annuity of fifty pounds would make him not entirely dependent on Raoul, and Australia was famously a wonderful place. But presently the ray had been extinguished; the influenza epidemic had killed both Raoul and Mary and had left him and young Guy, who was a baby then, to the shambles of this house in Palmer-street. Mrs. Wales was Mary's aunt; and in return for his annuity she gave him and his grandson a home.

M. Meunier rose stiffly to his feet; he must get a cup of tea. Without doubt it *was* a home; there was food and shelter. But a cloud of listless hopelessness was upon him; he moved purposelessly about the small, dirty room, without interest, almost without life. Day followed bitter day in Mrs. Wales's house—nagging, strident, terrible days. But what would you—he was dependent; Mrs. Wales did not fail to remind him often that he and Guy cost twice his pound a week to feed. He was worthless; an old encumbrance. He could do a little, a very little, to justify his existence by taking parcels of laundered clothes to customers; but otherwise he was a nothing. There was the grave, of course; but the grave came as it came—that could only be an accident of God, beautiful haven as it appeared.

He drank his cup of tea, half-fearing the sudden return of Mrs. Wales and a loud outcry that he should be drinking morning-tea as if he were a lord. Young Guy was a stranger; and that perhaps was well. He had no softening atmosphere of the old staid house in Rouen, where everything was done for you, to defeat his young Australian hardihood. He had been absorbed into the young Waleses, went

to school with them, was a 'Loo boy with them. What had he to do with an old derelict from France? Yet some little link with life, some tie with this vanishing world——

M. Meunier shut away his memories and put his cup and saucer in the sink. To-day was Sunday, the day of escape. In his tiny room he took an old frock-coat, trousers, waistcoat and a clean shirt from the ward-robe and laid them carefully on the bed. He went down the stairs again and had a very thorough wash in the laundry, returning to the serious business of dressing to go out. Mrs. Wales and her admonitions did not cross his mind. That air of listless resignation, of defeat, gradually passed as he dressed; by the time his collar was buttoned to his satisfaction a debonair old French gentleman smiled back at him from the fly-blown mirror. Ultimately, a stately old man with obviously a quite good idea of himself opened Mrs. Wales's gate and walked with just a faint suggestion of swagger down the street and round the corner. The watchful 'Loo no doubt saw and admired him, though the streets were still empty and dead in the sunshine.

Half-way across the Domain he was met by another old gentleman who saluted him with every mark of respect.

"Bon jour, Monsieur Adolphe," this old man greeted him, bowing and raising his hat. "How do you find yourself to-day?"

"Well enough, Turpin, well enough. And you?" M. Meunier received his companion's respectful greeting with dignity, but cordially. Old Turpin was the son of Uncle Jacques's bailiff at Rouen; it was from Turpin's son—who, alas, had fallen in the war—that Raoul had got the idea of coming to Australia. The old chap, who lived with his daughter-in-law and was desperately poor, had followed his son when the downfall of the Rouen Meuniers was complete. Of course, his connection with the Meuniers was—well, what it was. But one observed the conventions with cordiality. Old Turpin spoke French; and for that, on this day of escape, Monsieur Adolphe was eternally grateful to

him. Besides, he embodied the old life—ah, *bon Dieu,* the old life. . . .

On every Sunday, the weekly day of escape, this little promenade to some shadow of the old life took place. Across the Domain and a corner of Hyde Park, into a narrow sunny arcade the old men went, arriving finally at the Café Edouard. Here white tablecloths and table-napkins, gleaming silver and vases of flowers greeted them; courtesy and respect from Edouard, the vivid chatter of madame, supreme cooking—a glow descended upon the old men. This was their sanctuary against life and the years, their sanctuary from the laundry and a rough, incomprehensible house. Here they were themselves once more, in the old life and the old land.

The escape was achieved not without difficulty and self-denial. Monsieur Adolphe received half a crown a week from Mrs. Wales for his tobacco and pocket-money; but if you live from Sunday lunch to Sunday lunch at the Edouard it is not hard to reduce your pocket-money for the dead days between to sixpence. A meal at the Edouard cost two shillings; poultry, of course, was 2s. 6d., and was naturally seldom achieved. But for two shillings one remained there for an hour or an hour and a half, safe in the old life. He imagined that Turpin had to practise some similar self-denial; but naturally Turpin's affairs were his own. At times M. Meunier was not so desperately hard pressed for his two shillings; sometimes a sympathetic customer rewarded his delivery of a laundry parcel with threepence or sixpence; once he had received a shilling—a glorious day. He had managed poultry on that Sunday when it at last had come round. And this week promised well. Mrs. Lawlor, in the new flats in Brazier-street, had promised him two shillings on Friday. Of course, the washing of a bad-tempered dog was perhaps—but what would you? It was life. And there was the Edouard. But what was it this old Turpin was saying——

"I regret, Monsieur Adolphe." The old fellow put down

his coffee-cup with an air of embarrassment. "But I cannot lunch here next Sunday. I know that." . . .

"Do not distress yourself, my dear Turpin. Why can you not lunch here on Sunday, if I may ask?"

"But certainly, monsieur. I regret, but I—I cannot afford it for next Sunday. After that, of course, as usual. But not next Sunday."

M. Meunier waited. This certainly was matter for regret. It was not for him to inquire, but perhaps Turpin would inform him; they were close friends, and a little sympathy when help was impossible could not be out of place.

"Noël approaches, monsieur; and I have the habit every year of making two small gifts, one to my daughter-in-law and one to my grandson Henri. These I must buy this week; and I fear that I must add to their cost the sum that I put aside weekly for my lunch. You understand that I would not forego the honor"——

M. Meunier waved his hand in deprecation and remained for a long moment deep in thought. Mrs. Lawlor's ill-tempered dog crossed his mind, and the six days between now and next Sunday Each day was a day. . . . Presently he rose and took down his hat.

"It grows late, my dear Turpin. Edouard will perhaps need our table. Shall we take a little promenade?"

Raising his hat under the rose-window of St. Mary's Cathedral, he turned to Turpin. "I beg, my dear Turpin," he said, "that you will give me the pleasure of your company at lunch at Edouard's on Sunday next. We will have poultry on this occasion, since I am to have the honor of being host."

. . . . . .

The week started well. A parcel of collars taken to Mr. Brady, the tobacconist, was astonishingly productive. A waiting customer glanced up at the diffident figure at the counter.

"Mick's shaving," the man said. "What's that—laundry?"

M. Meunier bowed. "One shilling and tenpence to pay," he said.

The waiting customer glanced at him again, at his clothes and his boots. "I'll pay it and collect off Mick." M. Meunier smiled and bowed once more, handing the customer twopence change. "Could yer keep one down, Mr. Moonier?" the customer asked suddenly.

This was incomprehensible; but its corollary was a shilling. "Go on, 'ave it on yer own. I 'ad a good day Sat'day. I got to wait 'ere for Mick to force me beauty, else I'll miss him."

This was good. With Mrs. Lawlor's dog on Friday and the tobacco half-crown on Saturday, the poultry at Edouard's on Sunday was safe, and with sixpence for contingencies. If the week went on like this there might even, who knows, be a cigar for Turpin and himself!

But the week didn't. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday were entirely unproductive. No matter; there remained Friday and Saturday; the poultry was safe, if the cigars must go.

The jealous gods had not done. On Friday the lady in the flat opposite Mrs. Lawlor's opened her door and took the laundry.

"Mrs. Lawlor's away for the week-end, Mr. Moonier," she told him. "She left a message that she'd be glad if you could come and do that little job for 'er next Friday instead of to-day."

He reeled down Brazier-street. This was a kick below the belt. He was contracted to poor old Turpin for poultry; and he would be sixpence short of the ordinary lunch. . . . And only Saturday to pass. . . .

In the kitchen at home he found Clifford Mimbles, a symphony in grey from his suède shoes to the black pearl in his tie-pin. An intolerable young man, who seemed in some mysterious way to be connected with Mrs. Wales's husband, so long and unaccountably an absentee from his household. Indeed, this evening he came with Christmas

gifts—a little early, as he explained, since he had to go to Adelaide on business on Monday. His gift for M. Meunier was a tin of tobacco.

The significance of this was not apparent at once. But Mrs. Wales's husky voice cut across the tide of French gratitude, and made the situation abundantly clear.

"Goodo, Cliff," she said. "Now, that's real thoughtful of yer, in more ways than you think. You can do without yer 'alf-dollar this week, Moonier. Yer boots are a disgrace; I've got to get you a pair be Christmas, an' that 'alf-dollar 'll just come in 'handy. Yer saved me life, Cliff."

M. Meunier froze in his chair. "But, madame," he protested, "I cannot do without"——

Madame menaced him, her eyes narrowing. "That's right," she said ominously. "Grudge me th' bit o' luck that'll put some boots on yer feet. I feed yer, bed yer and clothe yer for next to nothin', an' Gawdblime, yer stick me up for 'alf a dollar that yer don't want. Yer've got more tobacco in that tin than yer smoke in a month." She came closer, peering down into his white face. "Not a thrippence do yer see till to-morrow week. You got a hide," she added in husky murmuring scorn.

. . . . . .

In his room he looked at the tin of tobacco. All was lost. The world could do no more to him now. There was old Turpin looking forward to his poultry the day after to-morrow, to the honor of being the guest of Monsieur Adolphe; and Monsieur Adolphe had one shilling. Disgrace and ruin! A French gentleman and his guest! Happily, the day had been too much; the deep sleep of exhaustion and disappointment intervened.

Saturday dragged out its weary hours. M. Meunier became, for the duration of the dreadful day, a drunkard in imagination and hope. Surely something, some wild chance, would come to his aid; he would rescue some child of wealthy parents, find some money in the street, receive a cable from Rouen. . . . But the hours went leaden-footed

by, and none of these chances came to pass. Instead, the dreadful night fell, full of ghosts and silence. He took his pride down into the pit, wrestled with it, and was victorious. On the morrow, at ten o'clock, when the household was safely *en route* for Newport, he must walk up the hill to William-street and confess to old Turpin that they could not have poultry together at Edouard's on that Sunday.

But the gods were still at work. At ten o'clock Mrs. Wales's massive head came round the kitchen.

"You'll find yer broken meats in the safe, Moonier," she said. "Oh—and you'll 'ave young Guy, yer precious grandson, fer comp'ny to-day. 'E's not too good, an' I've told 'im to stop in bed instead of comin' to Newport to-day, where 'e'd only be a nuisance. See that 'e gets 'is tucker, will yer?"

The bottom of the world fell out as the roar of the departing household culminated and gradually ceased. No lazy peace followed it, but a blind horror. This last was the foulest blow. Nothing could save his honor now. Not only could he not take old Turpin to lunch, but also he could not inform him. Guy, that bitter stranger of his blood, would tell Mrs. Wales of his leaving the house, and all his Sundays of escape would vanish. It was the end, the end of all things!

The noise of a bump sounded from the floor above. Heaven! Perhaps the boy had fallen out of bed. Poor child! And here was his grandfather lamenting a mere question of honor. . . . He hurried up the stairs.

The boy was washing. "Hullo," he said.

M. Meunier came into the room. "You are then not ill, Guy?"

"Not me. 'Arry Turpin, who's the boss of the Blue Feather Push, asked me round to see his cinema to-day. I'd be likely to go to Newport with the old girl instead, wouldn't I?"

M. Meunier said nothing.

"Yer see, 'Arry's—well, 'e's somebody up at the school all right. An' when he asks a bloke to see his cinema—well, he means it."

A faint glow touched M. Meunier's cold heart. Never had Guy addressed so many words to him, and words of confidence.

The gate clanged below. "Why, 'ere's 'Arry Turpin now —I wonder what he wants."

Guy was across the room and down the stairs. M. Meunier, following more slowly, heard him at the door.

"Who?"

"Monsieur Meunier—your grandfather, Guy."

"Oh, Mr. Moonier. Righto. But what for?"

"A message from my grandfather to him"—M. Meunier had reached the hall. Turpin? Ah the English pronunciation—this was the Henri that Turpin spoke of. The boy at the door saw him and raised his cap. *"Bon jour, monsieur. Mon grandpère est désolé. Il m'a dit"* . . .

The rippling French flowed on, balm to Mr. Meunier's spirit in both its matter and manner. Old Turpin had fallen and wrenched his ankle; he was heart-broken and begged forgiveness; but was confined to his bed and therefore could not possibly lunch with Monsieur Adolphe to-day.

Henri ceased, raised his cap, and bowed. He turned to the open-mouthed Guy. "See you this arvo, Guy," he said, lapsing from the rippling French as he clanged the gate again.

"Gee," whispered Guy. "I never knew he c'd talk that lingo. My word!"

"Why not? He has a French grandfather."

Guy grinned up at M. Meunier. "This is where you miss yer swell Sunday feed." M. Meunier stared at him. "Oh *I* know—I'm not such a fool as I look. I wouldn't let on to the old girl, o' course; she's too much of a nark. But let you an' me go over an' get a bite at your joint. I'll shout—Cliff slipped me a half-note for Christmas Friday night. Are you game?"

Later, then, that stately old gentleman crossed the Domain, not with Turpin, but with his grandson. Passing the rosery the boy turned to him.

"How about you teaching me this French, Granno?" he asked.

LA DIVINA PASTORA [1]

By C. L. R. JAMES

From *The Saturday Review* (London)

Of my own belief in this story I shall say nothing. What I have done is to put it down as far as possible just as it was told to me, in my own style, but with no addition to or subtraction from the essential facts.

Anita Perez lived with her mother at Bande l'Est Road, just at the corner where North Trace joins the Main Road. She had one earthly aim. She considered it her duty and business to be married as quickly as possible, first because in that retired spot it marked the sweet perfection of a woman's existence, and secondly, because feminine youth and beauty, if they exist, fade early in the hard work on the cocoa plantations. Every morning of the week, Sundays excepted, she banded down her hair, and donned a skirt which reached to her knees, not with any pretensions to fashion, but so that from seven till five she might pick cocoa, or cut cocoa, or dry cocoa, or in some other way assist in the working of Mr. Kayle-Smith's cocoa estate. She did this for thirty cents a day, and did it uncomplainingly, because her mother and father had done it before her, and had thriven on it. On Sundays she dressed herself in one of her few dresses, put on a little gold chain, her only ornament, and went to Mass. She had no thought of woman's rights nor any Ibsenic theories of morality. All she knew was that it was her duty to get married, when, if she was lucky, this hard life in the cocoa would cease.

Every night for the past two years Sebastian Montagnio

[1] Copyright, 1828, by C. L. R. James.

came down from his four-roomed mansion, half-a-mile up the trace, and spent about an hour, sometimes much more, with the Perez family. Always he sat on a bench by the door, rolling cheap cigarettes and half-hiding himself in smoke. He was not fair to outward view, but yet Anita loved him. Frequently half-an-hour would elapse without a word from either, she knitting or sewing steadily, Sebastian watching her contentedly and Mrs. Perez sitting on the ground just outside the door, smoking one of Sebastian's cigarettes and carrying on a ceaseless monologue in the local patois. Always when Sebastian left, the good woman rated Anita for not being kinder to him. Sebastian owned a few acres of cocoa and a large provision garden, and Mrs. Perez had an idea that Anita's marriage would mean relief from the cocoa-work, not only for Anita, but also for her.

Anita herself said nothing. She was not the talking kind. At much expense and trouble, Sebastian sent her a greeting card each Christmas. On them were beautiful words which Anita spelt through so often that in time she got to know them by heart. Otherwise nothing passed between the two. That he loved no one else she was sure. It was a great consolation; but did he love her? Or was it only because his home was dull and lonely and theirs was just at the corner, that he came down every night?

As the months slipped by, Anita anxiously watched her naturally pale face in the little broken mirror. It was haggard and drawn with watching and waiting, watching and waiting for Sebastian to speak. She was not young and her manner was not attractive. The gossiping neighbours looked upon her as Sebastian's property. Even in the little cocoa-house dances (Sebastian never went because he did not dance) she was left to herself most of the time. And then, she loved him.

It came about that Anita's aunt who lived at Siparia, paid her a surprise visit one Sunday. She had not visited North Trace for years, and might never come back again. Consequently there were many things to be talked about. Also

the good lady wanted to know what Anita was doing for herself.

"And when will you be married, *ma chère?*" she asked, secure in the possession of three children and a husband. Anita, aching for a confidante, poured forth her simple troubles into the married lady's sympathetic ear. Mrs. Perez expatiated on Sebastian's wordly goods. Mrs. Reis, you remember, came from Siparia. "Pack your clothes at once, girl," she said, "you will have to miss this week in the cocoa. But don't mind, I know someone who can help you. And that is La Divina."

Of La Divina Pastora, the Siparia saint, many things can be written, but here only this much need be said. It is a small image of some two feet in height which stands in the Roman Catholic Church at Siparia. To it go pilgrims from all parts of the island, at all times of the year, this one with an incurable malady, that one with a long succession of business misfortunes, the other with a private grudge against some fellow creature to be satisfied, some out of mere curiosity. Once a year there used to be a special festival, the Siparia fête, when, besides the worshippers, many hundreds of sight-seers and gamblers gathered at the little village, and for a week there were wild bacchanalian carouses going on side by side with the religious celebrations. This has been modified, but still the pilgrims go. To many the saint is nothing more than a symbol of the divine. To more —like the Perez family—it possesses limitless powers of its own to help the importunate. From both parties it receives presents of all descriptions, money frequently, but ofttimes a gift from the suppliant, a gold ring, perhaps, or a brooch or some other article of jewellery. Anita had no money; her aunt had to pay her passage. But she carried the little gold chain with her, the maiden's mite, for it was all that she had. It was not fête time, and quietly and by herself, with the quiet hum of the little country village in her ears, Anita placed the chain around the neck of the Saint and prayed—prayed for what perhaps every woman ex-

cept Eve has prayed for, the love of the man she loved.

That Sunday night when Sebastian reached Madam Perez's house, the even tenor of his way sustained a rude shock. Anita was not there, she had gone to Siparia, and was not coming back till next Sunday, by the last train. Wouldn't he come in and sit down? Sebastian came in and sat down, on his old seat, near the door. Mrs. Perez sat outside commenting on the high price of shop goods generally, especially tobacco. But Sebastian did not answer; he was experiencing new sensations. He missed Anita's quiet face, her steady, nimble fingers, her quick glance at him and then away, whenever he spoke. He felt ill at ease, somehow disturbed, troubled, and it is probable that he recognized the cause of his trouble. For when Anita landed at Princes' Town the next Saturday, Tony the cabman came up to her and said: "Sebastian told me to bring you up alone, Anita." And he had to say it again before she could understand. During the six mile drive, Anita sat in a corner of the cab, awed and expectant. Faith she had had, but for this she was not prepared. It was too sudden, as if the Saint had had nothing to do with it.

They met Sebastian walking slowly down the road to meet them. For an hour he had been standing by her house, and as soon as the first cab passed started, in his impatience, to meet her on the way. The cab stopped, and he was courageous enough to help her down. The cabman jumped down to light one of his lamps and the two stood waiting hand in hand. As he drove off Sebastian turned to her. "Nita," he said, shortening her name for the first time, I missed you, Nita. God, how I missed you."

Anita was happy, very happy indeed. In her new-found happiness she came near to forgetting the Saint, whose answer had come so quickly. Sebastian himself was very little changed. Still he came every night, still Mrs. Perez smoked his cigarettes, ruminating now on her blissful future. But things were different. So different in fact that Sebastian proposed taking her to the little cocoa-house dance which was

to come off in a day or two. It was the first time that they were going out together since that Sunday. Everybody who did not know before would know now, when they saw Sebastian taking her to a dance, a thing he had never done before. So she dressed herself with great care in the blue muslin dress, and what with happiness and excitement looked more beautiful than she had ever seen herself. Then, as she cast another last look in the mirror, she missed something. "How I wish," she said with a genuine note of regret in her voice, "How I wish I had my little gold chain." Here her mother, determined not to jeopardize her future, called sharply to her and she came out, radiant.

The dance continued till long after five o'clock, but Anita had to leave at three. Sebastian got tired of sitting down in a corner of the room while she whisked around. He felt just a trifle sulky, for he had wanted to leave an hour before, but she, drinking of an intoxicating mixture of admiration, success and excitement, had implored him to stay a little longer. They went home almost in silence, he sleepy, she tired, each thinking the other offended. It was the first little cloud between them.

"It is nothing," thought Anita, "we shall make it up to-morrow night." She thought of something and smiled, but as she peeped at Sebastian and saw him peeping at her, she assumed a more serious expression. To-morrow, not to-night.

Once inside the bedroom she started to undress quickly, took out a few pins and went to the table to put them down in the cigarette tin in which she kept her knick-knacks. Her mother, who was lying on the bed and listening with half-closed eyes to Anita's account of the dance, was startled by a sudden silence, followed by the sound of a heavy fall. She sprang down quickly, bent over the prostrate form of Anita, and turned to the little table to get the smelling-salts. Then she herself stood motionless, as if stricken, her senseless daughter lying unheeded on the floor. There, in its old place in the cigarette tin, lay a little chain of gold.

BLIND JUSTICE [1]

By ETHELREDA LEWIS

From *The Outspan* and *The Strand Magazine*

I

Into his clay models Sandasa put all his memories of vision. It was as if sight deprived of one abiding-place, were clamouring through the fingers, filling dull matter with light, piercing through solids to find form.

Before he lost his sight Sandasa had earned a merry living, sitting on the edge of a city pavement. He would set out rows of oxen, of sheep and plumed ostriches and warriors, hippos and giraffes and quilled porcupines to catch the eye of strangers and white children. In the laughing young native children recognised a grown-up who saw life as a child sees it—a matter of mud pies and serious preoccupation followed by laughter and forgetfulness and moments of destructive excitement. For to amuse them he would sometimes snatch up the nice little sheep and oxen, and, pressing them together, remould them into some grotesque creature of the imagination, such as a crocodile with the horns of an ox or an elephant with quills. No shopwalker exhibiting expensive fur-clad lions and tigers ever seemed ready to play such pranks for their entertainment. Neither could he have produced from the ruins such alluring fantasies of the imagination.

"Buy me *that, please,* Mummy!"

"Oh, no, dear, that's just rubbish. Not a real animal at all. You shall have this pair of oxen instead."

[1] Copyright, 1928, by Ethelreda Lewis.

And the child, sighing at the strange, wasteful ways of big people, would coldly clasp the oxen and move away with backward look at the forbidden creatures of fantasy still held out to him by the young native. And the eyes of the child and the sculptor would meet and linger in a moment of ineffable understanding before the crowd parted that glance forever.

Sandasa, too, would sigh and hide away the fictitious monster in the box where he carried stock and the day's food.

But now Sandasa was blind and the impulses of those merry fingers were changed and sombre. Also the Big Town suited him no more.

In the kraal the blind sit and listen to the rustling voices of the mealie stalks, to the crackling and purring of the fire, to the sound of the far drift where water sometimes runs faint and shallow over the stones and sometimes goes rushing and roaring in the very same place. They hear the tranquil sounds that outline the movements of cattle and goats. They know the rhythm in the stirring of the pot and the grinding of the corn. The crescendo of the young girls approaching from the fields, or from the river with the full waterpots; the diminuendo of their daily departure in song and laughter or quarrelsome speech—these are the music of the blind. Yes, in the kraal they are wrapped in the safe mantle of the familiar. Faint smiles come and go on their faces. They join eagerly in the talk, where there is nothing to be afraid of. There is nothing passing by that will harm them.

Nothing . . .

No footstep they must not miss . . .

No voice amongst a thousand jarring sounds, a voice for which the very hearing is spread as a net is spread to catch fish.

And at night they sleep as safely in the warm hut as they slept away the safe daylight hours in the warm sun.

But in the town the blind sit still: so cold and still. They

may not move after the moving sun-beam as in the kraal, amongst familiar objects that guide them almost as if they loved the feeling hand—the huts, the warmth of fires, the kraal wall of dead bush and stones. "This way, Sandasa," they whisper, "this way . . ."

Oh, no; in the street you are led by a child to one spot for the day and then the child will return for you at night when the blind are weary and dazed from the constant clanging of the trams and the hootings and swiftness of the motor cars and the passing of feet and the talk in many tongues that is so rarely directed to a blind man's ear. And the sun leaves you but the child does not come to help you to find it. He will not come till nightfall. Then, at nightfall, stiff and shivering you rise and follow the child across street after street—and again street after street—for as long as in the country you would take to walk three or four miles. And still you cannot escape the trams and the motor cars. And then you turn up a narrow alley and into a door. And there is warmth, but no room as there is in the rounded kraal huts . . . And the white woman who lives opposite with a coloured man begins to shriek and cry and say bad words with the drink she has had. And all the little children begin to cry when they hear her. But you eat, and presently sleep like a log; sleep as you did not dare to in the long vigil in the town for fear you should be robbed. You sleep. And another day dawns sunless. For the sun can never reach your side of the alley.

Yes, Sandasa was blind now and sat in a street all day. But he never slept, nor did the day seem long. Shall the span of twenty-four hours, the sun's daily journey, seem long when for twenty years you have listened for a voice, a footstep?

Besides, Sandasa's work was different now. It is true he still made a few oxen and sheep for the children; and the tourists who were strange to Africa would buy his little feathered warriors. They were still set out on the kerb beside him. And both oxen and warriors were far more

beautiful now than when Sandasa had been a merry young body of twenty who laughed into the eyes of children and whose shining teeth were the admiration of white people.

Yes, the little clay models were beautiful now from the sensitive fingers which have to see as well as feel. Also, in the box in which he carried his stock-in-trade there was always other work of his . . .

"Let me see what you've got. Open your box, please. These oxen are—they're sculpture. Not clay dolls."

Sandasa shook his head. The voice pleased him but no man ever intruded on his private affairs.

Then the white man stooped down beside him and said in a low voice: "I also work with the clay. Not here—I come from a city far away. It is my living. I also make figures for my bread and drink. Show me your best work, my brother."

And at that last word and the loving voice, Sandasa gazed sightlessly upward to the face of the white man. And he felt the eagerness of him in the faint trembling and psychic emanation which only the blind can sense. And by that he knew that the stranger could also weep and shiver for joy when his hands had moulded a face or—or a hand . . .

So he said to the stranger: "When none is looking I will show you."

And when there came a lull in approaching footsteps he opened the box for a few swift moments—and the stranger saw what it held.

Under a wet rag were two compartments of wood such as might hold a large bottle. And in one of these, laid tenderly on a bed of soft clay, was the clay head of a man. And in the other there stood on its wrist the model of a hand; a fist that was clenched about a small, sharp knife of a shape unknown in Europe.

The stranger made a sharp sound and gazed at the sculptured face. Fear and ferocity glowed like a fire in those drawn-back lips and in the down-staring, heavy-lidded eyes.

In one flash of the brain he apprehended, too, the magnificent menace in the clenched fist.

When the box was closed again at the approach of passers-by, the stranger said whisperingly: "My God, brother, you are a sculptor. But—tell me—why does the head have only one ear?"

"It is the last man I saw, white brother," said Sandasa, his head at the strange, rapt angle of the blind—as if he were seeing visions—"and that is how he was made."

"And the broken finger on the fist?"

"That also is how he was made."

The stranger felt a shudder strike his flesh at the cold breath of byegone horror. He felt a question, one question, pushing its way inevitably to his lips. Inevitably, automatically, fiercely . . .

But why ask the question when he knew—oh, surely he knew—the answer?

But he did ask it.

Leaning close to the blind man's ear he whispered rapidly: "But tell me, brother, what was the fist with the knife doing? What was it *doing?*"

Sandasa, not moving his head from that rapt angle of vision, said with unraised voice: "It was the hand that pierced these eyes out."

II

Before he left the Big Town the sculptor went several times to Sandasa's hut in one of the town locations. He had come to the town to model the bust of a dull politician, so many ways there are of earning a living. But what with the mine natives and the urge their fine elemental bodies gave him to do good work, and what with Sandasa and his story, the pot-boiling job had never gone so quickly and so easily. Just a few more public men with their cloth-padded shoulders and stiff, self-conscious tilt of the head and he would be able to come back to an orgy of work of his own,

with subjects in which the problem of trousers need not be considered.

"Good thing they can only afford a bust," he had muttered viciously to himself when confronted with yet another middle-aged male in striped trousers and frock coat, "or I might have to ask him to drape himself in one of those jolly Shangaan petticoats for the lower half."

But in Sandasa's hut he found forgetfulness of soul-fretting sittings with the great. There he had discovered a shelf full of clay heads and hands. And each head had only one ear and each fist had the third finger broken off at the second joint. Some were already perished, dry and cracked. Others, under wetted, filthy rags, still possessed some sharpness and clearness, but were not so perfect as the head and fist the sculptor had first seen.

"Sandasa?" said the location superintendent. "Well, sir, he's a bit queer in the head. My predecessor here told me that he was making these clay heads and hands fifteen years ago. Every now and then I have to make a raid and clear out the lot. Bury 'em in the rubbish pits. Then he begins again until the hut's full. Always wakes once every night, so his old mother says, to soak the cloths over them. Yes, he's queer. You should have seen the to-do we had one day when there was a fire in the location. Broke out about a quarter of a mile from Sandasa's place. No danger really. But you should have seen him trying to save his clay heads. On a Sunday it was. Rushing to and fro and stumbling and falling and hitting his head. And all the children laughing and staring—those that hadn't rushed over to the fire.

"Ever seen a blind man cry, sir? It's—it's awful, sir. Makes you feel as if something was wrong up above. Something about a sparrow falling, and the Heavenly Father—you remember, sir. It doesn't square with what we were taught at Sunday School. Providence and so on. Shaking and sobbing all the evening, long after the fire was put out. I had to go and soothe him down a bit. He'll always listen

to me—I used to be a transport rider in his part of the country and he always wants to talk about it. I know his lingo, too, fairly well. That's the only thing that'll bring you near a native. And they don't seem so queer when you have their speech and know where they come from. Yes, Sandasa's just as whole as a man with eyes when it comes to picturing Nyasaland. He had his sight when he first left it to come down here. Twenty years ago that must be."

"I suppose he went on the mines," said the sculptor, filling another pipe.

"No, he's always made clay figures. He had two brothers in the compounds making a good deal more than he did. But he wouldn't go down a mine. He always said the darkness would hurt him."

"And so it has, by God," murmured the sculptor. "It —caught him all right, mine or no mine."

He left the superintendent's office and walked slowly towards Sandasa's hut. In his mind he turned over the possible ways in which he could break the spell that held the blind man to the making of heads and fists. The superintendent had outlined the story of it to him.

There was only one possible way.

"Sandasa," he said when he was seated on the little stool always brought forward for him by the old woman, Sandasa's mother, "tell me, is it not true that you make more and more heads and hands of that man because you fear to lose the picture of what he was like? Is that not true, brother?"

"That is true," said Sandasa sombrely. "Must I lose the day when a murderer is found? With these eyes I saw him kill my cousin. I had been asleep. Very far in dreams as the young sleep. When I awoke with the groaning he had already killed my cousin. He stood over him—so." The blind man rose and stood over an imaginary victim. A shocking expression of hate and triumph struggled through that windowless mask. "My cousin had stopped groaning.

But he struck him again, twice. Thus . . . And thus. . . . The man did not see that I also slept in the hut. My cousin said that I could sleep there until it was time for me to make another journey. He had sent his wife away because this man would have stolen her. In those days I wandered. Yes, white brother, in those days I wandered. Youth has greedy eyes and one sings loudest over the fresh clay."

The sculptor's heart melted within him.

"Oh, Sandasa," he said gently, helping him to his place on the floor, "so say all we who work with the clay. See, then, how many there are in the world who would call you brother—from where I came, many weeks journey from here across the sea!"

Sandasa stared long through the walls as if he tried to summon those unseen kinsmen. Presently he spoke agan.

"There was always room for me at the farm and in the kraals when the Big Town made me too sick. When my heart felt too sore here"—he pressed a thin hand to his breast—"then would I go far away, running quickly and leaping, and making music. Now I must not go away from the Big Town. It is here, where all men come for the gold, that I may find him. Where else could I listen for the voice? There are no such voices in the mealie lands. And the mountains keep silence——"

"The voice? Did he speak to you, then?"

"He spoke to me. Certainly he spoke to me. Long he stared at me like an animal surprised at the drinking pool. Then he picked up his lantern and came near, stepping softly, very softly. I tried to rise but he was too quick for me. Youth is full of sleep and the thoughts are confused. Those who laugh by day, brother, sleep well. Now I neither laugh nor sleep . . .

"You ask what were the words he said. I remember them, brother. Each night they wake me. And I rise and wet the clay.

"He put the candle on a box. Was I to know what his

thoughts were? Not until it was too late and he held me tight. I was but a stripling in his grasp. Twenty summers I had seen and he was a man in the prime, and strong from striking out the gold from the rocks. Was I to know such thoughts as the wicked have?

"He stared into my eyes. And speaking very softly, for he feared to speak loudly in the hut, he stared and said: 'An eyeless man will not know me again.' And from the knife which he held aloft there fell a drop on my lips. And when I tasted it I cried out and struggled . . . I that had been dumb found voice against the knife that was unclean."

Sandasa fell silent. But his head still kept the rapt angle of the seer of visions.

"Is it not possible," said the sculptor presently, "that the murderer is dead long ago? It is true he got away from the police but how do you know that you are not waiting for a dead man? If he has died in his bed——"

Sandasa smiled.

"When the voice in the night comes to wake me no more then will my task be done. I shall know when he is dead, white brother. Do not fear that I take these pains for a man in his grave. As for the police, they laugh at my clay heads which I have many times made a gift to them for evidence. Long ago they used to listen, but now—these new ones are young and foolish. What shall they know of this matter? They call me malkop . . ."

The sculptor leaned across to touch the blind man's arm.

"Listen, Sandasa. I can make it so that you need not wake up to wet the clay in the night. Let me take away this newest head and hand and I will send you the very same in bronze—hard as this penny, Sandasa—which can never crack or bend or get smeared. And first I will take a photo of them, so that if anything happens you will still have the picture with you."

"Do not trouble to make a picture, white brother. In seven days I make me another head and hand that are

better than a picture. How can one feel a picture—*so,* with the finger-tips? But take these if you will and make them hard like pennies. That will truly be the task of a wise man and my heart is soft and full of joy for the honour brought to the work of my hands."

Peace shone from Sandasa's face; such peace as smote his friend with doubt and misgiving.

"It will be many months before they will come back to you, Sandasa. I shall have to take them far across the sea with me, and that will take long. You will not fret and think they are not coming?"

Sandasa smiled his strange, blind smile.

"My white brother forgets that to wait is both meat and drink to me. A little more meat and drink will surely not kill. Nay, it will give longer life, brother, to such as I."

III

But not all the police were young and foolish and fluffy of chin. There was Inspector O'Gorman, for example, that stout Irish veteran who after many years in the Big Town had been moved at his own request to a small dorp in the Transvaal. He hated country life for himself, but for his ailing wife he loved it.

A silent man when on duty in the Big Town, where the police must be sharp as needles, the country made him talkative and friendly. And one night, when he had been telling the story of the blind native who in the street sold clay oxen but at home made nothing but heads of a one-eared man with a knife in his hand, a young farmer in the hotel bar said suddenly: "What sort of a hand, O'Gorman? What *sort* of a hand?"

O'Gorman looked at him queerly.

"What sort of a hand would it be, then, but to have its four fingers and a thumb, Mr. Wilmot?"

His professional instinct warned him not to be putting ideas into the young man's head before he should explain

himself. But his professional heart, after a long, country sleep, began to beat pleasurably.

They looked at each other questioningly. Then young Wilmot said slowly. "Shouldn't it rather have a third finger that's broken——"

"At the second joint? It should, sir, it should."

Suppressing this unprofessional eagerness, O'Gorman glanced at the door and together they stepped outside into the frosty, brilliant night.

"Now, Mr. Wilmot, tell me where I can find him. He's been wanted twenty years for that night's work."

O'Gorman was retiring in a year's time. The thought of hooking a veteran fish where so many before him had failed made him feel twenty years younger.

"I'm sure he's living among the farm labourers on my neighbour's farm. A chap that always wears one of those knitted woollen caps that come over the ears. One day I saw him take it off to scratch his head. Beastly-looking fellow. Might be forty-five, fifty; as far as one can tell with a native. And then I saw the hand, too, roaming over his head. But only for a moment. When he saw me staring he quickly had his cap on again. Extraordinary that he can remember to be careful after so many years—if that is the chap."

"I think so, sir. I'll have to trouble you to come with me to-morrow to identify him."

O'Gorman stepped over to the bar window for light and became absorbed with a notebook.

"And still more extraordinary that a native criminal's ever caught in this country."

"Indeed it is, sir. God's own country for a get-away. But there's no safe get-away from your physical deficiencies, if so I may put it."

"That's true. Especially when there's a crazy blind chap taking care to perpetuate them. Great Scot, what a queer business! If anything comes of it, I'd give something to see those two faces when they're brought together."

It was indeed a sight, as an impressionable young English policeman said subsequently to the mess, "Very near fit for the pictures."

"Pictures your grandmother," said a South African, "we get life here, not Hollywood."

Sandasa, who had not slept since the day when a constable came to the hut and said, "Should you know his voice if this one-eared man of yours was in the same room with you?" and he, Sandasa, had been seized with a dreadful, cold shivering as he whispered, after long silence: "Yes, Baas, yes. Is he coming *soon?* To-day?"—Sandasa sat on the floor with his back to the wall in his accustomed attitude. His blind gaze was lifted as if it pierced the office wall and could see something beyond. But his skin was ashen-grey and shone with moisture on the forehead.

When a blind man cannot sleep and the visions press upon him too fiercely in the tedious night . . .

Three or four natives, were ready to pass through the office, with orders not to speak unless they were addressed by the sergeant. For O'Gorman had an idea that the blind man would know when the mutilator was near even if he never heard the voice.

"It's not very probable," said the Commandant, "but we can try it first. I admit that natives have queer intuitions that would be very useful in my office."

So Sandasa sat with his back to the wall and at his left hand was the door from a corridor by which the natives were to enter. Opposite to him was another door open by which they were to make their exits into the Commandant's office.

The first man stepped in. His bare feet halted . . . They made little restless movements on the boards . . . Sandasa could have touched them. But he made no move and the native, grinning widely at this experience, passed on to a beckoning policeman and burst into that high-pitched, almost girlish titter common to the black man.

Sandasa gazed through the wall, not having moved an eye-lid. Only his nostrils made slight dilations.

A second prisoner entered and stood near the blind man.

"What's your name, Jim?" said the sergeant.

"My name, sir, is Methuen Malama."

The deep voice made no impression on Sandasa. His brain was intent on some other vision.

A third bare foot padded sullenly through the door—a handcuffed man, huge and hideous. A repulsive ogre with a disgusting smoothness at one side of his head; a physical hiatus the sight of which would rouse a faint nausea . . .

Three steps and he stopped motionless, the very picture of an animal sensing a trap but not yet locating it—glaring eye and flickering nostril. . . .

A movement behind him brought him lunging round to the right. With his eye on the police in the further office he had not noticed a man seated with back to the wall.

Sandasa had risen to his knees. His hands mowed the air with a scythe-like movement. On his knees he moved forward, mowing, mowing. . . .

His blind head was thrown back in an ecstasy of inward sight, and on the sibilant, smiling lips there formed froth and dripping saliva . . .

At the sight of those eyeless, staring sockets the giant screamed inhumanly as a wounded stallion. The first touch and grip of those mowing hands round his knees brought an indescribable shuddering roar from his wide open mouth—the noise man makes when nightmare gently touches him or when a snake curls about his neck. Roaring, he raised his manacled hands above his head as if to beat that appalling mask forever from his dreams. . . .

There was a rush from both doors.

"Gosh!" panted one of the men who were hanging to a plunging bull of a man, "close shave, that. Bennet, you get that blind devil away before we lock this beauty up again."

But that was easier said than done. Sandasa still mowed the air with his tentacles as if automatically driven by the dynamic forces let loose in that lost face—and in his scything right hand was a small, sharp knife held at a shockingly convenient angle for a billet in somebody's stomach.

Sandasa wept when they took him away to his hut. Not the feverish, lively tears that had arisen when fire broke out in the location, but slow, frozen tears that oozed one by one from eyes that seemed only now to have died.

For days he lay against the wall, a man shorn of a dream —Samson without the enemy-destroying pillars crashing grandly about doomed shoulders. Dark now, indeed, was the world to Sandasa, "all dark amid the blaze of noon."

Not even when the superintendent brought him a biggish box that had come all the way from Europe to that poor hut did he rouse himself to feel at the wonderful *One-Eared Negro* and *The Murderer's Fist,* the work of a blind savage that had for weeks drawn to themselves the amazed and pitiful eyes of every artist in Rome, and, later, in Paris—not even then could he lay his sensitive hands on the smooth bronze in pride and peace.

As for the strange sum of money that came from his friend the sculptor—the proceeds, he wrote to the superintendent, "of sales of Sandasa's work which must take him back to his own people"—Sandasa's old mother took it and went back alone to her kraal with the prestige of a queen, a new sewing-machine and a scarlet parasol. For Sandasa, his work filched from him by the unnatural processes of legal justice, turned his face to the wall and ceased to live.

Who but Death may wipe away the chill tears of the artist bereft of impulse?

OF THEIR KIN [1]

By J. BERNARD MacCARTHY

From *The Manchester Guardian*

She was a thin streak of shabby blackness slanting upwards from the creaking wooden plank laid across the butcher's cart. Her seat was not a comfortable one, for every lurch of the wheels over the stones cluttering the road sent the plank sliding, jerkily extending or doubling in her knees like a carpenter's rule; but she seemed quite indifferent to the suffering, notwithstanding that it had racked her all the weary miles from Cullen. Now and again she tilted back the low hat pressed down over her face, and gazed about her with two tiny eyes that were smouldering sparks of fire smoking in brown circles of shrivelled skin.

God knows Norrie Carey had little to lose, and, all it was, it lay at her feet now, cased in the rude unvarnished boards of a handyman's coffin. A poor lad of thirteen years, his delicate frame barely kept alive by his mother's scanty earnings . . . and at last death had found him. "An encumbrance" was what common-sense neighbours said while he lived; but they didn't know what he meant to her. He was all she clung to—bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh.

She was busy looking for the stir of life round cottage doors, the fluttering of figures on the dust-whitened highway. Though it was long since she had lived there she was one of the Careys of Dunwalla, and no decent neighbour could refuse her his sympathetic presence when she brought home her dead. They would do as much for any of the

[1] Copyright, 1928, by J. Bernard MacCarthy.

old stock, simple or gentle. Death made everybody equal. That was one good thing to be said for it.

All at once she was gladdened by the sight of two men loitering at a cottage gable, and by twos and threes other people came dribbling through gateways or clambering over hedges, pausing a moment, and then, after an awkward timing of steps, linking themselves with the procession. She counted jubilantly on her fingers, running backwards and forwards from the wizened little finger of her left hand to the little finger of her right—"twenty—twenty-one—twenty-two." A fair muster indeed; and more were coming. It was no lonely deserted funeral she was having. After all, the old neighbours never forgot.

At Tracton Cross was drawn up a high trap on which was seated a ponderous farmer with a heavy moustache, and with him was his wife, a fragile wisp of a woman in a black cape and knitted gloves. Her own sister Dora Regan, snug and prosperous, with the sour devil she had married for his money, and never a chick or child to share it, though they had been wedded full nineteen years. No words passed between the sisters, for Norrie and her people had not spoken for many a long day.

The funeral procession trailed slowly, sucking in fresh followers as it went; a few old men from a wheelwright's shop, a few listless youths, a gossiping group from a forge entrance, a dealing woman in a hood cloak, a stable lad on horseback, and a number of school children, wide-eyed and curious and glad to have the monotony of their day broken by their association with such an important happening. On past a row of houses. Not one door open. . . . Norrie Carey glowed with the dignity of her grief. Bringing home her dead as the best of them were brought. . . .

The glow was still with her when, at the next turn of the road, she came on her youngest sister, Jule Grady, who, along with her husband Luke Grady, was seated in a smart motor-car. Neither sister nor brother-in-law gave her a

sign of recognition, and she avoided giving them the opportunity, for she knew it was their wish to have her pass by as if she had not seen them. A blood-tie could never be broken—their presence at the funeral was a proof of that, —but there was nothing to bind one to friendship. And suddenly Norrie laughed, for out of the tail of her eye she caught a glimpse of the dismay flooding the faces of the Gradys. They had not bargained for this humble funeral, the ramshackle cart rolling in its grime past the shininess of their motor. But for fair shame they would have turned and fled as if hell itself were at their heels.

The long journey was over. The grey-lichened gate-piers of the burial ground became a neck that forced to a trickle the dark mass of people flowing down the hill, the obese and elderly, on account of the delay to remove the coffin from the cart, catching up and flooding the main stream. The prayers were said, the last sods plastered in with vigorous shovel-thumps from collarless men. Norrie stood up from the lush grass in which she knelt, the dust of the herbage outlining on her dress the lean boniness of the lower part of her limbs. She encouraged none to speak to her or to approach her. Those who wished to give her their sympathy in words stood by hoping to receive a sign that would embolden them to make advances, but her eyes dropped past them and ended on her two sisters and their husbands grouped near the gate, their faces flushed, their lips twitching impatiently. She could guess that they were discussing her, humiliated by the parade she had made of her poverty—made in the bitter, twisted pride of her heart. Nearing them, on her way out of the graveyard, she caught fragments of sentences blown from their lips: "A thing like that . . . in the parish we were born and reared in"—"headstrong, contrary ever—neither lead nor drive"—"a bare matter of £12—for the mere asking." Ah, great family pride the Careys had ever, the pride that had sent her far from Dunwalla. The blood held. You could

not turn your back to it. They had to claim her again, even if it was only the sullen family pride that doffs its hat to death alone.

Realising her nearness, they stopped speaking, and stood balanced awkwardly on their feet, the men gazing at the tops of their boots, the women fumbling with their gloves, which they suddenly appeared to discover were all wrinkled on their hands. They were determined not to see her. They had paid the debt of kinship, and no more could be asked of them. If she had come humbly, craving their assistance, but like this—with the old defiant toss of her head, the eyes that were sorrowful, not downcast, abashed. . . . Norrie paused before them, and, raising her voice, cried to a frayed knot of people breaking for the gateway:

"I thank you for coming here to-day, neighbours, though 'tis to a poor funeral ye have come. But I gave the best I could; and it isn't money I'd be asking from those who put me aside when I wanted them most—when the lad was born." Tears broke the muffled fierceness of her voice as she continued: "But I've laid him to rest with his grandmother and his grandfather, the only grandson of theirs that will ever lie with them." She glanced at her barren sisters. "And 'tis they, unlike the kin he had on earth, won't deny him or refuse to receive him—bastard though he is!"

THE LAMPLIGHTER [1]

By A. W. WELLS

From *The Outspan.*

I

I write this story because, in some ways, I feel I really ought to write it—because, indeed, it is a solemn duty on me. Certainly, it seems a little grotesque that in this land that now I have come to love, this land of smiling, sun-bronzed people, of the lone, red erica, swaying serene and scarlet in the swift veld sunsets, and of limpid, moonlight nights, warm and exotic with the scent of the moonflower, my mind should suddenly go trailing down to those dim, remote days at Townend again: Townend, where the people all seem so pinched and pallid-looking, where the tall, soot-stained chimneys pierce and obtrude on all four corners of the horizon, and the most mild and balmiest of spring evenings hangs heavy and choking with an eternal smell of coal-dust and fumes of smouldering slag-heap.

And yet, since it is less than twelve months ago since, on a visit to England, I actually stood again in Townend—walking again its crude incandescent-lighted streets and feeling old memories flooding on me even with each warm gust of sizzling fish, that is like an incense of industrial England —I suppose it is only natural that I should sit down and write as I intend. Queer, how on this strangely quiet, almost breathlessly hot and humid Cape Town night the details, the impressions, the whole atmosphere of that visit

[1] Copyright, 1928, by A. W. Wells.

should come back to me with such vividness. Outside my open windows, the air is soft and still and wine-like; not a tree stirs and even the lights of Adderley Street that glimmer far below me in the distance seem a swarm of tired fireflies, swooning and surrendered to the night's magnificence; and yet almost it appears to me now as though I can feel the blinding rain beating freezingly on my cheeks as I plodded along the blackened, wind-swept street that leads from the station to the town—for in Townend, you must know, it rains and blows so often, and the people there have such a fierce, inbred contempt for rain and wind, that nobody yet has dared to start a service of taxis. With more than a little glow of satisfaction, too, and just a faint start of emotion rising in me, I recall that day I spent in the rough, beer-smelling working men's club among the coarse, great-hearted miners there: the miners among whom I had played cricket and football, organised whist drives and theatricals, fourteen or fifteen years ago, and who greeted me as though I had never left them. But more surely and certainly present in me than anything, I find, is the tense, awesome thrill that creeps over me as I remember creeping out into the black, cold midnight, with the rain still gurgling heavily in the gutters, and making swiftly down the main street for the place which I had persistently avoided all day, and yet, in my heart, I knew, was the one and only thing I had really come to Townend to see.

With the swift turn of a corner, I was on it—standing there in the swirling rain and gazing up at that great medieval-shaped lantern, with its dull, orange flame, shining serene and unflickering as the headlight of a ship at sea. I do not think I even noticed the sculptored figure that held it. It was the lantern that I looked at, and that caused me to fumble with my hat in a meek, feeble tribute of obeisance.

And then I remember how, from somewhere out of the darkness, the rain-gleaming cape and dripping helmet of a policeman came suddenly towards me and a pair of dull,

stolid eyes looked at me with the stare that either questions tragedy or madness.

"Perhaps you think that's a war memorial, sir," he said to me at length. "But it's nothin' to do wit' war. There's really two monuments there, sir. There's the figure—that's one monument, and there's the lantern—that's another. The figure was there first and the lantern come after. It's a queer sort of story, sir, and rather difficult to understand."

"I know, I know," I muttered in reply. . . .

For who knows and understands—who can ever know and understand—the story of that huge medieval-shaped lantern, shining so fantastically, flamboyantly there, in that little smoke-begrimed town of the English Midlands better than I?

II

It will be very difficult for me, I can see, to try and describe this little town called Townend. For there is no place quite like Townend in South Africa, of course; and there may be many people in South Africa who hope there never will. Impulsively, I find, my mind flies up to the Reef and flashes of picture of such active, potential centres of industry as Germiston and Benoni—very like to Townend in population and size. And then I think of Germiston with its long sun-splashed stretch of lake, its encircling avenue of trees, Benoni with its handsome park, wide streets and flower-laden gardens and over all the clear, sparkling South African sky—and I know that Germiston and Benoni, or any industrial centre in South Africa, are fair, smiling oases to these towns of the English Midlands. But very certainly I can recall the type of youth I was at that time.

I can see now that when I first went to Townend, a raw, uncouth, presumptuous youth of nineteen, as district reporter there for the tri-weekly paper that was published at the larger town of Ringleydean, some five or six miles away, I suffered very much from what becomes the failing of nearly all young newspaper men. Constantly meeting

and mingling with men far beyond my age, attending and playing a part in functions as a mere youth, which normally do not fall to the lot of men until they have reached well past middle-age, I became, frankly—arrogant. And strongly intermingling with this arrogance and assertiveness was that all-consuming eagerness (I had almost called it a lust) for a "story," the lure of an arresting headline, the creation of a controversy that considers nothing of the pain or the tragedy of life that may be involved in these things, so long as the story, the headline, or the controversy be ensured. It is not so much a lengthier experience of his craft, perhaps, as a lengthier experience of life itself that mellows a man's outlook on these matters—that slowly throughout the years begins to apply and weigh on his enthusiasms an ever-increasing curb of humanity.

Yet it is not with the idea of any sort of professional enlightment, or palliation, that I write these things. I write in this fashion so that you may fairly realise what manner of youth I was that day when my motherly old landlady brought into the bed-sitting room that overlooked Townend's High Street, a tall, angular-looking youth, seeming to be two or three years older than myself, whom she managed to introduce, despite a particularly distressing fit of breathlessness, as "Mr. Daniel Davidson, who has come to teach at the new school and come to join us."

Very vividly I can recall him now as I first saw him there—his pale, strangely austere face in one so young, the dark brown eyes very much magnified behind steel-rimmed glasses, the large, nervously quivering mouth that could so suddenly, and yet so occasionally, relax into the most bland and childlike of smiles. Perhaps it was only the inevitable result of our constant daily association with one another that there should have begun, right from that very first day, a close and intimate friendship between us: that we should have begun to talk and confide in each other in the way perhaps that only men living that drab, devastating life in English provincial "digs"—so

distant and remote, it seems to me now, since the years of my marriage in South Africa—are led to talk and confide in each other. And right from the very first day he came to Townend, I can see now that Daniel was unhappy. I did not see at first that those long hours he would sit playing on the very much-polished ornate-looking piano in Mrs. Smithson's parlour—entrancing even its stiff, heavily anti-macassared gloom with soft isolated sighings of the Moonlight Sonata—were but the deep, innate, soul-yearnings of a man, surrounded by all that seemed to him gross and ugly and basely material, for the lakes and hills and verdant, friendly valleys of his native Lake District, that now he had left for the first time to teach amid a nightmare of bricks and mortar and vilely belching chimneys in the English Midlands.

But as that queer sort of intimacy crept more strongly over us, I found him gradually confessing it to me.

It is in the summer, of course, during those days of choking, melting-tar streets, and still sultry nights, when the English Midlands become most oppressive. And it was on one of these still sultry Midland nights, with the cries of children and the irritated calls of motor-cars sounding strangely and nervously magnified in that breathless, incessantly fish-frying atmosphere, that I remember him suddenly jumping up from the piano, throwing open the window, and saying, as he gazed down in the direction of the chimneys and the slag-heaps, "You know it's all wrong, old man. No people were ever meant to live herded together amid surroundings like this. Where is the beauty, the joy, the romance of living—in a place like Townend."

From many men, I agree, that might have been taken as being a very ordinary, commonplace sort of remark; but it did not need even that quick, impulsive twitching of the lips and sudden turning of his back to hide the sight of his eyes from me, for me to realise that Daniel Davidson revealed his very soul to me in those words—and that he was eating his heart out to get away.

And perhaps that was why, in my effulgent, arrogant manner of the period, I tried to console him a little.

"What you want, old man, is a woman to come along," I remember saying to him; brave, I suppose, in the experience of a first adventure, the details and glamour of which have long since eluded me.

And sometimes now I wonder what would have happened had Daniel ever fallen in love. For he was one of those men, I am afraid, who, had he loved at all, would have loved almost—intolerably.

III

But Daniel did not fall in love—or never, at least, to my knowledge. Instead of that he came down to breakfast one morning and told me that he had decided to "go in for public life," as he put it, and submit himself for the next election of the Townend Town Council, as the candidate of the local Brotherhood—a semi-religious movement sweeping at that time over the length and breadth of England.

I do not intend to describe in detail the history of that campaign—or any little part which I myself may have played in it. Those were the days, you will recognise, the pre-war days when the very invasion of youth into a public life, sacrosanct and divinely ordained for the middle-aged and prosperous, was regarded in itself as something of an affront and a challenge; and right from the outset, I think, I saw the "story" in it all. Whole columns I must have written about this "boy candidate," this "young Daniel come to judgment," this "clarion call of youth" . . . until all Townend flocked to hear him and, in the end, flocked to support him at the poll so that only Councillor Bingley, Townend's self-made man, as he so fondly styled himself, and biggest employer of labour, polled more votes than Daniel.

And very vividly now I recall our sitting up far into the night in that austere, forbidding little Townend parlour after

the poll had been declared and mapping out Daniel's future campaign in the Council itself.

"No speaking for the first three meetings," I seem to hear myself proclaiming even now, flushed and triumphant, not only with the success of my propaganda, but with far more whisky, I am afraid than was good for me, and which Daniel himself persistently refused to take. "Let yourself sink in first. And you'll have to go on a different tack, old man, in the Council Chamber, to what you've been giving 'em from the platform. All this talk about bringing a breath of beauty into Townend—all this brotherhood bilge—it won't go, old man. You'll have to give 'em facts—facts, facts, hard facts, and prove they are facts—every time."

And yet it is very easy for me to understand now how very natural, almost inevitable, it was for Daniel to forget all this admonition (even if it had been wise for him to remember it) after the first five minutes he had sat in the Council Chamber at his first Council meeting. It was all so different, I suppose, to anything he had expected.

Of the preliminaries of that meeting I remember very little. Amid a dim distorted memory of a thousand similar meetings I must have attended, it occurs to me that the main subject of discussion was whether Townend's system of incandescent street lighting should be substituted by electricity; and for a solid three hours the discussion must have swayed and lurched from one side to the other before a sudden hush fell on the chamber, and it was realised that Councillor Davidson, the newly-elected boy-councillor, had risen to his feet. Almost as if I saw it all only last night, I seem to see again that rude shuffling of chairs, those rows of smug, already half-derisive faces, upturned in the direction of the slim boyish figure, gazing solemnly in front of him with that peculiar ecstatic stare that is given to most people who wear strongly magnifying glasses.

"Mr. Mayor," he began rather nervously—licking his lips and speaking with a slowness that I knew was foreign to him and would give way to a torrential outpour as soon as

the nervousness had left him. "Mr. Mayor, it seems, if I might dare to say so, as a new member of this Council, that the members have missed the whole point of this debate. All the discussion as to whether we should have electric street lamps or incandescent lamps seems to have been based purely on figures. Nobody appears to have thought what effect this scheme is likely to have on the ideals of the town. And surely, sir, in a place like Townend that is so obsessed and shackled by materialism, it is this question of ideals that we first of all have to consider. Perhaps you say, Mr. Mayor, that ideals do not, and cannot, enter into a question like this. But ideals enter into all things; and I should like to tell the Council of a little experience that came to me the other night. I was hurrying down Main Street, Mr. Mayor, when the traffic was at its height, and the town was ablaze with light. The shops and the cinemas, and the motors passing by, were all flooded in a ghastly incandescent glare, when down the road there came the Corporation workmen returning after the day's work, with their horses and big heavy carts. Beneath each cart the men had tied an oil lamp; and it seemed to me that that line of dull, orange flame, swinging slowly down the centre of the street, Mr. Mayor, gave the town a new life and a new charm. It seems almost as though the calm, healing quiet and the rich, soft beauty of the country had come to Townend. All at once the air seemed clearer, and . . ."

Councillor Bingley rose to a point of order. "What had a lot of swinging oil lamps to do with the proposal before the Council?"

But before even the Mayor could think of replying, Daniel had swept on. "I was going to say, sir," he went on, "that I think it would be far better if we had electric light, because it is more restful—it seems to have more of the mellowness of nature in it than incandescent gas. To me there is nothing so ghastly and artificial, Mr. Mayor, as an incandescent light, and Townend, as it is, is all artificiality.

And there are many ways, I think, sir, in which a town could be improved by an application of the laws of suggestion—even in regard to lighting. For thousands of years now the Chinese, who had a civilisation and a philosophy when Townend was a forest, peopled by the ancient Britons, have strewn their nights with the soft glowing solace of their lanterns; and sometimes, Mr. Mayor, when I have come across those softly subdued lights which our rich people have hanging at the gates of their gardens, with the lamps shaped like the lamps that they used to hang on the old sea galleons—I have often thought, Mr. Mayor, if they shaped some of the street lamps like that in our cities, it would be well worth it. Even in Townend, I think, there might come times when people might catch the smell of the sea and feel thrilling again in their veins the mystery of the far horizon and the lure of the distant land."

The same sudden hush that had crept over the room as he had risen to speak marked his sitting down.

"I am afraid," said the Mayor at length, "that you are out of order, Councillor Davidson. Anything that you have to say that is material to the adoption of electric lighting you may say, but I am afraid we cannot have a lot of reference to oil lamps and Chinamen and the Corporation carts and things of that kind. And you must give notice of motion, if you want the shape of the lamps to be altered to the shape —er—of the lamps—er——"

"Perhaps" said Councillor Bingley, coming to the Mayor's rescue, "perhaps Councillor Davidson would like a special lamplighter to go round Townend, dressed in knickerbockers and buckled shoes?"

To a man the Council guffawed its approval. This was the proper way to treat such clap-trap. The boy was a fool.

"Perhaps Councillor Davidson will act as the lamplighter," remarked the Mayor; and the Council guffawed again.

Always had the last word, had the Mayor!

IV

And after that meeting Daniel Davidson and I never spoke to one another again. So that I might be able to write a fuller account of the meeting I cycled into Ringleydean; and at the head of my report, I remember—stretching over four columns—I placed the headings:

TOWNEND'S NEW LAMPLIGHTER

"DANIEL"—THE BOY COUNCILLOR MAKES HIS DEBUT

A CANDIDATE FOR KNICKERBOCKERS AND BUCKLED SHOES

COUNCILLOR BINGLEY'S HUMOROUS SUGGESTION

And when, after sleeping far into the afternoon at Ringleydean Hotel, I returned to Townend late in the following evening, it was to find a morose and silent Mrs. Smithson flapping angry dusters about Daniel's deserted bedroom, and a note left on my dressing table:

Dear Westerham,—After your very unsympathetic dealing with my speech of yesterday afternoon in to-day's "Guardian," it is quite evident that our ideals are too wide apart for us to go on living under the same roof. I have therefore taken up fresh quarters to-day. I suppose you are rather sorry that you ever had anything to do with fostering the campaign of such a fool as now, I expect, everybody will regard me. But the time will still come, I feel, for me to be of service to Townend—and when that time comes I shall not hesitate to take it. And perhaps, then, the happy hours of our association may not be entirely forgotten by you.

Yours,—Daniel Davidson.

It is idle for me to pretend that that note did not affect me at all. Indeed, there was a certain stabbing wistfulness about that last phrase of his—"the happy hours of our association"—pregnant, it seemed, with the memories of those long dark evenings and Beethoven echoing his awesome beauty in Mrs. Smithson's parlour, that made me feel very much like searching him out, and begging him, there and then, to return. But that same night as I called in at the local theatre, it was to find a comedian coming on to the stage, attired as a sort of exaggerated beef-eater, carrying an oil lamp and announcing that he was "The Lamplighter." And from stalls to gallery, the audience roared with laughter.

In its shrewd, hard-headed way, Townend, it was easy to see, had definitely labelled its boy councillor a fool; and in the Council Chamber itself, the defeat of Daniel seemed even more ignominious and complete. A whole year went by and he did not say a word. Even during such an important debate as that on the adoption of trams for Townend, he remained silent. And then during the discussion that followed on the routes along which the tram-lines were to be laid, I suddenly noticed something of the old spirit of nervous agitation awakening again within him.

Now nobody had ever visited Townend for half a day, you must know, without becoming acquainted with the fact that Townend was the birthplace of William Bainbridge, probably the greatest English poet of the nineteenth century, whose quiet, limpid verse had somehow mysteriously found birth and recognition there, in an environment already blackened and made bitter with the pangs of industrialism. It was Councillor Bingley's suggestion that the monument should be removed, and a tram centre created in its place; and it was the mention of this monument, I could see, that was at last stinging and spurring Daniel to action.

And in spite of all the derision, all the bitter, calculated ostracism of the past twelve months, it was strange to feel again that old atmosphere of an awed and perplexed ex-

pectancy creeping into the room as Daniel rose to speak. And he was on safer ground this time—for Townend, as I have said, was still, in a way, very proud of its monument. Councillor Bingley, he pointed out, had said that people could still see this Monument if they only troubled to go a little out of their way, but, surely, the very utility of it was that people might always have it in their midst? For this Monument was not a mere block of stone, an ornament of symmetrical beauty for the eyes; it was an ideal, a thing of the soul, and Townend needed ideals for the consolation of its soul far more than it needed trams for the convenience of its body. To him there was nothing finer in Townend than this imperishable reminder of a man who had proved that it was still possible, even in Townend, to contemplate the wonders and beauty of Nature, though man might have done his utmost to mar and banish them. . . .

When, by a two-thirds majority, the Council decided to remove the Monument, some time within the next six months, to a distant side street, he seemed like a man dazed, and in a half-stupefied condition rose to protest. But the Mayor told him that he was out of order, impatiently tapped his water jug and drew the attention of the Council to the fact that the next business was the Minutes of the Building Committee recommending the adoption of the plans of a new picture palace.

V

It must have been on the following Saturday night, I think, that Daniel first stood on the steps of the Bainbridge Monument with a small table at his side. On the table was a book and inkstand. Two hundred yards away a long queue of people were waiting to enter a picture palace and it was to this crowd—waiting, sheep-like, in the raw drizzling cold for the flickering food with which to thrill the dull docility of its imagination—that Daniel first raised his voice in earnest appeal that the Monument on which he stood

might still stand there in the centre of the town, pointing an upward finger to the stars.

In open pity and contempt they stared at him. From a public house adjoining the picture palace, a couple of miners stumbled drunkenly across the Square and halted, stupid and bewildered, before him—the crowd tittering its amusement. And the sport only developed when one of the men gathered himself sufficiently from his stupor to realise that it was Daniel who was speaking.

"Why, it's t' Lamplighter. Mr. b—— Lamplighter," he roared—and with drunken vehemence flung the greasy parcel of fish and chips he was carrying, clean into Daniel's face. Blundering forward, the other man knocked over the table so that book and inkstand fell to the floor. A party of mill girls, passing at the time, ran across the Square squealing like alarmed hens and a deep, hoarse-throated chuckle escaped from the cinema queue.

Wincing at the contact of hot and smelling grease, Daniel slowly picked up his book and walked away into the night beyond.

"That'll cure him!" chuckled the crowd, moving slowly towards the illuminated doorways. . . .

But it did not cure Daniel. In the rain, or in the fog, or in that humid mixture of both, that is peculiarly Townend's own, every night Daniel stood there on the steps of the Monument and raised his voice to the jeering, cat-calling passers-by, or little groups of two or three people who halted to stare curiously at him for a minute or two, and then resumed their walk with an air of suppressed derision. The last two months of winter sped by; spring came and sprinkled Townend's window boxes and forlorn, little backyards with pale, anaemic-looking flowers; and still Daniel spoke every night at the Monument. And then, just as those breathless, sultry nights of summer were beginning to set in again, the news spread mysteriously from one end of Townend to the other—like the sudden, presaging rumbling of an approaching storm—that *Daniel was dying*.

No one ever traced how the news was first started; no one could ever explain the strange, universal rapidity with which it was so flamingly disseminated and so unquestioningly accepted. All that Townend knew, and knows to this day, is that one night it heard Daniel speaking from the Monument and passed him by, or halted before him for a moment, with the same cat-calls and derision—and the next night felt itself being drawn hesitatingly, but irresistibly, towards him, conscious of listening to the words of a dying man. And in Townend—far from the constant ebb and flow of Nature, and where death had never ceased to come as something of a calamity—they had great awe of the dying.

Yet, it was not so much the realisation that those long, exposed nights of speaking in the bleak winds and drizzling rains of winter, had inevitably and irremediably affected Daniel's lungs that made them say he was dying. In Townend, they will say of a man that he has "that look" of the dying; and it was because they suddenly noticed that Daniel had "that look"—that strange, resigned serenity of countenance—they knew that he was dying. And within a couple of nights the audience at the Monument had become bigger than the audience at the cinema; while before the week was over, people had begun to tramp in from neighbouring towns, so that every night there must have been hundreds who could neither see nor hear. But still, night after night, they continued to gather there. And the strange thing was that he no longer talked about the Monument now.

Indeed, it is very difficult for me, I find, to try and crystallise for you in a sentence or two the general outline of those addresses—delivered there on those hot, choking nights, often far towards midnight, to those hundreds of solemn, strained-faced miners. Perhaps I summarise them most tersely, if least graphically, when I say that all the time the theme running through them was that the real abiding power of life was its beauty; and to the deliberate

creation, and the sustenance, and the protection of this beauty, men must be prepared to devote and even sacrifice themselves unless, in the end, life was to degenerate into a mean sprawling chaos. There was one address in particular, I remember, when he did the rare thing, for him, of choosing a text from the Bible, and spoke on the supreme and ineffacable beauty of death. Of all the speeches I have ever heard, of all the writings I have ever read, I should like to think that it is this address I shall remember longest: *"Except a seed return into the earth and die, it cannot live again,"* I seem to hear him now, repeating again and again —for that, he kept on insisting, his face glowing with its strange, unearthly serenity, was all death was: a mere transitory period of preparation for a nobler, more embracing fruition.

At what signal, I know not, and for what reason, I know not, but as he left the Monument steps that night and the crowd parted for him to pass, I remember how it seemed as though every man bared his head and stood staring after him for a moment until the sudden turning of a corner took him from view.

And then the next morning the news swept round the town that he had collapsed and been taken to a sanatorium; and three weeks later, the children sped home one mid-day, as fast as their clattering clogs could carry them, and in awed, blanched whispers to their parents announced that the school master had received the news of his death.

VI

It is only with great restraint, I find, that I can omit to describe to you that day of Daniel's funeral in Townend—that day of grey, overcast clouds and rain-shimmering streets, of an atmosphere swooning with the scent of narcissi and made heavy almost to the point of melodrama by the six brass bands of the neighbourhood that stationed themselves at regular intervals along the twenty-deep crowd,

that ranged itself between the Town Hall and the cemetery.

But it is much more important that I should relate to you something of what took place at the Council meeting, following a day or two after Daniel's funeral.

"For, I think, the Council will readily agree now," the Mayor is saying, "that there can be no question of removing the Bainbridge Monument after what has happened, and I think it will also be in accordance with the wishes of the Council and the people of this Borough that some form of permanent memorial should be erected to Councillor Davidson himself. Personally, I think, any such memorial should be as near to the Bainbridge Monument as possible, but perhaps some of the members of the Council may have suggestions?"

A whole minute seems to go by and the only sounds are the ticking of the clock and the faint rustle of a notebook. The silence has become uncomfortable to the point of strain when Councillor Bingley rises to speak.

"It has been suggested to me, Mr. Mayor," he says, and his voice is like the voice of a man struggling to make himself heard as if speaking from a far distance, "that there is no need to erect a separate memorial. Perhaps it might be possible to place a lamp in the hand of the Bainbridge Monument itself. . . . I think Townend would understand."

"I suppose," observes the Mayor, "that you mean some sort of a brass lamp, Councillor Bingley—with a suitable inscription?"

The moan of a passing tram-car fills the Council Chamber with its melancholy for a moment, and Councillor Bingley stands there, waiting until all sound of it has been lost in the distance.

And then the words fall from his lips like the lines from some strange and strangled poesy—hoarse and wincing with emotion as any words, I think, that I shall ever hear coming from the mouth of man: "I thought it might be possible,

Mr. Mayor, for us to get one of them lamps that Councillor Davidson once told us about—a lamp with a dull orange flame and shaped like the lamps that they used to hang on the old sea galleons."

THE YEARBOOK OF THE BRITISH, IRISH, AND COLONIAL SHORT STORY

JUNE, 1927, TO MAY, 1928

THE BEST BRITISH AND IRISH SHORT STORIES

JUNE 1, 1927, TO MAY 31, 1928.

NOTE. *Only stories by British, Irish, and Colonial authors are listed. American, British, Irish, and Colonial periodicals have been reviewed.*

ADAMS, ARTHUR H.
Affair of the Lutai Forts. Bulletin (Sydney). Feb. 8, '28.
Rendezvous. Bulletin (Sydney). Jan. 12, '28.

ADARE, BRIAN.
Glass. Empire Review. July, '27.

ALMEDINGEN, EDITH M.
Great Unmuddler. Catholic World. Oct., '27.
Leaning Against a Pillar. Commonweal. Jan. 11, '28.

ARMSTRONG, MARTIN.
On Patrol. Century. June, '27.

ARMSTRONG, OLIVE.
Bondwoman. Irish Statesman. Aug. 27, '27.

AUMONIER, STACY.
Old Fags. Hutchinson's Magazine. March, '28.
Two of Those Women. Strand Magazine. Nov., '27.
Pictorial Review. Nov., '27.

BARBER, ALEXANDER.
Old Beetle's Crime. Queen. May 30, '28.

BARRON, DESMOND.
Deliverance. John o'London's Weekly. Mar. 31, '28.

BASHFORD, H. H.
Wild Cherry. Good Housekeeping (London). Oct., '27.

BATES, H. E.
Blossoms. Nation and Athenæum. Dec. 31, '27.
Dove. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 6, '27.
Harvest. New Adelphi. Dec., '27.
Parrot. T. P.'s Weekly. May 26, '28.
Shepherd. Nation and Athenæum. Aug. 27, '27.
Voyage. Bermondsey Book. Mar.–May, '28.
White Mare. London Mercury. May, '28.

BAX, CLIFFORD.
Night of Splendour. London Mercury. Oct., '27.

BENNETT, ARNOLD.
Cornet-Player. Strand Magazine. Aug., '27.
Jock-at-a-Venture. Grand Magazine. Jan., '28.
BENNETT, ROLF.
Cask. Hutchinson's Adventure and Mystery Story Magazine. Oct., '27.
BETHELL, L. SLINGSBY.
Deadman's Hurst. English Review. Mar., '28.
BETTLE, J. S.
Return. Outspan. Aug. 19, '27.
BICKNELL, FRANKLIN.
Cottage. Oxford Outlook. June, '27.
BLACKWOOD, ALGERNON.
Dr. Feldman. Strand Magazine. May, '28.
Stranger. Fortnightly Review. June, '27.
BOTTOME, PHYLLIS.
"Bread Alone." Sketch-Book. '27.
House of the Faun. Pall Mall Magazine. June, '27.
Second Time. Nash's Magazine. Aug., '27.
Unpardonable Sin. Nash's Magazine. Sept., '27.
BOYD, DONALD.
Early Morning. New Coterie. Summer-Autumn, '27.
"BRAHMS, CARYL."
Lampshades. New Coterie. Summer-Autumn, '27.
BRAILSFORD, H. N.
Candide Returns to Earth. Yale Review. Jan., '28.
"BRAMAH, ERNEST."
Averter of Calamities. Story-Teller. Aug., '27.
Ching-Kwei and the Destinies. Story-Teller. Sept., '27.
Story of Chou the Alluring. London Mercury. Aug., '27.
Story of Kin Weng and the Miraculous Tusk. London Mercury. June, '27.
Story of Wan and the Remarkable Shrub. London Mercury. Sept., '27.
Wong Tsoi and the Merchant's Thumb. Story-Teller. July, '27.
BROOME, DORA M.
Change of Air. Manchester Guardian. July 22, '27.
Dick's Hatband. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 2, '27.
Good Deed. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 4, '27.
With Obbligato. Manchester Guardian. April 13, '28.
Yellow Cat. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 15, '28.
BUCHAN, JOHN.
Green Wildebeest. Pall Mall. Sept., '27.
Last Crusade. Pall Mall. Jan., '28.
Oliver Pugh's Story of the Loathly Opposite. Pall Mall. Oct., '27.

Ships of Tarshish. Pall Mall. Nov., '27.
Skule Skerry. Pall Mall. May, '28.
Adventure. April 15, '28.
Tendebant Manus . . . Pall Mall. Dec., '27.
Wind in the Portico. Pall Mall. Mar., '28.

BULLETT, GERALD.
Dearth's Farm. Hutchinson's Mystery Story Magazine. July, '27.
Grasshopper. Bookman (N. Y.). Mar., '28.
Mirror. London Mercury. Mar., '28.
World in Bud. Bermondsey Book. Sept.–Nov., '27.

BURKE, THOMAS.
Twinkletoes and Wing Foo. Strand Magazine. Feb., '28.

"CAROL, RICHARD."
Barber's Slip. Daily News. Jan. 23, '28.
Hogmanay. Westminster Gazette. Dec. 3, '27.
Kirsty Repays. Westminster Gazette. Dec. 31, '27.
Tam the Troubadour. Westminster Gazette. Jan. 21, '28.

COCKBURN, CLAUD.
You Have To Be Careful. Dial. Jan., '28.

COLUM, PADRAIC.
Death of the Rich Man. Commonweal. May 16, '28.
Twelve Silly Sisters. T. P.'s Weekly. Mar. 10, '28.

CONRAD, JOSEPH.
Sisters. Bookman (N. Y.). Jan., '28.

COPPARD, A. E.
Fine Feathers. Bermondsey Book. Dec., '27–Jan., '28.

CORKERY, DANIEL.
Eyes of the Dead. T. P.'s Weekly. Dec. 24, '27.
Nightfall. Dial. July, '27.
Ruin of Dromacurrig. Columbia. Aug., '27.

CORNER, ANNE.
Furniture. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 3, '27.

COWEN, FRANCES.
Wheel. Oxford Monthly. Feb. '28.

CROMPTON, RICHMAL.
Companion. Windsor Magazine. Sept., '27.

DATALLER, ROGER.
Nail Day. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 2, '28.

DAVIES, RHYS.
Aaron. New Coterie. Summer-Autumn, '27.

"DELAFIELD, E. M."
Indiscretion. Time and Tide. Nov. 4, '27.
Spinster's Story. Home Magazine. Nov., '27.

"DORSET, F. H."
Hedgesparrow and Farmer Todd. Cornhill Magazine. June, '27.

"DOYLE, LYNN."
Partition. Munsey's Magazine. July, '27.
Police Protection. Strand Magazine. Sept., '27.
DUDENEY, MRS. HENRY.
Trade Secret. Windsor Magazine. Sept., '27.
DUKE, WINIFRED.
Man in the Doorway. Sketch Book, '27.
ERTZ, SUSAN.
Miss Pardew and Mrs. Thole. Illustrated London News. Christmas Number, '27.
Harper's Bazar. May, '28.
ERVINE, ST. JOHN.
Conjuror. Nash's Magazine. Feb., '28.
FANE, MARGARET, *and* LOFTING, HILARY.
Poultry, 2s. 6d. Bulletin (Sydney). Christmas Number, '27.
FARJEON, ELEANOR.
Pannychis. Hutchinson's Magazine. Sept., '27.
FAVELL, JOHN.
Red Slippers. Manchester Guardian. July 12, '27.
FERGUSON, GEORGE ROSE.
Younger Son. Outspan. Oct. 7, '27.
FINDLATER, JANE H.
Birthday. English Review. Oct., '27.
FRIEDLAENDER, V. H.
One Word. Century Magazine. Jan., '28.
Pall Mall. Feb. '28.
Quarrel. Queen. Oct. 12, '27.
GALSWORTHY, JOHN.
Black Coat. Story-Teller. June, '27.
Saturday Evening Post. Sept. 11, '26.
GAMBLE, DAVID.
Disloyalties. Outspan. May 13, '27.
GARNETT, DAVID.
Orchard of a Dream. Eve. Nov. 22, '27.
GIBBS, SIR PHILIP.
Soul of Honour. Nash's Magazine. Aug., '27.
Cosmopolitan. June, '27.
GIBSON, G. L.
Pair of Silk Stockings. New Statesman. July 9, '27.
GIFFARD, LADY EVELYN.
Concerning Johnstone and Buzwell. Empire Review. Nov., '27.
GILHESPY, W.
Mother Tongue. Humanist. July, '27.
GILMOUR, CHARLES S.
Iodine. Bulletin (Sydney). Dec. 10, '27.

GOLDING, LOUIS.
"Le Petit Rabbin." Bermondsey Book. Sept.–Nov., '27.
American Hebrew. Sept. 30, '27. (under title "The Tale of Jean Pinchas.")
GORDON, JAN.
Dose for Continuance. Cornhill Magazine. Nov., '27.
GUNN, WINIFRED E.
Release. British Weekly. Dec. 8, '27.
HAMILTON, COSMO.
In the Rôle of God. MacLean's Magazine. July 15, '27.
HARTSHORN, H. J.
Skimmed Milk. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 11, '28.
HILL, WILLIAM LANE. ("WILLIAM LANE.")
And There Was Nothing. Outspan. Aug. 19, '27.
Boetie. Outspan. Mar. 2, '28.
HOLME, CONSTANCE.
"Moment." Adelphi. June, '27.
HUGHES, NIGEL.
Silver and Grey. Empire Review. Apr., '28.
HUTCHINSON, RAY CORYTON.
"Every Twenty Years." Empire Review. Jan., '28.
HYDE, S. W.
Boiler Shop. New Statesman. Feb. 4, '28.
IRONS, EVELYN.
Em. Queen. Christmas Number, '27.
JACOBS, W. W.
Love Letters. Cosmopolitan, Apr., '28.
Strand Magazine. May, '28.
JACOT, B. L.
Afraid of Life. John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 11, '28.
Odd Behaviour of a Restless Gentleman. London Magazine. Oct., '27.
JAMES, C. L. R.
Divina Pastora. Saturday Review (London). Oct. 15, '27.
JAMESON, STORM.
Splendid Days. London Magazine. Sept., '27.
JESSE, F. TENNYSON.
Greater Love . . . Nash's Magazine. Aug., '27.
Tarletan Dress. Graphic. Christmas Number, '27.
Treasure Trove. McCall's Magazine. April, '28.
Vermilion Apollo. Fortnightly Review. July, '27.
JOHNSON, DOROTHY.
Three Good People. Outlook (London). Dec. 31, '27.
JOSEPH, MICHAEL.
Melody of Love. Woman. Dec., '27.

KAHAN, HERBERT.
War Night. Nation and Athenæum. Aug. 20, '27.
KAYE-SMITH, SHELIA.
Wedding Morn. Story-Teller. Dec., '27.
KELLY, THOMAS.
Second Door. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 5, '28.
KIPLING, RUDYARD.
Dayspring Mishandled. McCall's Magazine. Mar., '28.
MacLean's Magazine. Mar. 1, '28.
Fairy Kist. McCall's Magazine. Oct., '27.
MacLean's Magazine. Sept. 15, '27.
Strand Magazine. Feb., '28.
KORNITZER, MARGARET.
Eggs. John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 4, '28.
LAWRENCE, D. H.
Escaped Cock. Forum. Feb., '28.
In Love? Dial. Nov., '27.
Man Who Loved Islands. London Mercury. Aug., '27.
Dial. July, '27.
Two Blue Birds. Pall Mall. June, '27.
Dial. July, '27.
LEE, CHARLES.
Pascoe's Song. English Review. Mar., '28.
LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD.
Little Nun in the Garden. Pall Mall. Nov., '27.
LETTS, W. M.
Bird-Bath. Cornhill Magazine. May, '28.
LEWIS, ETHELREDA.
Atmospherics. Outspan. Mar. 11, '27.
Blind Justice. Outspan. June 24, '27.
Strand Magazine. Mar., '28.
"Country." Outspan. Apr. 22, '27.
Road to Mandalay. Voorslag. Jan.–Feb., '27.
LOFTING, HILARY.
See FANE, MARGARET, *and* LOFTING, HILARY.
"LYCETT, KATHARINE."
Mirrors. Queen. Mar. 28, '28.
LYSTER, M.
Merry-Go-Round. Irish Statesman. June 18, '27.
MACCARTHY, J. BERNARD.
Guardian Angel. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 28, '27.
Man Who Would Save His Soul. Irish Statesman. Oct. 29, '27.
Of Their Kin. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 23, '28.
MACHEN, ARTHUR.
Gift of Tongues. T. P.'s Weekly. Dec. 3, '27.

MACK, LOVEL.
Shadows and Shade. London Mercury. Feb., '28.
MACKAY, LYDIA MILLER.
What Gold Can Buy. Time and Tide. Sept. 2, '27.
MANHOOD, H. A.
Brotherhood. John o'London's Weekly. June 11, '27.
Oranges. John o'London's Weekly. Aug. 27, '27.
Rebirth. Bermondsey Book. Mar.–May, 1928.
Simple Tale. John o'London's Weekly. Oct. 15, '27.
MANNING-SANDERS, GEORGE.
Burial. Dublin Magazine. Apr.–June, '28.
Memory. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 8, '27.
Obstruction. John o'London's Weekly. Mar. 10, '28.
Sight. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 14, '27.
Smile. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 23, '28.
Story. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 25, '28.
MAUGHAM, W. SOMERSET.
Before the Party. Novel Magazine. Nov., '27.
MILLIN, SARAH GERTRUDE.
Durell's Wife. Pall Mall. July, '27.
Outspan. July 22, '27.
MONKHOUSE, ALLAN N.
Devil. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 14, '28.
MONTAGUE, C. E.
Action. Saturday Evening Post. June 25, '27.
Didn't Take Care of Himself. London Mercury. Feb., '28.
Great Sculling Race. Nash's Magazine. July, '27.
Man Afraid. Century. Apr., '28.
Pretty Little Property. Story-Teller. May, '28.
Saturday Evening Post. Feb. 4, '28.
Sleep, Gentle Sleep. Nash's Magazine. May, '28.
Ted's Leave. Saturday Evening Post. May 12, '28.
MOORE, GEORGE.
At the Turn of the Road. Cosmopolitan. July, '27.
Nash's Magazine. Feb. '28.
Hermit's Love Story. Nash's Magazine. Aug., '27.
Cosmopolitan. June, '27.
Strange Story of Three Golden Fishes. Cosmopolitan. Sept., '27.
Nash's Magazine. Nov., '27.
MORDAUNT, ELINOR.
"East by East." Fortnightly Review. Oct., '27.
Silver and Ebony. Royal Magazine. Dec., '27.
MORETON, P. E.
Reprisal. Pall Mall. Dec., '27.

MORTON, J. B.
Ring of Toadstools. John o'London's Weekly. Jan. 21, '28.
MOTTRAM, R. H.
Apple Disdained. Hutchinson's Magazine. Jan., '28.
Common Secretary. Atlantic Monthly. Jan., '28.
London Mercury. Apr., '28.
NORMAN-SMITH, DOROTHY E.
Joke. Pearson's Magazine. Oct., '27.
O'FLAHERTY, LIAM.
Little White Dog. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 24, '27.
Bookman (N. Y.) Apr., '28.
Mountain Tavern. Monthly Criterion. Aug., '27.
Oar. Outlook. (London). Jan. 14, '28.
Prey. Outlook (London). June 4, '27.
Bookman (N. Y.) Oct., '27.
Strange Disease. Bermondsey Book. Mar.–May, '28.
Tyrant. Bookman. (N. Y.) Aug., '27.
O'SHEA, PRUDENCE.
Leila. Pall Mall. May, '28.
PECK, WINIFRED F.
Dickon. Cornhill Magazine. July, '27.
PEEL, MRS. C. S.
Tip. Queen. Nov. 23, '27.
PEMBER, EVELYN.
Daughter-in-Law. Outlook (London). Apr. 7, '28.
Stuffed Monkey. Outlook (London). Dec. 3, '27.
PHILLPOTTS, ADELAIDE EDEN.
Bride's Dream. Good Housekeeping. (London). May, '28.
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.
Amber Heart. Pearson's Magazine. July, '27.
Hound's Pool. Hutchinson's Magazine. Dec., '27.
John and Jane. Windsor Magazine. May, '28.
Mother's Misfortune. July Magazine. Aug., '27.
Practical Joke. T. P.'s Weekly. Oct. 15, '27.
Price of Milly Bassett. All-Story Magazine. (London). Aug., '27.
Returned Native. Pearson's Magazine. Sept., '27.
"Santa Claus." Nash's Magazine. Dec., '27.
Steadfast Samuel. Windsor Magazine. July, '27.
PLOMER, WILLIAM.
Black Peril. Calendar. July, '27.
POWYS, T. F.
I Came as a Bride. Nation and Athenæum. July 30, '27.
Parson Heyhoe. Nation and Athenæum. Oct. 29, '27.
Rival Pastors. New Coterie. Summer-Autumn, '27.

PRITCHETT, V. S.
Fishy. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 9, '28.
In the Haunted Room. New Statesman. Mar. 24, '28.
Sack of Lights. Outlook (London). Mar. 10, '28.

PUGH, EDWIN.
First-Born. John o'London's Weekly, Dec. 24, '27.

QUILLER-COUCH, SIR ARTHUR T. ("Q.")
Pair of Hands. T. P.'s Weekly. Oct. 22, '27.

RACSTER, OLGA. ("TREBLE VIOLL.")
Secret. Outspan. Aug. 19, '27.

RADCLIFFE, G.
Kink in Space. Empire Review. Feb., '28.

RAMSEY, L. F.
Big Black Man. Queen. Apr. 25, '28.

RAWLENCE, GUY.
Count. London Mercury. July, '27.

READ, HERBERT.
Across the Moor. Bermondsey Book. Sept.–Nov., '27.

RICHARDSON, ANTHONY.
Cuckoo. Harper's Magazine. Dec., '27.
Murder. Nash's Magazine. Jan., '28.
Harper's Magazine. Jan., '28.

RINDER, OLIVE.
Present from Yarmouth. Queen. Apr. 18, '28.

ROLT-WHEELER, ETHEL.
Quicksilver. Fortnightly Review. Aug., '27.

RUDD, STEELE.
Dramatic Evening. Bulletin (Sydney). Jan. 25, '28.
Letter Under the Mirror. Bulletin. (Sydney). Mar. 21, '28.
School Treat. Bulletin (Sydney). Apr. 11, '28.

SCOULLER, EDWARD.
My Redeemer Liveth. New Dominie. No. 3. '27.

SHAW, HERBERT.
Man Who Didn't Laugh. Century Magazine. Nov., '27.

SHEPPARD, ALFRED TRESIDDER.
Flying Post. T. P.'s Weekly. Feb. 25, '28.
Pretty Beasts. Nash's Magazine. Nov., '27.

SLATER, FRANCES CAREY.
Dirk's Dirge. Outspan. July 22, '27.

STRONG, L. A. G.
Orpheus. Century. July, '27.
Travellers. Dial. Feb., '28.

SWEENEY, W. A. ("VOYOU.")
Man Who Won in Death. 20-Story Magazine. Dec., '27.

THOMPSON, STUART.
Mr. Johnson. Irish Statesman. Oct. 1, '27.
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE.
Stranger. Windsor Magazine. Dec., '27.
TOMLINSON, H. M.
On the Face of It. New Adelphi. Sept., '27.
Out of the Jungle. Nash's Magazine. Apr., '28.
Cosmopolitan. Jan., '28.
"TRAILL, PETER."
Gone Away. Outlook (London). Oct. 29, '27.
VINCENT, S. J.
Syed the Actor. World Today. June, '27.
Village of Enchantment. World To-day. Aug., '27.
"VIOLL, TREBLE." *See* RACSTER, OLGA.
WALPOLE, HUGH.
Etching. Harmsworth's All-Story Magazine. Oct., '27.
Little Donkeys with the Crimson Saddle. Woman's Journal. Apr., '28.
Ladies' Home Journal. June, '28.
Tiger. Harper's Magazine. June, '27.
WARNER, OLIVER.
Busking. Outlook (London). July 30, '27.
WARNER, SYLVIA TOWNSEND.
Moral Ending. Time and Tide. Sept. 23, '27.
WARREN, C. HENRY.
Sing, My Pretty Ones. Outlook (London). July 2, '27.
WAUGH, ALEC.
Like All the Rest. Hutchinson's Magazine. Sept., '27.
WELLS, A. W.
Lamplighter. Outspan. May 6, '27.
Strange Love Story of John Simpson Chalmers. Outspan. May 20, '27.
WELLS, CATHERINE.
Ghost. Windsor Magazine. May, '28.
WELLS, H. G.
Stolen Body. Hutchinson's Mystery Story Magazine. June, '27.
WEST, GEOFFREY.
Just a Fool. Bermondsey Book. Dec., '27–Jan., '28.
WESTRUP, WILLIAM.
Murder or Mercy? Outspan. Sept. 23, '27.
WETJEN, ALFRED RICHARD.
Environment. Story-Teller. Nov., '27.
First Law of Nature. Collier's Weekly. June 11, '27.
Fog. Story-Teller. Aug., '27.

Golden Vanity. Collier's Weekly. Oct. 22, '27.
Cassell's Magazine. Dec., '27.
Home. Cassell's Magazine. Nov., '27.

WHITAKER, MALACHI.
Unleashed. New Adelphi. Mar., '28.

WHITEHOUSE, FRANK.
Rebel. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 27, '28.

WILLIAMSON, HENRY.
Heller. Atlantic Monthly. May, '28.

WOOLF, VIRGINIA.
"Slater's Pins Have No Points." Forum. Jan., '28.

WYLIE, I. A. R.
All Dressed Up. Story-Teller. Sept., '27.
Cosmopolitan. Aug., '27.
Strange Story of a Man Who Believed in God. Nash's Magazine. July, '27.
Things We Do. Good Housekeeping. (N. Y.) June, '27.
Good Housekeeping (London). Sept., '27.
"Ward No. 5." Story-Teller. Nov., '27.
"Young Nowheres." Story-Teller. Oct., '27.

ARTICLES ON THE SHORT STORY IN BRITISH AND IRISH PERIODICALS

JUNE 1, 1927, TO MAY 31, 1928.

NOTE. *Capital letters are employed to indicate the author of an article.*

A.-G., F.
Joseph Conrad. Empire Review. Dec., '27. (46:460.)
AAS, L.
Selma Lagerlöf. Bookman (London). Oct., '27. (73:7.)
Abbott, Eleanor Hallowell.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 31, '28. (27:414.)
By E. H. R. Daily Telegraph. May 4, '28. (7.)
Adams, E. C. L.
By H. M. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 9, '27. (7.)
Adcock, St. John.
Theodore Dreiser. Bookman (London). Apr., '28. (74:26.)
Thomas Hardy. Bookman (London). Feb., '28. (73:263.)
"Affable Hawk." *See* MacCarthy, Desmond.
Alcofribas, J. K.
Théophile Gautier. G. K.'s Weekly. Oct. 1, '27. (6:646.)
Aldanov, M.
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Slavonic Review. June, '27. (6:162.)
Aldington, Richard.
Gustave Flaubert. London Mercury. Oct., '27. (16:658.)
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey.
Letter to Austin Dobson. Cornhill Magazine. Sept., '27. (63:366.)
Alexander, William F.
Thomas Hardy. John o'London's Weekly. Mar. 17, '28. (18:841.)
Robert Louis Stevenson. John o'London's Weekly. Mar. 17, '28. (18:841.)
Allison, J. Murray.
Anonymous. English Review. Feb., '28. (46:244.)
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Dec. 31, '27. (42:520.)

Anonymous. Saturday Review. (London). Dec. 24, '27. (144: 892.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Nov. 26, '27. (936.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Dec. 11, '27. (10.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 8, '27. (26: 936.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Dec., '27. (17:205.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Nov. 30, '27. (6.)

American Short Story.
Anonymous. Spectator. Feb. 11, '28. (201.)
By Henry Baerlein. Bookman (London). Aug., '27. (72:279.)
By Cyril Connolly. New Statesman. Feb. 4, '28. (30:533.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Jan. 21, '28. (145:72.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Feb. 8, '28. (8.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Vogue (London). Mar. 7, '28. (55.)

Andersen, Hans Christian.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Feb. 18, '28. (42:754.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Mar. 10, '28. (30:698.)
Anonymous. Observer. Jan. 22, '28. (9.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Dec. 31, '27. (144: 915.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Feb. 11, '28. (201.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 22, '27. (26: 975.)
By Padraic Colum. Irish Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (8:518.)
By Eleanor Farjeon. Time and Tide. June 10, '27. (8:551.)
By Francis Gribble. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Aug. 27, '27. (8:569.)
By Walter Jerrold. T. P.'s Weekly. Dec. 10, '27. (9:260.)
By H. L. Morrow. Daily News. Dec. 15, '27. (4.)
By G. M. Isherwood Orr. T. P.'s Weekly. Dec. 24, '27. (9: 335.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Jan. 14, '28. (112:66.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Jan. 11, '28. (6.)
By Clennell Wilkinson. London Mercury. Feb., '28. (17:476.)

Anderson, Sherwood.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Dec. 17, '27. (30:330.)
Anonymous. Observer. Jan. 8, '28. (7.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 13, '27. (26: 712.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Nov. 19, '27. (144:709.)
By Wyndham Lewis. Enemy. No. 2.
By Sylvia Lynd. Queen. Nov. 9, '27. (20.)

By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 14, '27. (9.)
By T. P. O'Connor. T. P.'s Weekly. Jan. 28, '28. (9:484.)
By T. Michael Pope. Vogue. (London.) Nov. 16, '27. (65.)
By Clara Smith. Time and Tide. Feb. 17, '28. (9:153.)
By C. Henry Warren. Bookman (London). Apr., '28. (74:22.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Oct. 22, '27. (118:168.)

ANGIOLETTI, G. B.
Orio Vergani. Monthly Criterion. Jan., '28. (7:47.)

Angioletti, G. B.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 1, '28. (27: 151.)

Annunzio, Gabriele d'.
By Mario Praz. London Mercury. Feb., '28. (17:404.)

Arden, Mary.
Anonymous. Time and tide. July 1, '27. (8:621.)
By M. Robinson. New Adelphi. Sept., '27. (1:82.)
By Naomi Royde-Smith. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29: 540.)

Armstrong, Martin.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 3, '27. (26: 782.)
By Hugh I'A. Fausset. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 7, '27. (9.)
By P. S. O'H. Irish Statesman. June 18, '27. (8:361.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Observer. Nov. 6, '27. (8.)

ARNOLD, SIDNEY.
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Irish Statesman. Dec. 3, '27. (9:301.)

Augsburg, Paul Deresco.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 13, '27. (26: 717.)

Austin, F. Britten.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Apr. 24, '28. (15.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 10, '28. (27: 360.)
By B. H. L. H. Daily Telegraph. May 11, '28. (6.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. May 19, '28. (120:282.)

AUSTIN, JOHN.
George Moore. T. P.'s Weekly. Nov. 12, '27. (9:69.)

B., H.
Donald Corley. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 16, '27. (7.)
William Gerhardi. Manchester Guardian. July 8, '27. (9.)
Thomas Hardy. New Statesman. Feb. 4, '28. (30:528.)

B., I.
Arnold Bennett. Manchester Guardian. June 9, '27. (7.)
Katherine Mansfield. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 18, '27. (7.)

Baerlein, Henry.
American Short Story. Bookman (London). Aug., '27. (72: 279.)
British Short Story. Bookman (London). Aug., '27. (72:279.)
Maxim Gorky. Bookman (London). June, '27. (72:190.)
Baeza, L. de
Vincent Blasco Ibáñez. John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 18, '28. (18:674.)
Balsamo-Crivelli, Riccardo.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 11, '27. (26: 547.)
Balzac, Honoré de.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Oct., '27. (73:62.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. June 10, '27. (6.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 9, '27. (26: 405.). July 14, '27. (26:486.). Feb. 9, '28. (27:100.)
By Emil Ludwig. T. P.'s Weekly. Jan. 14, '28. (9:418.) Jan. 21, '28. (9:460.). Jan. 28, '28. (9:480.). Feb. 4, '28. (9: 524.)
By Naomi Royde-Smith. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29: 540.)
Barrie, Sir J. M.
Anonymous. John o'London's Weekly. Oct. 15, '27. (18:9.)
Bartlett, Vernon.
Anonymous. Daily News. Sept. 29, '27. (4.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Sept. 9, '27. (13.)
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Oct. 22, '27. (42:130.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Sept. 3, '27. (358.)
By Cyril Connolly. New Statesman. Sept. 3, '27. (29:651.)
By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Time and Tide. Sept. 2, '27. (8: 790.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Sept. 10, '27. (144:341.)
By T. P. O'Connor. T. P.'s Weekly. Sept. 24, '27. (8:682.)
By John Sydenham. Empire Review. Nov., '27. (46:387.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Vogue. (London.) Sept. 21, '27. (63.)
Bax, Clifford.
Anonymous. Spectator. Oct. 1, '27. (515.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 28, '27. (26: 664.)
By Cyril Connolly. New Statesman. Oct. 8, '27. (29:815.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Oct. 9, '27. (8.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Time and Tide. Oct. 14, '27. (8:912.)
By A. M. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 7, '27. (9.)
By Y. O. Irish Statesman. Oct. 15, '27. (9:140.)

Beck, L. Adams.
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 7, '28. (145:442.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Mar. 24, '28. (477.)
Becke, Louis.
By D. R. Irish Statesman. June 25, '27. (8:381.)
Bell, J. J.
By David Hodge. Bookman (London). Nov., '27. (73:106.)
Bellah, James Warner.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 8, '28. (27:168.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Mar. 10, '28. (119:406.)
Benefield, Barry.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 5, '28. (27:256.)
By Arnold Bennett. Evening Standard. Mar. 29, '28. (5.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Mar. 25, '28. (8.)
By G. I–C. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 13, '28. (7.)
Bennett, Arnold.
Barry Benefield. Evening Standard. Mar. 29, '28. (5.)
E. M. Forster. Evening Standard. Apr. 12, '28. (5.)
Thomas Hardy. World Today. Feb., '28. (51:244.)
Bennett, Arnold.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. June 10, '27. (6.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. June 25, '27. (29:350.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. June 12, '27. (9.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 16, '27. (26:422.)
By I. B. Manchester Guardian. June 9, '27. (7.)
By Vera Brittain. Time and Tide. July 15, '27. (8:668.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. June 20, '27. (4.)
Observer. June 19, '27. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). June 25, '27. (143:984.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). June 18, '27. (59:812.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. June 29, '27. (16.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation and Anthenæum. July 16, '27. (41:519.)
By Dilys Powell. Bookman (London). Aug., '27. (72:274.)
By F. Yeats-Brown. Spectator. June 18, '27. (1090.)
Benson, E. F.
Henry James. Spectator. Feb. 25, '28. (268.)
Benson, E. F.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Apr. 21, '28. (31:60.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Mar. 31, '28. (510.)

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 29, '28. (27: 244.)
By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 27, '28. (5.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Apr. 1, '28. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 7, '28. (145:442.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Mar. 24, '28. (61: 383.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. Apr. 11, '28. (29.)
By E. B. Osborn. Morning Post. Apr. 3, '28. (5.)

Bercovici, Konrad.
By Naomi Royde-Smith. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29: 540.)

Besenval, Pierre-Victor, Baron de.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Nov. 5, '27. (Suppl., xvi.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 10, '27. (26: 805.)

BETTANY, F. G.
Henry James. Sunday Times. Mar. 11, '28. (10.)

BETTANY, LEWIS.
Théophile Gautier. Bookman (London). Aug., '27. (72:272.)

Bickerstaff, George.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Aug. 12, '27. (4.)
Anonymous. Time and Tide. July 29, '27. (8:710.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. July 10, '27. (6.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. July 9, '27. (110:73.)
By Naomi Royde-Smith. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29: 540.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Aug., '27. (16:430.)

Bierce, Ambrose.
By Eric Partridge. London Mercury. Oct., '27. (16:658.)

BLACK, STEPHEN.
Guy de Maupassant. John o'London's Weekly. Sept. 3, '27. (17:644.)

Blackwood, Algernon.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 22, '27. (26: 976.)
By Winifred Holtby. Time and Tide. Jan. 20, '28. (9:57.)

BLAND, ALAN.
Alexei Remizov. G. K.'s Weekly. Jan. 21, '28. (6:915.)

Blasco Ibáñez, Vicente.
Anonymous obituary notices. All British Newspapers. Jan. 29 and 30, '28.
By L. de Baeza. John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 18, '28. (18: 674.)

By Vahdah Jeanne Bordeux. Sphere. Aug. 27, '27. (110:329.)
By Beatrice Erskine. Spectator. Feb. 4, '28. (149.)
By Newman Flower. Sunday Times. Feb. 5, '28. (7.)
By E. Allison Peers. Contemporary Review. May, '28.
By Walter Starkie. Nineteenth Century and After. Apr., '28. (103:542.)

BLUNDEN, EDMUND.
Joseph Conrad. London Mercury. Dec., '27. (17:179.)
Theodore Dreiser. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 10, '28. (42: 852.)
Thomas Hardy. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 3, '28. (42:816.)
Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch. Nation and Athenæum. Apr. 28, '28. (43:116.)
E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 10, '28. (42:852.)
Giovanni Verga. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 10, '28. (42: 852.)

BORDEAUX, VAHDAH JEANNE.
Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Sphere. Aug. 27, '27. (110:329.)

Borel, Petrus.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 16, '27. (26: 422.)

Borgese, G. A.
By Mario Praz. London Mercury. Jan., '28. (17:312.)

Boult, R. Frewen.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 24, '28. (27: 397.)

Bowen, Marjorie.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Sept., '27. (72:330.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Aug, 13, '27. (29:576.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). July 30, '27. (144:170.)

BRADLEY, L.
Thomas Hardy. T. P.'s Weekly. Feb. 11, '28. (9:564.)

Bradley, Shelland.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 27, '27. (26: 769.)

Bramah, Ernest.
Anonymous. Morning Post. May 8, '28. (6.)
Anonymous. Observer. May 27, '28. (4.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Sept. 17, '27. (436.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 15, '27. (26: 622.) May 3, '28. (27:332.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Apr. 28, '28. (61:534.)
By Rose Macaulay. Daily News. Sept. 20, '27. (4.)

By J. B. Priestley. Daily News. May 15, '28. (4.)
By D. R. Irish Statesman. May 26, '28. (10:233.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Apr. 28, '28. (652.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. May 19, '28. (120:282.)

British Short Story.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Nov., '27. (73:142.)
Anonymous. Monthly Criterion. July, '27. (6:87.)
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. July 23, '27. (41:552.) Oct. 29, '27. (42:162.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Oct. 29, '27. (144: 590.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Feb. 11, '28. (201.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. July 21, '27. (26: 502.)
By Henry Baerlein. Bookman (London). Aug., '27. (72:279.)
By Vera Brittain. Time and Tide. Aug. 12, '27. (8:743.)
By Cyril Connolly. New Statesman. Feb. 4, '28. (30:533.)
By Leon Feuchtwanger. T. P.'s Weekly. Dec. 17, '27. (9: 288.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. July 18, '27. (4.) Observer. July 10, '27. (6.) Jan. 22, '28. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). July 23, '27. (144:137.) Oct. 29, '27. (144:592.) Jan. 21, '28. (145:72.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). July 16, '27. (60:96.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. July 1, '27. (9.)
By C. A. Nicholson. Bookman (London). Feb., '28. (73:282.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. July 9, '27. (110:73.)
By Max Temple. Queen. July 6, '27. (10.) Oct. 12, '27. (4.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Oct. 29, '27. (118:218.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Vogue (London). Mar. 7, '28. (55.)

Brittain, Vera.
Arnold Bennett. Time and Tide. July 15, '27. (8:668.)
British Short Story. Time and Tide. Aug. 12, '27. (8:743.)
William Gerhardi. Time and Tide. July 29, '27. (8:708.)
George Gissing. Time and Tide. July 29, '27. (8:708.)
Wyndham Lewis. Time and Tide. Dec. 23, '27. (8:1159.)
Christopher Morley. Time and Tide. Oct. 21, '27. (8:941.)
Giovanni Verga. Time and Tide. Mar. 9, '28. (9:225.)

Bullett, Gerald.
Anonymous. Morning Post. May 11, '28. (4.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 3, '28. (27: 332.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). May 19, '28. (145:637.)

By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). May 5, '28. (61:562.)
By D. R. Irish Statesman. May 5, '28. (10:175).
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Apr. 28, '28. (652.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. May 5, '28. (120:201.)

BURKE, THOMAS.

Theodore Dreiser. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. June 4, '27. (8:178.)

Burke, Thomas.

Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Feb. 21, '28. (6.)
Anonymous. English Review. Mar., '28. (46:369.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 23, '28. (27: 132.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Feb. 12, '28. (6.) Daily News. Feb. 13, '28. (4.)
By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Time and Tide. Mar. 2, '28. (8: 199.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 18, '28. (145:199.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Feb. 11, '28. (61:179.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 10, '28. (5.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation and Athenæum. Feb. 25, '28. (42: 784.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Mar. 3, '28. (112:344.)
By Alan Porter. Spectator. Feb. 11, '28. (200.)
By Ralph Straus. Sunday Times. Mar. 25, '28. (10.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Mar. 3, '28. (119:357.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Vogue (London). Mar. 7, '28. (55.)

Burrage, A. M.

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 24, '27. (26: 890.)

C., A. M.

Alec Waugh. G. K.'s Weekly. Apr. 21, '28. (7:90.)

Cankar, Ivan.

By Josip Vidmar. Slavonic Review. Mar., '28. (6:618.)

Čapek-Chod, K. M.

By Arne Novák. Slavonic Review. Dec., '27. (6:416.)

Casserly, Gordon.

By D. R. Irish Statesman. Nov. 5, '27. (9:212.)

Cather, Willa.

Anonymous. Morning Post. May 22, '28. (6.)
Anonymous. Spectator. May 5, '28. (691.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 10, '28. (27: 354.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. May 13, '28. (8.)

By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). May 5, '28. (145:568.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). May 12, '28. (61: 602.)
By G. W. K. New Statesman. May 19, '28. (31:195.)
By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Daily Telegraph. May 11, '28. (6.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. May 26, '28. (113:412.)
By D. R. Irish Statesman. May 19, '28. (10:214.)
By Clara Smith. Time and Tide. May 25, '28. (9:510.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Apr. 28, '28. (120:154.)

Cazotte, Jacques.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Dec. 17, '27. (30:336.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 15, '27. (26: 957.)

Chalmers, Patrick R.
Anonymous. Observer. Jan. 8, '28. (8.)
Anonymous. Time and Tide. Jan. 20, '28. (9:59.)

CHAPMAN, J. B.
T. F. Powys. Bookman (London). Mar., '28. (73:315.)

CHARLTON, H. B.
Edgar Allan Poe. Review of English Studies. Oct., '27. (3: 489.)

CHEKHOV, ANTON.
How to Win Other Men's Wives. Graphic. Mar. 31, '28. (119: 510.)

Chekhov, Anton.
Anonymous. Adelphi. June, '27. (4:767.)
Anonymous. Monthly Criterion. Aug., '27. (6:183.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 26, '28. (27: 58.)
By Edward Garnett, Manchester Guardian. June 21, '27. (9.)
By William Gerhardi. Vogue (London). Apr. 18, '28. (53.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Jan. 8, '28. (7.)
By Frederick Heath. Bermondsey Book. Feb.–May, '28. (98.)
By V. Korolenko. T. P.'s Weekly. May 5, '28. (10:60.)
By D. S. Mirsky. New Criterion. Oct., '27. (6:292.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. June 15, '27. (24.)
By Raymond Mortimer. Vogue (London). Early July, '27. (47.)
By M. Robinson. New Adelphi. Mar., '28. (1:266.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Dec. 10, '27. (1063.)
By C. Henry Warren. Outlook (London). June 11, '27. (59: 779.)

CHESTERTON, G. K.
Thomas Hardy. G. K.'s Weekly. Jan. 21, '28. (6:909.)

Chesterton, G. K.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Sept. 30, '27. (13.)
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Oct. 1, '27. (41:842.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Oct. 1, '27. (515.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Sept. 18, '27. (9.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 29, '27. (26: 669.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Sept. 25, '27. (8.)
By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Time and Tide. Sept. 30, '27. (8: 863.)
By Louis J. McQuilland. Bookman (London). Oct., '27. (73: 54.)
By E. B. Osborn. Morning Post. Oct. 11, '27. (14.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Daily News. Sept. 15, '27. (4.)

Church, Richard.
Joseph Conrad. Spectator. Nov. 12, '27. (829.)
Thomas Hardy. Spectator. Jan. 21, '28. (71.)
Katherine Mansfield. Spectator. Aug. 20, '27. (288.)

Clark, Emily.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 1, '27. (26: 914.)

Clifford, Sir Hugh.
Joseph Conrad. Empire Review. May, '28. (47:287.)

Clifford, Sir Hugh.
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Oct. 8, '27. (144: 483.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Feb. 25, '28. (275.)

Clodd, Edward.
Thomas Hardy. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 2, '28. (27: 80.)

Coats, R. H.
Walter de la Mare. Fortnightly Review. Oct., '27. (122:483.)

Cobb, Irvin S.
Anonymous. Spectator. Oct. 15, '27. (618.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 10, '27. (26: 820.) Dec. 1, '27. (26:912.)
By Mary Webb. Bookman (London). July '27. (72:229.)

Coles, S. F. A.
W. J. Locke. T. P.'s Weekly. Mar. 3, '28. (9:640.)

Collins, H. P.
Wilfranc Hubbard. Outlook (London). Oct. 29, '27. (60: 588.)

Collins, Vere H.
Thomas Hardy. T. P.'s Weekly. Feb. 4, '28. (9:501). Feb. 11, '28. (9:548.)

COLLISON-MORLEY, L.
Grazia Deledda. Edinburgh Review. Apr., '28.

"COLOPHON."
Joseph Conrad. John o'London's Weekly. Jan. 14, '28. (18: 515.)
Thomas Hardy. John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 11, '28. (18: 645.)

COLUM, PADRAIC.
Hans Christian Andersen. Irish Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (8: 518.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Irish Statesman. Oct. 8, '27. (9:110.) Oct. 15, '27. (9:135.)

CONNOLLY, CYRIL.
American Short Story. New Statesman. Feb. 4, '28. (30:533.)
Vernon Bartlett. New Statesman. Sept. 3, '27. (29:651.)
Clifford Bax. New Statesman. Oct. 8, '27. (29:815.)
British Short Story. New Statesman. Feb. 4, '28. (30:533.)
Theodore Dreiser. New Statesman. Mar. 3, '28. (30:661.)
E. M. Forster. New Statesman. Mar. 31, '28. (30:796.)
Elinor Glyn. New Statesman. Oct. 8, '27. (29:815.)
Ernest Hemingway. New Statesman. Nov. 26, '27. (30:208.)
Margaret Kennedy. New Statesman. Nov. 12, '27. (30:143.) Mar. 31, '28. (30:796.)
Count Edouard von Keyserling. New Statesman. Oct. 15. '27. (30:17.)
"Vernon Lee." New Statesman. Nov. 26, '27. (30:208.)
Wyndham Lewis. New Statesman. Dec. 24, '27. (30:358.)
Short Story. New Statesman. Nov. 26, '27. (30:208.)
James Stephens. New Statesman. Mar. 17, '28. (30:729.)

CONRAD, JOSEPH.
Letter to Sir Hugh Clifford. Empire Review. May, '28. (47: 289.)

Conrad, Joseph.
By F. A.–G. Empire Review. Dec., '27. (46:460.)
Anonymous. Daily News. Aug. 9, '27. (4.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Nov. 1, '27. (7.)
Anonymous. John o'London's Weekly. Nov. 19, '27. (18:202.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Oct. 28, '27. (12.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Sept. 3, '27. (29:658.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Sept. 3, '27. (144: 312.)
Anonymous. T. P.'s Weekly. Nov. 19, '27. (9:116.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 27, '27. (26: 761.)

By Edmund Blunden. London Mercury. Dec., '27. (17:179.)
By Richard Church. Spectator. Nov. 12, '27. (829.)
By Sir Hugh Clifford. Empire Review. May, '28. (47:287.)
By "Colophon." John o'London's Weekly. Jan. 14, '28. (18: 515.)
By Mrs. Joseph Conrad. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. June 25, '27. (8:271.)
By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 20, '27. (13.)
By Richard Curle. New Statesman. Nov. 5, '27. (Suppl., ix.)
By Henry English. Daily News. Oct. 27, '27. (4.)
By Edward Garnett. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 7, '27. (7.) Nation and Athenæum. Nov. 19, '27. (42:280.)
By Sir Edmund Gosse. Sunday Times. Oct. 30, '27. (8.)
By R. L. Mégroz. Bookman (London). Jan., '28. (73:237.)
By Con O'Leary. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Aug. 13, '27. (8:493.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Nov. 19, '27. (111:350.) May 19, '28. (118:350.)
By B. J. Pendlebury. Adelphi. June, '27. (4:763.)
By John Shand. New Adelphi. Mar., '28. (1:282.)
By Edward Shanks. Saturday Review (London). Nov. 5, '27. (144:622.)
By J. C. Squire. Observer. Nov. 13, '27. (6.)
By Ralph Straus. Sunday Times. Apr. 29, '28. (9.)
By H. M. Tomlinson. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 24, '27. (7.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Nov. 12, '27. (118:288.)
By Geoffrey West. Outlook (London). Nov. 12, '27. (60:652.)

CONRAD, MRS. JOSEPH.

Joseph Conrad. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. June 25, '27. (8: 271.)

COPPARD, A. E.

E. F. Benson. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 27, '28. (5.)
Wyndham Lewis. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 9, '27. (9.)
I. L. Peretz. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 2, '27. (7.)
Short Story. T. P.'s Weekly. Jan. 28, '28. (9:481.)

Coppard, A. E.

Anonymous. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. July 30, '27. (8: 438.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 19, '28. (27: 288.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Apr. 15, '28. (8.)
By M. Lyster. Irish Statesman. July 2, '27. (8:399.)
By B. S. Manchester Guardian. May 11, '28. (7.)
By G. B. Stern. Daily Telegraph. May 1, '28. (15.)

Corley, Donald.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Dec. 10, '27. (42:434.)
By H. B. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 16, '27. (7.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Nov. 12, '27. (111:298b.)
Corvo, Frederick, Baron.
Anonymous. John o'London's Weekly. Apr. 17, '28. (18:935.)
Cournos, John.
Short Story. T. P.'s Weekly. Mar. 10, '28. (9:682.)
Courtney, W. L.
Théophile Gautier. Daily Telegraph. June 14, '27. (15.)
Crackanthorpe, Hubert.
By "Stet." Saturday Review (London). Aug. 20, '27. (144:250.) May 5, '28. (145:561.)
Crébillon, *le fils,* Claude-Prosper-Jolyot.
Anonymous. New Statesman, Nov. 5, '27. (Suppl., xvi.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 10, '27. (26: 805.)
Crompton, Richmal.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 1, '27. (26: 912.) Feb. 9, '28. (27:98.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Feb. 11, '28. (112:228.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Dec. 17, '27. (118:530.)
Croy, Helen, Duchess of.
Gabriele d'Annunzio. John o'London's Weekly. Jan. 7, '28. (18:469.)
Cunninghame Graham, R. B.
Joseph Conrad. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 20, '27. (13.)
Cunninghame Graham, R. B.
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Nov. 12, '27. (144: 670.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Nov. 12, '27. (851.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 17, '27. (26: 836.)
By John Freeman. London Mercury. Jan., '28. (17:326.)
By J. W. Good. Daily News. Nov. 30, '27. (4.)
By J. A. T. Lloyd. Fortnightly Review. Feb., '28. (123:285.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation and Athenæum. Nov. 19, '27. (42: 284.)
By E. B. Osborn. Morning Post. Nov. 4, '27. (12.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Nov. 5, '27. (111:267.)
By M. Robinson. New Adelphi. Mar., '28. (1:287.)
By B. S. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 16, '27. (7.)
By V. Sackville West. Observer. Nov. 20, '27. (8.)
By John Sydenham. Empire Review. Feb., '28. (47:131.)

CURLE, RICHARD.
Joseph Conrad. New Statesman. Nov. 5, '27. (Suppl., ix.)

CURRAN, C. P.
Anatole France. Irish Statesman. Sept. 3, '27. (8:616.)

D., C.
H. G. Wells. Spectator. Feb. 25, '28. (268.)

Dane, Clemence.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Jan. 27, '28. (16.)
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 21, '27. (9.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 2, '28. (27:78.)
By C. A. Dawson Scott. Bookman (London.) Apr., '28. (74:52.)
By St. John Ervine. Nash's Magazine. Oct., '27. (28.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Feb. 5, '28. (8.) Daily News. Feb. 6, '28. (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 4, '28. (145: 138.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Feb. 11, '28. (61:179.)
By "Lydia Languish." John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 18, '28. (18:678.)
By C. M. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 10, '28. (5.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). Nov. 5, '27. (60:622.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation and Athenæum. Feb. 18, '28. (42: 752.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Feb. 18, '28. (112:274.)
By Dilys Powell. Sunday Times. Feb. 5, '28. (9.)
By D. R. Irish Statesman. Feb. 11, '28. (9:523.)
By Beatrice Kean Seymour. T. P.'s Weekly. Feb. 11, '28. (9: 551.) Woman's Journal. Mar., '28. (65.)
By Clara Smith. Time and Tide. Feb. 17, '28. (9:153.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Feb. 18, '28. (119:273.)

D'Annunzio, Gabriele.
By Helen, Duchess of Croy. John o'London's Weekly. Jan. 7, '28. (18:469.)

D'Arcy, Ella.
By "Stet." Saturday Review (London). Aug. 20, '27. (144: 250.) May 5, '28. (145:561.)

DARLEY, EDWARD.
Short Story. T. P.'s Weekly. Jan. 7, '28. (9:391.)

Davies, Rhys.
Anonymous. New Age. July 14, '27. (41:130.)

DAVIS, F. HADLAND.
Thomas Hardy. Outlook (London). Jan. 28, '28. (61:118.)

DAWSON SCOTT, C. A.
Clemence Dane. Bookman (London). Apr., '28. (74:52.)

DELAFIELD, E. M.
Zone Gale. Time and Tide. Dec. 16, '27. (8:1139.)
Fannie Hurst. Time and Tide. Dec. 16, '27. (8:1139.)
De la Mare, Walter.
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Nov. 26, '27. (144: 746.)
By R. H. Coats. Fortnightly Review. Oct., '27. (122:483.)
By Eleanor Farjeon. Time and Tide. Dec. 2, '27. (8:1088.)
Deledda, Grazia.
Anonymous. T. P.'s Weekly. Dec. 3, '27. (9:183.)
Anonymous. Time and Tide. Dec. 23, '27. (8:1154.)
By L. Collison-Morley. Edinburgh Review. Apr., '28.
By John Mifsud. New Statesman. Feb. 25, '28. (30:623.)
DESMOND, SHAW.
Edgar Allan Poe. Bookman (London). Sept., '27 (72:299.)
Dinnis, Enid.
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. July 29, '27. (7.)
DOBRÉE, BONAMY.
Rudyard Kipling. Monthly Criterion. Dec., '27. (6:499.)
Dostoevsky, Fyodor.
Anonymous. Observer. Sept. 4, '27. (8.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 22, '28. (27: 211.)
By Edward Garnett. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 2, '28. (5.)
By J. A. T. Lloyd. Daily Telegraph. Mar. 30, '28. (16.)
By Desmond MacCarthy. New Statesman. Mar. 3, '28. (30: 660.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 31, '28. (42: 972.)
By Henry Murray. Sunday Times. Mar. 4, '28. (9.)
By Alan Porter. Spectator. Mar. 10, '28. (385.)
By George Sampson. Daily News. Mar. 7, '28. (4.)
DOUBLEDAY, ANNE.
St. John Ervine. Time and Tide. May 18, '28. (9:489.)
DOUGLAS, SIR GEORGE.
Thomas Hardy. Hibbert Journal. Apr., '28.
Dowson, Ernest.
By John Lockett. T. P.'s Weekly. Feb. 25, '28. (9:625.)
By "Stet." Saturday Review (London). Feb. 25, '28. (145:223.)
By W. R. Thomas. Nineteenth Century and After. Apr., '28. (103:560.)
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan.
Anonymous. Spectator. July. 2, '27. (25.)

Anonymous. Sunday Times. June 19, '27. (9.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 23, '27. (26: 438.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. June 19, '27. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). July 16, '27. (144:100.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). June 25, '27. (59:845.)
By "John o'London," John o'London's Weekly. July 16, '27. (17:455.)
By Rose Macaulay. Daily News. June 16, '27. (4.)
By Desmond MacCarthy. New Statesman. July 9, '27. (29: 408.) Oct. 22, '27. (30:47.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation and Athenæum. July 16, '27. (41: 519.)
By "Stet." Saturday Review (London). May 12, '28. (145: 597.)

Dreiser, Theodore.
By St. John Adcock. Bookman (London). Apr., '28. (74:26).
Anonymous. Spectator. Apr. 7, '28. (544.)
Anonymous. Time and Tide. Mar. 30, '28. (9:306.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 8, '28. (27: 168.)
By Edmund Blunden. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 10, '28. (42:852.)
By Thomas Burke. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. June 4, '27. (8:178.)
By Cyril Connolly. New Statesman. Mar. 3, '28. (30:661.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Apr. 22, '28. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Mar. 24, '28. (145:364.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Mar. 10, '28. (61:310.)

Duke, Winifred.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Sept. 9, '27. (13.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Aug. 20, '27. (144:256.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). July 2, '27. (60:20.)
By D. R. Irish Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (8:526.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Aug. 20, '27. (117:295.)

Dyboski, R.
Henryk Sienkiewicz. Slavonic Review. Mar., '28. (6:711.)

E., B. I.
Henry James. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 26, '28. (5.)

Edwards, Dorothy.
Anonymous. English Review. Oct., '27. (45:489.)
By M. S. P. Dublin Magazine. Oct.–Dec., '27. (72.)

ELIOT, T. S.
Robert Louis Stevenson. Nation and Athenæum. Dec. 31, '27. (42:516.)
ELLIS, S. M.
Thomas Hardy. Sunday Times. Feb. 5, '28. (10.) Fortnightly Review. Mar., '28. (123:393.)
ENGLISH, HENRY.
Joseph Conrad, Daily News. Oct. 27, '27. (4.)
English Short Story. *See* British Short Story.
ERSKINE, BEATRICE.
Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Spectator. Feb. 4, '28. (149.)
ERVINE, ST. JOHN.
Clemence Dane. Nash's Magazine. Oct., '27. (28.)
Sheila Kaye-Smith. Nash's Magazine. Mar., '28. (40.)
Hugh Walpole. Nash's Magazine. Jan., '28. (44.)
Ervine, St. John.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Apr. 24, '28. (17.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. May 11, '28. (4.)
Anonymous. Spectator. May 5, '28. (691.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 26, '28. (27:65.) May 3, '28. (27:332.)
By Anne Doubleday. Time and Tide. May 18, '28. (9:489.)
By Hugh I-A. Fausset. Manchester Guardian. May 18, '28.
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Apr. 23, '28. (4.) Observer. May 6, '28. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). May 5, '28. (145:568.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). May 5, '28. (61:562.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. May 5, '28. (113:220.)
By Amber Reeves. Queen. May 23, '28. (6.)
F., J. H.
Rudyard Kipling. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 10, '28. (5.)
Fairbank, Janet A.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Jan. 3, '28. (13.)
FARJEON, ELEANOR.
Hans Christian Andersen. Time and Tide. June 10, '27. (8:551.)
Walter de la Mare. Time and Tide. Dec. 2, '27. (8:1088.)
FAUSSET, HUGH I-A.
Martin Armstrong. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 7, '27. (9.)
St. John Ervine. Manchester Guardian. May 18, '28.
Robert Louis Stevenson. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 22, '27. (3.) Bookman (London). Jan., '28. (73:227.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. New Adelphi. Dec., '27. (1:180.)

Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Manchester Guardian. July 8, '27. (9.)
Alec Waugh. Manchester Guardian. May 11, '28. (7.)

Ferber, Edna.
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. July 1, '27. (9.)
Anonymous. Spectator. June 25, '27. (1133.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 9, '27. (26:406.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). June 25, '27. (143:984.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). June 18, '27. (59:812.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation and Athenæum. July 2, '27. (41:450.)
By D. R. Irish Statesman. June 18, '27. (8:360.)
By Naomi Royde-Smith. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29:540.)
By Max Temple. Queen. June 1, '27. (6.)
By M. H. W. Time and Tide. Aug. 5, '27. (8:726.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. June 11, '27. (116:457.)

Feuchtwanger, Leon.
British Short Story. T. P.'s Weekly. Dec. 17, '27. (9:288.)

Ffrangcon-Davies, Gwen.
Thomas Hardy. Daily News. Jan. 14, '28. (4.)

Field, Eugene.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29:544.)

Fisher, Fred B.
Thomas Hardy. Sunday Times. Jan. 22, '28. (13.)

Flaubert, Gustave.
By Richard Aldington. London Mercury. Oct., '27. (16:658.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 18, '27. (26:558.) May 24, '28. (27:393.)
By T. Sturge Moore. Monthly Criterion. Dec., '27. (6:554.)

Flower, Newman.
Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Sunday Times. Feb. 5, '28. (7.)
Thomas Hardy. Sunday Times. Jan. 15, '28. 12.)

Forster, E. M.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). May, '28. (74:138.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 5, '28. (27:256.)
By Arnold Bennett. Evening Standard. Apr. 12, '28. (5.)
By Cyril Connolly. New Statesman. Mar. 31, '28. (30:796.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Apr. 1, '28. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 28, '28. (145:530.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Apr. 7, '28. (61:439.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Daily News. Mar. 27, '28. (4.)

By C. M. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 20, '28. (7.)
By S. P. B. Mais. Daily Telegraph. Apr. 17, '28. (15.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation and Athenæum. May 12, '28. (43: 184.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Apr. 14, '28. (113:72.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. July, '27. (16:265.) May, '28. (18:96.)
By Clara Smith. Time and Tide. Apr. 20, '28. (9:384.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Apr. 7, '28. (543.)

France, Anatole.

Anonymous. Daily News. Feb. 8, '28. (4.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Feb. 24, '28. (6.)
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 5, '27. (7.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Sept. 23, '27. (4.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Sept. 3, '27. (29:653.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London.) July 9, '27. (144: 58.) Aug. 27, '27. (144:283.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Mar. 24, '28. (465.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Feb. 26, '28. (10.)
By C. P. Curran. Irish Statesman. Sept. 3, '27. (8:616.)
By Oliver Heseltine. Daily News. June 7, '27. (4.)
By Sisley Huddleston. John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 25, '28. (18:709.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 2, '27. (5.)
By S. N. Queen. June 22, '27. (14.)
By Con O'Leary. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Sept. 3, '27. (8: 577.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Sept. 17, '27. (110:458.)
By G. J. Renier. Queen. Feb. 8, '28. (25.)
By E. S. Roscoe. Cornhill Magazine. Sept., '27. (63:319.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Feb. 22, '28. (18.)
By Arthur Waugh. Daily Telegraph. Sept. 6, '27. (6.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Oct. 1, '27. (118:30.)

Frank Bruno.

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 5, '28. (27: 253.)
By G. I.-C. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 16, '28. (7.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Apr., '28. (17:706.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Obesrver. May 13, '28. (9.)

Freeman, John.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham. London Mercury. Jan., '28. (17: 326.)
Thomas Hardy. London Mercury. Mar., '28. (17:532.)

Edgar Allan Poe. London Mercury. June, '27. (16:162.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Bookman (London). Dec., '27. (73: 200.)
H. M. Tomlinson. London Mercury. Aug., '27. (16:400.)
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 29, '28. (27: 239.)
Gadda, Piero.
Anonymous Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 11, '27. (26: 547.)
Gale, Zona.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 12, '28. (27: 29.)
By E. M. Delafield. Time and Tide. Dec. 16, '27. (8:1139.)
Galsworthy, John.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 12, '28. (27: 24.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 11, '28. 145:170)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). Jan. 14, '28. (61:58.)
By Hermon Ould. Bookman (London). Feb., '28. (73:278.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Jan. 7, '28. (112:22.)
By Hugh Ross. New Age (London). Aug. 25, '27. (41:198.)
By A. S. W. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 15, '27. (5.)
GARDINER, A. G.
Thomas Hardy. Daily News. Jan. 12, '28. (6.)
GARNETT, EDWARD.
Anton Chekhov. Manchester Guardian. June 21, '27. (9.)
Joseph Conrad. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 7, '27. (7.) Nation and Athenæum. Nov. 19, '27. (42:280.)
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 2, '28. (5.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 13, '27. (9.) Dec. 15, '27. (5.)
Garnett, Richard.
By "Stet." Saturday Review (London.) May 26, '28. (145:664.)
GARSTANG, A. H.
Thomas Hardy. Fortnightly Review. Feb., '28. (123:205.)
GARVIN, J. L.
Thomas Hardy. Observer. Jan. 15. '28. (12.)
Gautier, Théophile.
By J. K. Alcofribas. G. K.'s Weekly. Oct. 1, '27. (6:646.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. July 30, '27. (29:514.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 8, '27. (26: 925.)

By Lewis Bettany. Bookman (London). Aug., '27. (72:272.)
By W. L. Courtney. Daily Telegraph. June 14, '27. (15.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. June 8, '27. (6.)
George, W. L.
Anonymous. Spectator. Oct. 22, '27. (681.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Sept. 25, '27. (9.)
By Thomas Moult. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 30, '27. (9.)
By C. A. Nicholson. Bookman (London). Feb., '28. (73:282.)
GERHARDI, WILLIAM.
Anton Chekhov. Vogue (London). Apr. 18, '28. (53.)
Garhardi, William.
Anonymous. Morning Post. July 8, '27. (5.)
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. July 30, '27. (41:586.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. July 7, '27. (26:470.)
By H. B. Manchester Guardian. July 8, '27. (9.)
By Vera Brittain. Time and Tide. July 29, '27. (8:708.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. July 31, '27. (5.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). July 9, '27. (144:59.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Daily News. July 26, '27. (4.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). July 16, '27. (60:96.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. July 20, '27. (8.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. July 9, '27. (110:73.)
By M. Robinson. New Adelphi. Sept., '27. (1:82.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Sept., '27. (16:540.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. July. 9, '27. (63.)
By C. Henry Warren. Bookman (London). Nov., '27. (73:136.)
Ghost Stories.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Oct., '27. (73:62.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). Jan. 7, '28. (61:19.)
By Nesta Ryall. T. P.'s Weekly. Dec. 31, '27. (9:352.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Dec. 24, '27. (1131.)
Gibbs, Sir Philip.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Aug. 12, '27. (4.)
By G. I.–C. Manchester Guardian. June 3, '27. (9.)
Gibson-Cowan, W. L.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 1, '28. (27:152.)
GISSING, ELLEN.
George Gissing. Nineteenth Century and After. Sept., '27. (102:417.)
Gissing, George.
Anonymous. Morning Post. July 12, '27. (15.)

Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. July. 23, '27. (41:552.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Aug. 7, '27. (5.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. July 14, '27. (26: 486.)
By Vera Brittain. Time and Tide. July 29, '27. (8:708.)
By Ellen Gissing. Nineteenth Century and After. Sept., '27. (102:417.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. July 18, '27. (4.) Observer. July 17, '27. (8.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). July 23, '27. (60:129.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. July 20, '27. (8.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. July 16, '27. (110:106.)
By Naomi Royde-Smith. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29:540.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. July. 9, '27. (63.)

Glaspell, Susan.
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 4, '27. (9.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 1, '27. (26:912.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Jan. 29, '28. (8.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). Nov. 5, '27. (60:622.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Nov. 5, '27. (782.)

Glass, Montague.
By Naomi Royde-Smith. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29:540.)
By Mary Webb. Bookman (London). July, '27. (72:229.)

Glyn, Elinor.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Oct. 1, '27. (41:842.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Oct. 22, '27. (681.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 29, '27. (26: 668.)
By Cyril Connolly. New Statesman. Oct. 8, '27. (29:815.)
By Hamish Miles, Outlook (London). Sept. 24, '27. (60:409.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Oct. 1, '27. (118:30.)

Gobineau, Arthur, Comte de.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 8, '27. (26: 936.)

Good, J. W.
R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Daily News. Nov. 30, '27. (4.)

Gordon, W. R.
Thomas Hardy. Daily News. Feb. 2, '28. (4.)
Katherine Mansfield. Daily News. Aug. 18, '27. (4.)

Gorky, Maxim.
By Henry Baerlein. Bookman (London). June, '27. (72:190.)

Gosse, Sir Edmund.
Joseph Conrad. Sunday Times. Oct. 30, '27. (8.)
Thomas Hardy. Sunday Times. Jan. 15, '28. (12.) Jan. 22, '28. (8.)

GOULD, GERALD.

Clifford Bax. Observer. Oct. 9, '27. (8.)
Barry Benefield. Observer. Mar. 25, '28. (8.)
Arnold Bennett. Daily News. June 20, '27. (4.)
Observer. June 19, '27. (8.)
E. F. Benson. Observer. Apr. 1, '28. (8.)
George Bickerstaff. Observer. July 10, '27. (6.)
British Short Story. Daily News. July 18, '27. (4.) Observer. July 10, '27. (6.) Jan. 22, '28. (8.)
Thomas Burke. Observer. Feb. 12, '28. (6.) Daily News. Feb. 13, '28. (4.)
Willa Cather. Observer. May 13, '28. (8.)
Anton Chekhov. Observer. Jan. 8, '28. (7.)
G. K. Chesterton. Observer. Sept. 25, '27. (8.)
A. E. Coppard. Observer. Apr. 15, '28. (8.)
Clemence Dane. Observer. Feb. 5, '28. (8.) Daily News. Feb. 6, '28. (4.)
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Observer. June 19, '27. (8.)
Theodore Dreiser. Observer. Apr. 22, '28. (8.)
St. John Ervine. Daily News. Apr. 23, '28. (4.) Observer. May 6, '28. (8.)
E. M. Forster. Observer. Apr. 1, '28. (8.)
William Gerhardi. Observer. July 31, '27. (5.)
George Gissing. Daily News. July 18, '27. (4). Observer. July 17, '27. (8.)
Susan Glaspell. Observer. Jan. 29, '28. (8.)
Thomas Hardy. Observer. Apr. 22, '28. (8.)
Ernest Hemingway. Observer. Apr. 29, '28. (8.)
Vannette Herron. Observer. Aug. 14, '27. (6.)
Robert Hichens. Observer. May 27, '28. (6.)
Fannie Hurst. Observer. Dec. 4, '27. (7.)
Vere Hutchinson. Observer. May 27, '28. (6.) Daily News. May 28, '28. (4.)
L. P. Jacks. Observer. July 17, '27. (8.)
F. Tennyson Jesse. Observer. Feb. 12, '28. (6.) Daily News. Feb. 27, '28. (4.)
Margaret Kennedy. Observer. Apr. 22, '28. (8.)
Edouard von Keyserling. Daily News. Oct. 3, '27. (4.)
Vernon Knowles. Observer. Dec. 18, '27. (5.) Daily News. Dec. 27, '27. (4.)
"Vernon Lee." Observer. Dec. 18, '27. (5.) Daily News. Dec. 19, '27. (4.)
Wyndham Lewis. Observer. Dec. 4, '27. (7.)
Denis Mackail. Observer. May 20, '28. (8.) Daily News. May 21, '28. (4.)

Archibald Marshall. Observer. Aug. 28, '27. (5.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Observer. Apr. 1, '28. (8.)
Elinor Mordaunt. Daily News. Nov. 28, '27. (4.)
Christopher Morley. Observer. Feb. 12, '28. (6.)
Robert Nichols. Observer. May 20, '28. (8.) Daily News. May 21, '28. (4.)
Hesketh Pearson. Observer. Apr. 8, '28. (5.)
Isaac Loeb Peretz. Observer. Jan. 29, '28. (8.)
W. Pett Ridge. Observer. July 31, '27. (5.)
Short Story. Observer. Dec. 18, '27. (5.)
E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. Observer. Mar. 11, '28. (8.)
James Stephens. Daily News. Mar. 19, '28. (4.) Observer. Mar. 18, '28. (8.)
G. B. Stern. Daily News. Dec. 5, '27. (4.)
Horace Annesley Vachell. Daily News. July 11, '27. (4.) Observer. July 24, '27. (7.)
Giovanni Verga. Observer. Mar. 11, '28. (8.) Daily News. Mar. 12, '28. (4.)
Alec Waugh. Daily News. Apr. 9, '28. (3.) Observer. Apr. 8, '28. (5.)
Catherine Wells. Observer. Apr. 22, '28. (7.)
H. G. Wells. Observer. Sept. 18, '27. (6.)
Franz Werfel. Observer. Dec. 18, '27. (5.)
Thyra Samter Winslow. Observer. July 3, '27. (8.)
Stefan Zweig. Daily News. Mar. 12, '28. (4.)

Graham, R. B. Cunninghame. *See* Cunninghame Graham, R. B.

GRAVES, ROBERT.

Thomas Hardy. Sphere. Jan. 28, '28. (112:129.)

GRIBBLE, FRANCIS.

Hans Christian Andersen. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Aug. 27, '27. (8:569.)
E. T. W. Hoffmann. English Review. Nov., '27. (45:556.)

GRIEVE, C. M.

Feodor Sologub. New Age. Dec. 29, '27. (42:102.)

Grimshaw, Beatrice.

By G. I.–C. Manchester Guardian. July 29, '27. (7.)

GWYNN, STEPHEN.

Thomas Hardy. Fortnightly Review. Mar., '28. (123:416.)
Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch. Spectator. May 19, '28. (772.)

H., B. H. L.

F. Britten Austin. Daily Telegraph. May 11, '28. (6.)

H., J. M.

Count Edouard von Keyserling. Irish Statesman. Nov. 5, '27. (9:210.)

H., M.
E. C. L. Adams. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 9, '27. (7.)
HAMILTON, MARY AGNES.
Vernon Bartlett. Time and Tide. Sept. 2, '27. (8:790.)
Thomas Burke. Time and Tide. Mar. 2, '28. (8:199.)
G. K. Chesterton. Time and Tide. Sept. 30, '27. (8:863.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Time and Tide. May 4, '28. (9:435.)
Franz Werfel. Time and Tide. Jan. 13, '28. (9:32.)
HARDY, THOMAS.
G. M.: A Reminiscence. Nineteenth Century and After. Feb., '28. (103:146.)
Letter to Edward Clodd. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 2, '28. (27:80.)
Letter to Rev. H. G. Cowley. Daily News. Jan. 14, 28. (8.), and also in other British newspapers of the same date.
Letter to the Humanitarian League, 1910. Spectator. Jan. 21, '28. (79.)
Letters on Folk Dancing. Morning Post. Jan. 27, '28. (10.)
Letters on Nietzsche. Outlook (London). Feb. 18, '28. (61:217.)
Hardy, Thomas.
By St. John Adcock. Bookman (London). Feb., '28. (73:263.)
By William F. Alexander. John o'London's Weekly. Mar. 17, '28 (18:841.)
Anonymous obituary notices. All British newspapers. Jan. 12–18, '28.
Anonymous. Blackwood's Magazine. Mar., '28. (223:429.)
Anonymous. Irish Statesman. Jan. 21, '28. (9:451.)
Anonymous. John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 25, '28. (18:704.)
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum, Jan. 21, '28. (42.593.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Mar. 3, '28. (30:670.)
Anonymous. Outlook (London). Jan. 21, '28. (61:74.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Jan. 14, '28. (145: 30.)
Anonymous. Sphere. Jan. 21, '28. (112:82.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Feb. 19, '28. (15.) Feb. 26, '28. (19.) Mar. 4, '28. (7.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 19, '28. (27:33.) Jan. 26, '28. (27:49.) Feb. 2, '28. (27:78.) Feb. 23, '28. (27:129.) Mar. 1, '28. (27:153.)
By H. B. New Statesman. Feb. 4, '28. (30:528.)
By Arnold Bennett. World Today. Feb., '28. (51:244.)
By Edmund Blunden. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 3, '28. (42: 816.)
By L. Bradley. T. P.'s Weekly. Feb. 11, '28. (9:564.)
By G. K. Chesterton. G. K.'s Weekly. Jan. 21, '28. (6:909.)

By Richard Church. Spectator. Jan. 21, '28. (71.)
By Edward Clodd. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 2, 28. (27:80.)
By Vere H. Collins. T. P.'s Weekly. Feb. 4, '28. (9:501.) Feb. 11, '28. (9:548.)
By "Colophon." John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 11, '28. (18: 645.)
By F. Hadland Davis. Outlook (London). Jan. 28, '28. (61: 118.)
By Sir George Douglas. Hibbert Journal. Apr., '28.
By S. M. Ellis. Sunday Times. Feb. 5, '28. (10.) Fortnightly Review. Mar., '28. (123:393.)
By Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies. Daily News. Jan. 14, '28. (4.)
By Fred B. Fisher. Sunday Times. Jan. 22, '28. (13.)
By Newman Flower. Sunday Times. Jan. 15, '28. (12.)
By John Freeman. London Mercury. Mar., '28. (17:532.)
By A. G. Gardiner. Daily News. Jan. 12, '28. (6.)
By A. H. Garstang. Fortnightly Review. Feb., '28. (123:205.)
By J. L. Garvin. Observer. Jan. 15, '28. (12.)
By W. R. Gordon. Daily News. Feb. 2, '28. (4.)
By Sir Edmund Gosse. Sunday Times. Jan. 15, '28. (12.) Jan. 22, '28. (8.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Apr. 22, '28. (8.)
By Robert Graves. Sphere. Jan. 28, '28. (112:129.)
By Stephen Gwynn. Fortnightly Review. Mar., '28. (123:416.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Apr. 14, '28. (61:478.)
By Frederick Heath. Bermondsey Book. Feb.–May. '28. (57.)
By Clive Holland. Bookman (London). Feb., '28. (73:267.)
By "John o'London." John o'London's Weekly. Jan. 21, '28. (18:549.)
By George King. Cornhill Magazine. Mar., '28. (64:278.)
By S. R. L. Morning Post. Jan. 13, '28. (8.)
By G. Langenfelt. New Statesman. Feb. 4, '28. (30:528.)
By Oscar Levy. Outlook (London). Feb. 18, '28. (61:217.)
By Robert Lynd. Daily News. Jan. 17, '28. (8.)
By Fergal McGrath. Studies. Mar., '28.
By Moray McLaren. London Mercury. Mar., '28. (17:595.)
By George A. Macmillan. Sunday Tmes. Jan. 29, '28. (14.)
By G. Currie Martin. Bookman (London). Apr., '28. (74:24.)
By H. C. Minchin. Morning Post. Jan. 28, '28. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 9, '28. (27:96.)
By J. H. Morgan. Sunday Times. Feb. 5, '28. (10.)
By J. Middleton Murry. New Adelphi. Mar., '28. (1:193, 194, 219.)

By Alfred Noyes. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 17, '28. (11.)
By T. P. O'Connor. Daily Telegraph. Jan. 13, '28. (8.) Sunday Times. Jan. 15, '28. (11.) Jan. 22, '28. (13.) T. P.'s Weekly. Jan. 28 '28. (9:471.)
By P. S. O'H. Irish Statesman. Feb. 18, '28. (9:538.)
By W. M. Parker. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 1, '28. (27:150.)
By "The Pilgrim." Daily News. Jan. 17, '28. (7.)
By Arthur Power. Irish Statesman. Feb. 25, '28. (9:559.)
By L. A. M. Priestley-McCracken. T. P.'s Weekly. Feb. 18, '28. (9:596.)
By Vernon Rendall. English Review. Feb., '28. (46:192.)
By V. Scholderer. New Statesman. Jan. 21, '28. (30:459.)
By Edward Shanks. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 21, '28. (145:495.)
By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. Bookman (London). Mar., '28. (73:319.)
By J. C. Squire. Observer. Jan. 15, '28. (14.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Apr. 7, '28. (543.)
By R. E. Toole-Stott. Humanist. July, '27. (4:337.)
By "Umbra." Outlook (London). Jan. 21, '28. (61:79.)
By Leonard Woolf. Nation and Athenæum. Jan. 21, '28. (42:597.)

HARTLEY, L. P.

American Short Story. Saturday Review (London). Jan. 21, '28. (145:72.)
Sherwood Anderson. Saturday Review (London). Nov. 19, '27. (144:709.)
Vernon Bartlett. Saturday Review (London). Sept. 10, '27. (144:341.)
L. Adams Beck. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 7, '28. (145:442.)
Arnold Bennett. Saturday Review (London). June 25, '27. (143:984.)
E. F. Benson. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 7, '28. (145:442.)
Marjorie Bowen. Saturday Review (London). July 30, '27. (144:170.)
British Short Story. Saturday Review (London). July 23, '27. (144:137.) Oct. 29, '27. (144:592.) Jan. 21, '28. 145:72.)
Gerald Bullett. Saturday Review (London.) May 19, '28. (145:637.)
Thomas Burke. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 18, '28. (145:199.)

Willa Cather. Saturday Review (London). May 5, '28. (145: 568.)
Clemence Dane. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 4, '28. (145: 138.)
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Saturday Review (London). July 16, '27. (144:100.)
Theodore Dreiser. Saturday Review (London). Mar. 24, '28. (145:364.)
Winifred Duke. Saturday Review (London). Aug. 20, '27. (144:256.)
St. John Ervine. Saturday Review (London). May 5, '28. (145:568.)
Edna Ferber. Saturday Review (London.) June 25, '27. (143: 984.)
E. M. Forster, Saturday Review (London). Apr. 28, '28. (145: 530.)
John Galsworthy. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 11, '28. (145:170.)
William Gerhardi. Saturday Review (London). July 9, '27. (144:59.)
Ernest Hemingway. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 28, '28. (145:530.)
Fannie Hurst. Saturday Review (London). Nov. 26, '27. (144: 742.)
Mary Hutchinson. Saturday Review (London). June 18, '27. (143:947.)
F. Tennyson Jesse. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 4, '28. (145:138.)
Aino Kallas. Saturday Review (London). June. 11, '27. (143: 914.)
Margaret Kennedy. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 14, '28. (145:471.)
Vernon Knowles. Saturday Review (London). Dec. 31, '27. (144:917.)
Wyndham Lewis. Saturday Review (London). Dec. 17, '27. (144:862.)
Archibald Marshall. Saturday Review (London). Oct. 15, '27. (144:517.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Saturday Review (London.) Apr. 14, '28. (145:471.)
Christopher Morley. Saturday Review (London). Oct. 29, '27. (144:592.)
Robert Nichols. Saturday Review (London). May 26, '28. (145:670.)

Hesketh Pearson. Saturday Review (London). May 19, '28. (145:637.)
William Plomer. Saturday Review (London). Oct. 22, '27. (144:554.)
T. F. Powys. Saturday Review (London). May 26, '28. (145: 670.)
James Stephens. Saturday Review (London). Mar. 17, '28. (145:328.)
Alec Waugh. Saturday Review (London). May 5, '28. (145: 568.)
Stefan Zweig. Saturday Review (London). Mar. 3, '28. (145: 262.)

HARWOOD, H. C.

Arnold Bennett, Outlook (London). June 18, '27. (59:812.)
E. F. Benson. Outlook (London). Mar. 24, '28. (61:383.)
Ernest Bramah. Outlook (London). Apr. 28, '28. (61:534.)
Gerald Bullett. Outlook (London). May 5, '28. (61:562.)
Thomas Burke. Outlook (London). Feb. 11, '28. (61:179.)
Willa Cather. Outlook (London). May 12, '28. (61:602.)
Clemence Dane. Outlook (London). Feb. 11, '28. (61:179.)
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Outlook (London). June 25, '27. (59:845.)
Theodore Dreiser. Outlook (London). Mar. 10, '28. (61:310.)
St. John Ervine. Outlook (London). May 5, '28. (61:562.)
Edna Ferber. Outlook (London). June 18, '28. (59:812.)
E. M. Forster. Outlook (London). Apr. 7, '28. (61:439.)
Thomas Hardy. Outlook (London). Apr. 14, '28. (61:478.)
F. Tennyson Jesse. Outlook (London). Feb. 11, '28. (61:179.)
Margaret Kennedy. Outlook (London). Apr. 14, '28. (61:478.)
D. H. Lawrence. Outlook (London.) May 26, '28. (61:658.)
Denis Mackail. Outlook (London). May 26, '28. (61:658.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Outlook (London). Apr. 7, '28. (61: 439.)
Robert Nichols. Outlook (London). May 19, '28. (61:630.)
T. F. Powys. Outlook (London). May 19, '28. (61:630.)
R. T. M. Scott. Outlook (London). Mar. 17, '28. (61:346.)
E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. Outlook (London). Feb. 25, '28. (61:238.)
Gertrude Stein. Outlook (London). June 4, '27. (59:715.)
James Stephens. Outlook (London). Mar. 10, '28. (61:310.)
H. R. Wakefield. Outlook (London). Mar. 3, '28. (61:267.)
Alec Waugh. Outlook (London). Apr. 14, '28. (61:478.)
Catherine Wells. Outlook (London). May 5, '28. (61:562.)
Stefan Zweig. Outlook (London). Mar. 31, '28. (61:411.)

Hawthorne, Nathaniel.
Anonymous. New Statesman. May 5, '28. (31:126.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Mar. 17, '28. (145: 325.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 3, '28. (27:321.)
By C. H. H. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 27, '28. (7.)
By Henry Murray. Sunday Times. Apr. 1, '28. (10.)
By T. Michael Pope. Daily Telegraph. Mar. 30, '28. (16.)
By V. S. Pritchett. Outlook (London). May 12, '28. (61:607.)
By Leonard Woolf. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 24, '28. (42: 939.)

HEATH, FREDERICK.
Anton Chekhov. Bermondsey Book. Feb.–May, '28. (98.)
Thomas Hardy. Bermondsey Book. Feb.–May, '28. (57.)
Katherine Mansfield. Bermondsey Book. Sept.–Nov., '27. (97.)

Hemingway, Ernest.
Anonymous. Morning Post. May 15, '28. (5.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. May 12, '28. (31:170.)
By Cyril Connolly. New Statesman. Nov. 26, '27. (30:208.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Apr. 29, '28. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 28, '28. (145:530.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 27, '28. (5.)
By D. R. Irish Statesman. May 12, '28. (10:193.)
By Amber Reeves. Queen. May 23, '28. (6.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Apr. 28, '28. (652.)

"Henry, O."
Anonymous. Observer. Mar. 25, '28. (7.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 15, '28. (27: 184.)
By J. B. Priestley. T. P.'s Weekly. May 19, '28. (10:125.)
By Hugh Walpole. Spectator. Apr. 21, '28. (605.)

HERFORD, C. H.
Nathaniel Hawthorne. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 27, '28. (7.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Manchester Guardian. June 30, '27. (9.)

Herron, Vennette.
Anonymous. Morning Post. June 10, '27. (12.)
Anonymous. Spectator. July 16, '27. (104.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. June 2, '27. (26: 389.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Aug. 14, '27. (6.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Daily News. July 7, '27. (4.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Aug. 20, '27. (117:295.)

HESELTINE, OLIVE.
Anatole France. Daily News. June 7, '27. (4.)
G. B. Stern. Time and Tide. Oct. 28, '27. (8:964.)
Hichens, Robert.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. May 18, '28. (16.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 17, '28. (27: 376.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily Telegraph. May 27, '28. (6.)
Hine, Muriel.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Oct. 21, '27. (5.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Oct. 1, '27. (515.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 20, '27. (26: 744.)
By C. A. Nicholson. Bookman (London). Feb., '28. (73:282.)
HODGE, DAVID.
J. J. Bell. Bookman (London). Nov., '27. (73:106.)
Hoffmann, Ernst Theodor Wilhelm.
Anonymous. John o'London's Weekly. Sept. 3, '27. (17:652.)
By Francis Gribble. English Review. Nov., '27. (45:556.)
HOLLAND, CLIVE.
Thomas Hardy. Bookman (London). Feb., '28. (73:267.)
HOLMS, J. F.
H. G. Wells. Calendar. July, '27. (4:142.)
HOLTBY, WINIFRED.
Algernon Blackwood. Time and Tide. Jan. 20, '28. (9:57.)
Mary Hutchinson. Time and Tide. July 1, '27. (8:618.)
Housman, Laurence.
By J. A. T. Lloyd. Fortnightly Review. Sept., '27. (122:430.)
Hubbard, Wilfranc.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Dec., '27. (73:205.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Dec. 10, '27. (1064.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 13, '27. (26: 711.)
By H. P. Collins. Outlook (London). Oct. 29, '27. (60:588.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Observer. Nov. 6, '27. (8.)
HUDDLESTON, SISLEY.
Anatole France. John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 25, '28. (18:709.)
Hurst, Fannie.
Anonymous. Daily News. Dec. 6, '27. (4.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Nov. 15, '27. (6.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 12, '28. (27:26.)
By E. M. Delafield. Time and Tide. Dec. 16, '27. (8:1139.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 4, '27. (7.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Nov. 26, '27. (144:742.)

By D. R. Irish Statesman. Dec. 3, '27. (9:306.)
By M. Robinson. New Adelphi. Mar., '28. (1:266.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Nov. 12, '27. (848.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Nov. 30, '27. (6.)

Hutchinson, Mary.
Anonymous. Morning Post. July 1, '27. (16.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. July 2, '27. (29:384.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. July 7, '27. (26: 469.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). June 18, '27. (143:947.)
By Winifred Holtby. Time and Tide. July 1, '27. (8:618.)
By Raymond Mortimer. Nation and Athenæum. June 25, '27. (41:417.)

Hutchinson, Vere.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 24, '28. (27: 394.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. May 27, '28. (6.) Daily News. May 28, '28. (4.)
By Max Temple. Queen. May 30, '28. (6.)

I.–C., G.
Barry Benefield. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 13, '28. (7.)
Bruno Frank. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 16, '28. (7.)
Sir Philip Gibbs. Manchester Guardian. June 3, '27. (9.)
Beatrice Grimshaw. Manchester Guardian. July 29, '27. (7.)

Ibáñez, Vicente Blasco. *See* Blasco Ibáñez, Vicente.

Jacks, L. P.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. July 9, '27. (41:488.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. July 17, '27. (8.)

James, Henry.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Apr., '28. (74:67.)
Anonymous. Outlook (London). Apr. 28, '28. (61:538.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Mar. 3, '28. (145: 263.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 29, '28. (27: 239.)
By E. F. Benson. Spectator. Feb. 25, '28. (268.)
By F. G. Bettany. Sunday Times. Mar. 11, '28. (10.)
By B. I. E. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 26, '28. (5.)
By Desmond MacCarthy. New Statesman. Aug. 13, '27. (29: 571.)
By H. McK. Time and Tide. May 4, '28. (9:437.)
By L. R. Irish Statesman. Apr. 21, '28. (10:134.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Observer. Apr. 1, '28. (7.)

By Leonard Woolf. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 3, '28. (42: 815.)

JERROLD, WALTER.

Hans Christian Andersen. T. P.'s Weekly. Dec. 10, '27. (9: 260.)

Jesse, F. Tennyson.

Anonymous. Bookman (London). Mar., '28. (73:338.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Feb. 7, '28. (7.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Feb. 14, '28. (4.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 16, '28. (27: 110.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Feb. 12, '28. (6.) Daily News. Feb. 27, '28. (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Feb. 4, '28. (145:138.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Feb. 11, '28. (61:179.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 10, '28. (5.)
By Dilys Powell. Sunday Times. Feb. 5, '28. (9.)
By D. R. Irish Statesman. Feb. 11, '28. (9:523.)
By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Woman's Journal. Mar., '28. (62.)
By Clara Smith. Time and Tide. Feb. 17, '28. (9:153.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Feb. 15, '28. (8.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Feb. 18, '28. (119:273.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Vogue (London). Mar. 7, '28. (55.)

"JOHN O'LONDON."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. John o'London's Weekly. July 16, '27. (17:455.)
Thomas Hardy. John o'London's Weekly. Jan. 21, '28. (18: 549.)

Joyce, James.

By R. E. Toole-Stott. Humanist. June, '27. (4:274.)

K., G. W.

Willa Cather. New Statesman. May 19, '28. (31:195.)

KALLAS, AINO.

Friedebert Tuglas. Slavonic Review. June, '27. (6:28.)

Kallas, Aino.

Anonymous. Bookman (London). Dec., '27. (73:202.)
Anonymous. G. K.'s Weekly. Sept. 3, '27. (5:588.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). June 11, '27. (143:914.)
By Prince D. S. Mirsky. Slavonic Review. Dec., '27. (6:475.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. June 15, '27. (24.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation and Athenæum. June 18, '27. (41: 373.)

By Alan Porter. Spectator. June 4, '27. (994.)
By M. M. R. Time and Tide. June 17, '27. (8:574.)
By Naomi Royde-Smith. New Statesman. June 18, '27. (29: 313.)
By B. S. Manchester Guardian. June 3, '27. (9.)

Kapek-Chod, K. M.
By Paul Selver. John o'London's Weekly. Jan. 14, '28. (18: 518.)

Kay, L. A.
Edgar Wallace. John o'London's Weekly. Aug. 27, '27. (17: 630.)

Kaye-Smith, Sheila.
Willa Cather. Daily Telegraph. May 11, '28. (6.)

Kaye-Smith, Sheila.
By St. John Ervine. Nash's Magazine. Mar., '28. (40.)

Kennedy, Margaret.
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 28, '27. (9.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Apr. 14, '28. (578.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 1, '27. (26:913.)
By Cyril Connolly. New Statesman. Nov. 12, '27. (30:143.) Mar. 31, '28. (30:796.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Apr. 22, '28. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 14, '28. (145:471.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Apr. 14, '28. (61: 478.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). Nov. 5, '27. (60:622.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Nov. 5, '27. (782.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Oct. 29, '27. (118:218.)

Kernahan, Mrs. Coulson.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 24, '28. (27: 397.)

Keyserling, Count Edouard von.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Oct. 4, '27. (15.)
Anonymous. Observer. Jan. 15, '28. (5.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Oct. 1, '27. (512.)
By Cyril Connolly. New Statesman. Oct. 15, '27. (30:17.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Oct. 3, '27. (4.)
By J. M. H. Irish Statesman. Nov. 5, '27. (9:210.)

King, Basil.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 17, '28. (27: 381.)

King, George.
Thomas Hardy. Cornhill Magazine. Mar., '28. (64:278.)

Kipling, Rudyard.
Anonymous. John o'London's Weekly. Apr. 7, '28. (18:915.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Mar. 24, '28. (30:768.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 21, '28. (145: 499).
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 29, '28. (27: 238).
By Bonamy Dobrée. Monthly Criterion. Dec., '27. (6:499.)
By J. H. F. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 10, '28. (5.)
By Robert Lynd. Daily News. Mar. 23, '28. (4.) Observer. Mar. 25, '28. (9.)
By Sir George Macmunn. Blackwood's Magazine. Aug., '27. (222:145.)
By S. P. B. Mais. Daily Telegraph. Mar. 23, '28. (8.)
By Charles Petrie. Outlook (London). Mar. 31, '28. (61:405.)
By Ernest Raymond. Sunday Times. Mar. 25, '28. (9.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Empire Review. Mar., '28. (47:184.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Apr. 18, '28. (22.)
Knowles, Vernon.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Jan. 21, '28. (30:474.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 19, '28. (27: 45.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 18, '27. (5.) Daily News. Dec. 27, '27. (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Dec. 31, '27. (144:917.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). Dec. 17, '27. (60:817.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Dec. 21, '27. (10.)
Korolenko, V.
Anton Chekhov. T. P.'s Weekly. May 5, '28. (10:601.)
Krzyzanowski, J.
Alexander Pushkin. Slavonic Review. Mar., '28. (6:635.)
Kuprin, Alexander.
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 16, '27. (7.)
L., R. B.
Nicholas Olde. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 24, '28. (5.)
L., S. R.
Thomas Hardy. Morning Post. Jan. 13, '28. (8.)
Lacretelle, Jacques de.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 15, '28. (27: 188.)
Lagerlöf, Selma.
By L. Aas. Bookman (London). Oct., '27. (73:17.)

Langenfelt, G.
Thomas Hardy. New Statesman. Feb. 4, '28. (30:528.)
"Languish, Lydia."
Clemence Dane. John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 18, '28. (18: 678.)
W. Somerset Maugham. John o'London's Weekly. Apr. 28, '28. (19:72.)
Larg, D. G.
Guy de Maupassant. Modern Language Review. July, '27. (22:343.)
Law, H. A.
Jean Rhys. Irish Statesman. Oct. 22, '27. (9:162.)
Lawrence, D. H.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 24, '28. (27: 392.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London.) May 26, '28. (61:658.)
By Wyndham Lewis. Enemy. No. 2.
By M. Robinson. New Adelphi. Sept., '27. (1:85.)
"Lee, Vernon."
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Dec. 6, '27. (16.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Jan. 6, '28. (4.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 15, '27. (26:956.)
By Cyril Connolly. New Statesman. Nov. 26, '27. (30:208.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 18, '27. (5.) Daily News. Dec. 19, '27. (4.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). Dec. 10, '27. (60:788.)
By Thomas Moult. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 23, '27. (3.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation and Athenæum. Dec. 24, '27. (42: 488.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Dec. 24, '27. (111:573.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Dec. 10, '27. (1063.)
Lemaître, Jules.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Oct. 8, '27. (42:34.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Sept. 3, '27. (359.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Aug. 28, '27. (7.)
By J. A. T. Lloyd. Fortnightly Review. Feb., '28. (123:284.)
Levstik, Fran.
By Josip Vidmar. Slavonic Review. Mar., '28. (6:618.)
Levy, Oscar.
Thomas Hardy. Outlook (London). Feb. 18, '28. (61:217.)
Lewis, Wyndham.
Sherwood Anderson. Enemy No. 2.
D. H. Lawrence. Enemy No. 2.
Lewis, Wyndham.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Mar., '28. (73:336.)

Anonymous. English Review. Feb., '28. (46:242.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Dec. 30, '27. (4.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 8, '27. (26:930.)
By Vera Brittain. Time and Tide. Dec. 23, '27. (8:1159.)
By Cyril Connolly. New Statesman. Dec. 24, '27. (30:358.)
By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 9, '27. (9.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 4, '27. (7.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Dec. 17, '27. (144:862.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). Dec. 17, '27. (60:817.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation and Athenæum. Dec. 24, '27. (42: 488.)
By M. Robinson. New Adelphi. Mar., '28. (1:266.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Dec. 3, '27. (1016.)
By Amabel Williams-Ellis. Vogue. (London). Jan. 11, '28. (39.)

Linati, Carlo.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 11, '27. (26: 547.)
By Mario Praz. London Mercury. Jan., '28. (17:312.)

Livesay, Florence Randal.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Jan. 6, '28. (13.)
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Dec. 10, '27. (42:434.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 17, '27. (26: 841.)
By A. de S. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 18, '27. (9.)

Lloyd, J. A. T.
R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Fortnightly Review. Feb., '28. (123:285.)
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Daily Telegraph. Mar. 30, '28. (16.)
Laurence Housman. Fortnightly Review. Sept., '27. (122:430.)
Jules Lemaître. Fortnightly Review. Feb., '28. (123:284.)
Isaac Loeb Peretz. Fortnightly Review. Feb., '28. (123:285.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Fortnightly Review. Feb., '28. (123: 286.)
Arthur Schnitzler. Fortnightly Review. Sept., '27. (122:431.)
G. B. Stern. Fortnightly Review. Feb., '28. (123:285.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Fortnightly Review. Sept., '27. (122: 429.)

Locke, W. J.
By S. F. A. Coles. T. P.'s Weekly. Mar. 3, '28. (9:640.)

Lockett, John.
Ernest Dowson. T. P.'s Weekly. Feb. 25, '28. (9:625.)

Ludwig, Emil.
Honoré de Balzac. T. P.'s Weekly. Jan. 14, '28. (9:418.) Jan.

21, '28. (9:460.) Jan. 28, '28. (9:480.) Feb. 4, '28. (9: 524.)

LYND, ROBERT.

Thomas Hardy. Daily News. Jan. 17, '28. (8.)
Rudyard Kipling. Daily News. Mar. 23, '28. (4.) Observer. Mar. 25, '28. (9.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Bookman (London). Sept., '27. (72:297.)

LYND, SYLVIA.

Sherwood Anderson. Queen. Nov. 9, '27. (20.)
Clifford Bax. Time and Tide. Oct. 14, '27. (8:912.)
E. M. Forster. Daily News. Mar. 27, '28. (4.)
William Gerhardi. Daily News. July 26, '27. (4.)
Katherine Mansfield. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Sept. 3, '27. (8:580.) Time and Tide. Aug. 19, '27. (8:756.)
Catherine Wells. Daily News. Apr. 24, '28. (4.)

LYSTER, M.

A. E. Coppard. Irish Statesman. July 2, '27. (8:399.)

M.

Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Irish Statesman. Oct. 8, '27. (9:108.)

M., A.

Clifford Bax. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 7, '27. (9.)
Alexei Remizov. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 15, '27. (9.)

M., C.

Clemence Dane. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 10, '28. (5.)
E. M. Forster. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 20, '28. (7.)

M., J.

Tod Robbins. Irish Statesman. July 16, '27. (8:456.)

M., M.

T. F. Powys. Daily Telegraph. May 25, '28. (6.)

MACAULAY, ROSE.

Ernest Bramah. Daily News. Sept. 20, '27. (4.)
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Daily News. June 16, '27. (4.)

MacC., E.

George Moore. Dublin Magazine. Oct.–Dec., '27. (68.)

MACCARTHY, DESMOND.

Fyodor Dostoevsky. New Statesman. Mar. 3, '28. (30:660.)
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. New Statesman. July 9, '27. (29: 408.) Oct. 22, '27. (30:47.)
Gustave Flaubert. New Statesman. May 19, '28. (31:195.)
Henry James. New Statesman. Aug. 13, '27. (29:571.)
Robert Louis Stevenson. Empire Review. Jan., '28. (47:30.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. New Statesman. Aug. 27, '27. (29: 622.)
Ivan Turgenev. New Statesman. Aug. 27, '27. (29:622.)

McGrath, Fergal.
Thomas Hardy. Studies. Mar., '28.
McK., H.
Henry James. Time and Tide. May 4, '28. (9:437.)
Robert Louis Stevenson. Time and Tide. Jan. 20, '28. (9:58.)
Mackail, Denis.
Anonymous. Spectator. May 26, '28. (806.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 24, '28. (27: 394.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. May 20, '28. (8.) Daily News. May 21, '28. (4.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). May 26, '28. (61:658.)
McLaren, Moray.
Thomas Hardy. London Mercury. Mar., '28. (17:595.)
Robert Louis Stevenson. London Mercury. Mar., '28. (17:595.)
McMahon, Ella.
Anonymous. Daily News. Mar. 7, '28. (4.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Mar. 27, '28. (17.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Mar. 30, '28. (5.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 22, '28. (27: 224.)
MacMillan, Alexander.
Letter to Thomas Hardy. Sunday Times. Jan. 29, '28. (14.)
MacMillan, George A.
Thomas Hardy. Sunday Times. Jan. 29, '28. (14.)
MacMunn, Sir George.
Rudyard Kipling. Blackwood's Magazine. Aug. '27. (222: 145.)
MacNichol, Kenneth.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Dec. 23, '27. (5.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Dec. 2, '27. (6.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 15, '27. (26: 955.)
McQuilland, Louis J.
G. K. Chesterton. Bookman (London). Oct., '27. (73:54.)
"Sapper." Bookman (London). July, '27. (72:237.)
Maginn, C. A.
William Maginn. Irish Statesman. Oct. 29, '27. (9:180.)
Maginn, William.
By C. A. Maginn. Irish Statesman. Oct. 29, '27. (9:180.)
Mais, S. P. B.
E. M. Forster. Daily Telegraph. Apr. 17, '28. (15.)
Rudyard Kipling. Daily Telegraph. Mar. 23, '28. (8.)
James Stephens. Daily Telegraph. Apr. 17, '28. (15.)

MANNING, CLARENCE A.
Ivan Turgenev. Slavonic Review. June, '27. (6:234.)
MANNING, FREDERIC.
Prosper Mérimée. Monthly Criterion. Nov., '27. (6:448.)
Mansfield, Katherine.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Aug. 19, '27. (4.)
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Sept. 10, '27. (41: 750.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 18, '27. (26: 559.)
By I. B. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 18, '27. (7.)
By Richard Church. Spectator. Aug. 20, '27. (288.)
By W. R. Gordon. Daily News. Aug. 18, '27. (4.)
By Frederick Heath. Bermondsey Book. Sept.–Nov., '27. (97.)
By Sylvia Lynd. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Sept. 3, '27. (8:580.) Time and Tide. Aug. 19, '27. (8:756.)
By H. C. Minchin. Sunday Times. Aug. 28, '27. (6.)
By Louise Morgan. Outlook (London). Aug. 27, '27. (60:282.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. Sept. 14, '27. (4.)
By Thomas Moult. Bookman (London). Oct., '27. (73:40.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Sept. 3, '27. (110:376.)
By Edward Shanks. Saturday Review (London). Aug. 20, '27. (144:251.) London Mercury. Jan., '28. (17:286.)
By H. M. Tomlinson. New Adelphi. Sept., '27. (1:94.)
By Arthur Waugh. Daily Telegraph. Aug. 23, '27. (6.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Observer. Aug. 28, '27. (4.)
Marshall, Archibald.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Oct., '27. (73:79.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Oct. 22, '27. (30:56.)
Anonymous. Time and Tide. Oct. 14, '27. (8:918.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Aug. 28, '27. (5.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Oct. 15, '27. (144:517.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Sept. 17, '27. (110:458.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Sept. 24, '27. (117:482.)
MARTIN, G. CURRIE.
Thomas Hardy. Bookman (London). Apr., '28. (74:24.)
MAUDE, AYLMER.
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Irish Statesman. Oct. 29, '27. (9:182.)
Maugham, W. Somerset.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). May, '28. (74:138.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Mar. 30, '28. (5.)
Anonymous. New Age. Apr. 19, '28. (42:302.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. May 5, '28. (31:134.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 12, '28. (27: 270.)

By Gerald Gould. Observer. Apr. 1, '28. (8.)
By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Time and Tide. May 4, '28. (9:435.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 14, '28. (145:471.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Apr. 7, '28. (61:439.)
By "Lydia Languish." John o'London's Weekly. Apr. 28, '28. (19:72.)
By Raymond Mortimer. Nation and Athenæum. Apr. 7, '28. (43:18.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Apr. 14, '28. (113:72.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. May, '28. (18:96.)
By Miriam A. Stagg. T. P.'s Weekly. Apr. 14, '28. (9:869.)
By Ralph Straus. Sunday Times. Apr. 1, '28. (9.)
By H. M. Walbrook. Daily Telegraph. Apr. 3, '28. (6.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Apr. 7, '28. (120:22.)

Maupassant, Guy de.
By Stephen Black. John o'London's Weekly. Sept. 3, '27. (17:644.)
By D. G. Larg. Modern Language Review. July, '27. (22:343.)
By Edward Shanks. Saturday Review (London). Jan. 21, '28. (145:68.)
By R. H. Sherard. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Sept. 17, '27. (8:639.)

Mégroz, R. L.
Joseph Conrad. Bookman (London). Jan., '28. (73:237.)

Mérimée, Prosper.
By Frederic Manning. Monthly Criterion. Nov., '27. (6:448.)

Mifsud, John.
Grazia Deledda. New Statesman. Feb. 25, '28. (30:623.)

Miles, Hamish.
British Short Story. Outlook (London). July 16, '27. (60:96.)
Clemence Dane. Outlook (London). Nov. 5, '27. (60:622.)
Winifred Duke. Outlook (London). July 2, '27. (60:20.)
John Galsworthy. Outlook. (London). Jan. 14, '28. (61:58.)
William Gerhardi. Outlook (London). July 16, '27. (60:96.)
Ghost Stories. Outlook (London). Jan. 7, '28. (61:19.)
George Gissing. Outlook (London). July 23, '27. (60:129.)
Susan Glaspell. Outlook (London). Nov. 5, '27. (60:622.)
Elinor Glyn. Outlook (London). Sept. 24, '27. (60:409.)
Margaret Kennedy. Outlook (London). Nov. 5, '27. (60:622.)
Vernon Knowles. Outlook (London). Dec. 17, '27. (60:817.)
"Vernon Lee." Outlook (London). Dec. 10, '27. (60:788.)
Wyndham Lewis. Outlook (London). Dec. 17, '27. (60:817.)

Christopher Morley. Outlook (London). Oct. 29, '27. (60: 581.)
William Plomer. Outlook (London). Oct. 8, '27. (60:489.)
Alexei Remizov. Outlook (London). Oct. 29, '27. (60:581.)
Short Story. Outlook (London). Nov. 26, '27. (60:703.)
H. G. Wells. Outlook (London). Sept. 10, '27. (60:350.)
Edward Lucas White. Outlook (London). Oct. 22, '27. (60: 550.)

Mills, Arthur.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 1, '28. (27: 153.)

Minchin, H. C.
Thomas Hardy. Morning Post. Jan. 28, '28. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 9, '28. (27:96.)
Katherine Mansfield. Sunday Times. Aug. 28, '27. (6.)

Mirsky, Prince D. S.
Anton Chekhov. New Criterion. Oct. '27. (6:292.)
Aino Kallas. Slavonic Review. Dec., '27. (6:475.)
Alexander Pushkin. Slavonic Review. June, '27. (6:238.)
Russian Short Story. London Mercury. July, '27. (16:275.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Observer. Oct. 23, '27. (7.)

Monkhouse, Allan N.
Sherwood Anderson. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 14, '27. (9.)
British Short Story. Manchester Guardian. July 1, '27. (9.)
Thomas Burke. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 10, '28. (5.)
Enid Dinnis. Manchester Guardian. July 29, '27. (7.)
Anatole France. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 2, '27. (5.)
Ernest Hemingway. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 27, '28. (5.)
F. Tennyson Jesse. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 10, '28. (5.)
Alexander Kuprin. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 16, '27. (7.)
James Stephens. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 16, '28. (7.)
G. B. Stern. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 14, '27. (9.)
Giovanni Verga. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 9, '28. (5.)
P. G. Wodehouse. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 7, '27. (9.)
Stefan Zweig. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 2, '28. (5.)

Montague, C. E.
Anonymous obituary notices. *See* All British newspapers. May 29, '28.
Anonymous. Time and Tide. June 10, '27. (8:548.)

Montesquieu, Charles-Louis de Secondat de.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Nov. 5, '27. (Suppl., xvi).
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 10, '27. (26: 805.)

Moore, George.
By John Austin. T. P.'s Weekly. Nov. 12, '27. (9:69.)

By E. MacC. Dublin Magazine. Oct.–Dec., '27. (68.)
By C. Henry Warren. Bookman (London). Aug., '27. (72: 276.)

Moore, T. Sturge.
Gustave Flaubert. Monthly Criterion. Dec., '27. (6:554.)

Mordaunt, Elinor.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Dec. 2, '27. (17.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 12, '28. (27: 29.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Nov. 28, '27. (4.)

Morgan, J. H.
Thomas Hardy. Sunday Times. Feb. 5, '28. (10.)

Morgan, Louise.
Katherine Mansfield. Outlook (London). Aug. 27, '27. (60: 282.)

Morley, Christopher.
Anonymous. Daily News. Feb. 20, '28. (4.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Oct. 25, '27. (15.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Mar. 10, '28. (145: 293.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct., 20, 27. (26: 736.) Feb. 2, '28. (27:78.)
By Vera Brittain. Time and Tide. Oct. 21, '27. (8:941.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Feb. 12, '28. (6.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Oct. 29, '27. (144:592.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). Oct. 29, '27. (60:581.)
By Thomas Moult. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 11, '27. (7.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation and Athenæum. Oct. 22, '27. (42: 120.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Oct. 29, '27. (111:217.)
By D. R. Irish Statesman. Feb. 11, '28. (9:523.)
By F. S. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 3, '28. (5.)
By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Woman's Journal. Mar., '28. (62.)
By Clara Smith. Time and Tide. Feb. 17, '28. (9:153.)
By Ralph Straus. Sunday Times. Oct. 23, '27. (10.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Oct. 15, '27. (617.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Oct. 12, '27. (4.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Nov. 12, '27. (118:288.) Feb. 11, '28. (119:232.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Observer. Nov. 6, '27. (8.)

Morrow, H. L.
Hans Christian Andersen. Daily News. Dec. 15, '27. (4.)
Arnold Bennett. Queen. June 29, '27. (16.)
E. F. Benson. Queen. Apr. 11, '28. (29.)

Anton Chekhov. Queen. June 15, '27. (24.)
Théophile Gautier. Queen. June 8, '27. (6.)
William Gerhardi. Queen. July 20, '27. (8.)
George Gissing. Queen. July 20, '27. (8.)
Aino Kallas. Queen. June 15, '27. (24.)
Katherine Mansfield. Queen. Sept. 14, '27. (4.)
Alexei Remizov. Queen. Nov. 16, '27. (7.)
James Stephens. Queen. Apr. 11, '28. (29.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Daily News. Sept. 8, '27. (4.) Queen. Oct. 19, '27. (4.)
Horace Annesley Vachell. Queen. July 20, '27. (8.)

MORTIMER, RAYMOND.

Anton Chekhov. Vogue (London). Early July, '27. (47.)
Mary Hutchinson. Nation and Athenæum. June 25, '27. (41: 417.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Nation and Athenæum. Apr. 7, '28. (43:18.)
Nicholas Olde. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 24, '28. (42:941.)

MOULT, THOMAS.

W. L. George. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 30, '27. (9.)
"Vernon Lee." Manchester Guardian. Dec. 23, '27. (3.)
Katherine Mansfield. Bookman (London). Oct., '27. (73:40.)
Christopher Morley. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 11, '27. (7.)
Eden Phillpotts. Bookman (London). Sept., '27. (72:291.)

MUIR, EDWIN.

Arnold Bennett. Nation and Athenæum. July 16, '27. (41: 519.)
Thomas Burke. Nation and Athenæum. Feb. 25, '28. (42:784.)
R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Nation and Athenæum. Nov. 19, '27. (42:284.)
Clemence Dane. Nation and Athenæum. Feb. 18, '28. (42:752.)
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 31, '28. (42: 972.)
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Nation and Athenæum. July 16, '27. (41:519.)
Edna Ferber. Nation and Athenæum. July 2, '27. (41:450.)
E. M. Forster. Nation and Athenæum. May 12, '28. (43:184.)
Aino Kallas. Nation and Athenæum. June 18, '27. (41:373.)
"Vernon Lee." Nation and Athenæum. Dec. 24, '27. (42:488.)
Wyndham Lewis. Nation and Athenæum. Dec. 24, '27. (42: 488.)
Christopher Morley. Nation and Athenæum. Oct. 22, '27. (42: 120.)
Alexei Remizov. Nation and Athenæum. Oct. 22, '27. (42: 120.)

Gertrude Stein. Nation and Athenæum. June 18, '27. (41: 373.)
Stefan Zweig. Nation and Athenæum. Feb. 25, '28. (42:784.)
MURRAY, HENRY.
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Sunday Times. Mar. 4, '28. (9.)
Nathaniel Hawthorne. Sunday Times. Apr. 1, '28. (10.)
MURRY, J. MIDDLETON.
Thomas Hardy. New Adelphi. Mar., '28. (1:193, 194, and 219.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Bookman (London). Sept., '27. (72:300.)
Mystery Stories.
Anonymous Daily Telegraph. Nov. 25, '27. 15.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Nov. 12, '27. (111:298b.)
N., S.
Anatole France. Queen. June 22, '27. (14.)
Newsom, J. D.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Feb., '28. (73:294.)
NICHOLS, ROBERT.
Stefan Zweig. Observer. Apr. 22, '28. (7.)
Nichols, Robert.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 3, '28. (27: 329.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. May 20, '28. (8.) Daily News. May 21, '28. (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) May 26, '28. (145:670.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). May 19, '28. (61: 630.
NICHOLSON, C. A.
British Short Story. Bookman (London). Feb., '28. (73:282).
W. L. George. Bookman (London). Feb., '28. (73:282.)
Muriel Hine. Bookman (London). Feb., '28. (73:282.)
Morley Roberts. Bookman (London). Feb., '28. (73:282.)
NOVÁK, ARNE.
K. M. Čapek-Chod. Slavonic Review. Dec., '27. (6:416.)
NOYES, ALFRED.
Thomas Hardy. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 17, '28. (11.)
Barry Pain. Bookman (London). Dec., '27. (73:166.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Bookman (London). June, '27. (72:157.) Sept., '27. (72:300.) Oct., '27. (73:30.)
O., Y.
Clifford Bax. Irish Statesman. Oct. 15, '27. (9:140.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Irish Statesman. Oct. 1, '27. (9:85.)
O'CONNOR, T. P.
Sherwood Anderson. T. P.'s Weekly. Jan. 28, '28. (9:484.)

Vernon Bartlett. T. P.'s Weekly. Sept. 24, '27. (8:682.)
Thomas Hardy. Daily Telegraph. Jan. 13, '28. (8.) Sunday Times. Jan. 15, '28. (11.) Jan. 22, '28. (13.) T. P.'s Weekly. Jan. 28, '28. (9:471.)

O'Flaherty, Liam.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 12, '28. (27:26.)

O'H., P. S.
Martin Armstrong. Irish Statesman. June 18, '27. (8:361.)
Thomas Hardy. Irish Statesman. Feb. 18, '28. (9:538.)
Alexei Remizov. Irish Statesman. Apr. 21, '28. (10:135.)
Ruth Suckow. Irish Statesman. June 11, '27. (8:336.)

Olde, Nicholas.
Anonymous. Daily News. Mar. 7, '28. (4.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 15, '28. (27:190.)
By R. B. L. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 24, '28. (5.)
By Raymond Mortimer. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 24, '28. (42:941.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Mar. 17, '28. (112:416.)

O'Leary, Con.
Joseph Conrad. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Aug. 13, '27. (8:493.)
Anatole France. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Sept. 3, '27. (8:577.)

Oppenheim, E. Phillips.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 26, '28. (27:316.)

Orr, G. M. Isherwood.
Hans Christian Andersen. T. P.'s Weekly. Dec. 24, '27. (9:335.)

Osborn, E. B.
E. F. Benson. Morning Post. Apr. 3, '28. (5.)
G. K. Chesterton. Morning Post. Oct. 11, '27. (14.)
R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Morning Post. Nov. 4, '27. (12.)
G. B. Stern. Morning Post. Oct. 11, '27. (14.)

Ould, Hermon.
John Galsworthy. Bookman (London). Feb., '28. (73:278.)

P., M. S.
Dorothy Edwards. Dublin Magazine. Oct.–Dec., '27. (72.)

Pain, Barry.
By Alfred Noyes. Bookman (London). Dec., '27. (73:166.)
By "Stet." Saturday Review (London). May 19, '28. (145:630.)

Palmer, Arnold.
Hans Christian Andersen. Sphere. Jan. 14, '28. (112:66.)

George Bickerstaff. Sphere. July 9, '27. (110:73.)
British Short Story. Sphere. July 9, '27. (110:73.)
Thomas Burke. Sphere. Mar. 3, '28. (112:344.)
Willa Cather. Sphere. May 26, '28. (113:412.)
Joseph Conrad. Sphere. Nov. 19, 27. (111:350.) May 19, '28. (113:350.)
Donald Corley. Sphere. Nov. 12, '27. (111:298b.)
Richmal Crompton. Sphere. Feb. 11, '28. (112:228.)
R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Sphere. Nov. 5, '27. (111:267.)
Clemence Dane. Sphere. Feb. 18, '28. (112: 274.)
St. John Ervine. Sphere. May 5, '28. (113:220.)
E. M. Forster. Sphere. Apr. 14, '28. (113: 72.)
Anatole France. Sphere. Sept. 17, '27. (110:458.)
John Galsworthy. Sphere. Jan. 7, '28. (112:22.)
William Gerhardi. Sphere. July 9, '27. (110:73.)
George Gissing. Sphere. July 16, '27. (110:106.)
"Vernon Lee." Sphere. Dec. 24, '27. (111:573.)
Katherine Mansfield. Sphere. Sept. 3, '27. (110:376.)
Archibald Marshall. Sphere. Sept. 17, '27. (110:458.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Sphere. Apr. 14, '28. (113:72.)
Christopher Morley. Sphere. Oct. 29, '27. (111:217.)
Mystery Stories. Sphere. Nov. 12, '27. (111:298b.)
Nicholas Olde. Sphere. Mar. 17, '28. (112:416.)
Isaac Loeb Peretz. Sphere. Nov. 12, '27. (111:298b.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Sphere. Oct. 1, '27. (111:22.)
Catherine Wells. Sphere. May 19, '28. (113:350.)
Stefan Zweig. Sphere. Mar. 31, '28. (112:496.)

Panzini, Alfredo.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 31, '28. (27: 412.)

PARKER, W. M.
Thomas Hardy. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 1, '28. (27: 150.)

PARTRIDGE, ERIC.
Ambrose Bierce. London Mercury. Oct., '27. (16:658.)

Pearson, Hesketh.
Anonymous. New Age. May 31, '28. (43:59.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Apr. 8, '28. (5.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). May 19, '28. (145:637.)

Pearson, P. H.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 23, '28. (27: 133.)

PEERS, E. ALLISON.
Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Contemporary Review. May, '28.

PENDLEBURY, B. J.
Joseph Conrad. Adelphi. June, '27. (4:763.)
Peretz, Isaac Loeb.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 16, '28. (27: 107.)
By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 2, '27. (7.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Jan. 29, '28. (8.)
By J. A. T. Lloyd. Fortnightly Review. Feb., '28. (123:285.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Nov. 12, '27. (111:298b.)
Perkins, Charles Elliott.
Annonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 22, '28. (27: 213.)
Perrault, Charles.
Anonymous. Observer. Jan. 15, '28. (9.)
PETRIE, CHARLES.
Rudyard Kipling. Outlook (London). Mar. 31, '28. (61:405.)
PETTINATI, M.
Luigi Pirandello. John o'London's Weekly. July 2, '27. (17: 381.)
Phillpotts, Eden.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Nov. 11, '27. (13.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Dec. 3, '27. (30:260.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Nov. 5, '27. (785.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 10, '27. (26: 812.)
By Thomas Moult. Bookman (London). Sept., '27. (72:291.)
"PILGRIM, THE."
Thomas Hardy. Daily News. Jan. 17, '28. (7.)
Pirandello, Luigi.
By M. Pettinati. John o'London's Weekly. July 2, '27. (17: 381.)
Pizer, Dorothy M.
Anonymous. New Age. Dec. 15, '27. (42:82.)
Plomer, William.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Oct. 25, '27. (4.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 27, '27. (26: 762.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Oct. 22, '27. (144:554.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). Oct. 8, '27. (60:489.)
By D. R. Irish Statesman. Oct. 8, '27. (9:114.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Daily News. Oct. 31, '27. (4.)
By V. Sackville West. Observer. Nov. 20, '27. (8.)
By Orlo Williams. Monthly Criterion. Jan., '28. (7:82.)

Poe, Edgar Allan.
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). June 4, '27. (143: 872.)
By H. B. Charlton. Review of English Studies. Oct., '27. (3: 489.)
By Padraic Colum. Irish Statesman. Oct. 8, '28. (9:110.) Oct. 15, '27. (9:135.)
By Shaw Desmond. Bookman (London). Sept., '27. (72:299.)
By John Freeman. London Mercury. June, '27. (16:162.)
By C. H. Herford. Manchester Guardian. June 30, '27. (9.)
By J. A. T. Lloyd. Fortnightly Review. Feb., '28. (123:286.)
By Robert Lynd. Bookman (London). Sept., '27. (72:297.)
By J. Middleton Murry. Bookman (London). Sept., '27. (72: 300.)
By Alfred Noyes. Bookman (London). June, '27. (72:157.) Sept., '27. (72:300.) Oct., '27. (73:30.)
By Michael Sadleir. Bookman (London). Sept., '27. (72:297.)
By Edward Shanks. T. P.'s Weekly. Feb. 11, '28. (9:559.)
By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. Bookman (London). Sept., '27. (72:298.)
By J. H. Whitty. Bookman (London). Oct., '27. (73:28.)
Polgar, Alfred.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 1, '28. (27:151.)
Pope, T. Michael.
Sherwood Anderson. Vogue (London). Nov. 16, '27. (65.)
Nathaniel Hawthorne. Daily Telegraph. Mar. 30, '28. (16.)
Porter, Alan.
Thomas Burke. Spectator. Feb. 11, '28. (200.)
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Spectator. Mar. 10, '28. (385.)
Aino Kallas. Spectator. June 4, '27. (994.)
Gertrude Stein. Spectator. June 4, '27. (994.)
Powell, Dilys.
Arnold Bennett. Bookman (London). Aug., '27. (72:274.)
Clemence Dane. Sunday Times. Feb. 5, '28. (9.)
F. Tennyson Jesse. Sunday Times. Feb. 5, '28. (9.)
Power, Arthur.
Thomas Hardy. Irish Statesman. Feb. 25, '28. (9:559.)
Powys, T. F.
Anonymous. Morning Post. May 15, '28. (5.)
By J. B. Chapman. Bookman (London). Mar., '28. (73:315.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). May 26, '28. (145:670.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). May 19, '28. (61: 630.)
By M. M. Daily Telegraph. May 25, '28. (6.)

By F. S. Manchester Guardian. May 25, '28. (7.)
By Clara Smith. Time and Tide. May 25, '28. (9:510.)
PRAZ, MARIO.
Gabriele d'Annunzio. London Mercury. Feb., '27. (17:404.)
G. A. Borgese. London Mercury. Jan., '28. (17:312.)
Carlo Linati. London Mercury. Jan., '28. (17:312.)
Orio Vergani. London Mercury. Jan. '28. (17:312.)
PRIESTLY, J. B.
Ernest Bramah. Daily News. May 15, '28. (4.)
"O. Henry." T. P.'s Weekly. May 19, '28. (10:125.)
Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch. Daily News. Mar. 6, '28. (4.)
Robert Louis Stevenson. Daily News. Dec. 6, '27. (4.)
PRIESTLY-MCCRACKEN, L. A. M.
Thomas Hardy. T. P.'s Weekly. Feb. 18, '28. (9:596.)
PRITCHETT, V. S.
Nathaniel Hawthorne. Outlook (London). May 12, '28. (61: 607.)
Puccini, Mario.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 11, '27. (26: 547.)
Pushkin, Alexander.
By J. Krzyzanowski. Slavonic Review. Mar., '28. (6:635.)
By Prince D. S. Mirsky. Slavonic Review. June, '27. (6:238.)
QUENNELL, PETER.
Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. New Statesman. Sept. 17, '27. (29: 709.)
Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur T.
By Edmund Blunden. Nation and Athenæum. Apr. 28, '28. (43:116.)
By Stephen Gwynn. Spectator. May 19, '28. (772.)
By J. B. Priestley. Daily News. Mar. 6, '28. (4.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. New Statesman. Apr. 7, '28. (30:827.)
By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. Bookman (London). May, '28. (74:101.)
By J. C. Square. Sunday Times. Mar. 18, '28. (6.)
R., D.
Louis Becke. Irish Statesman. June 25, '27. (8:381.)
Ernest Bramah. Irish Statesman. May 26, '28. (10:233.)
Gerald Bullett. Irish Statesman. May 5, '28. (10:175.)
Gordon Casserley. Irish Statesman. Nov. 5, '27. (9:212.)
Willa Cather. Irish Statesman. May 19, '28. (10:214.)
Clemence Dane. Irish Statesman. Feb. 11, '28. (9:523.)
Winifred Duke. Irish Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (8:526.)
Edna Ferber. Irish Statesman. June 18, '27. (8:360.)
Ernest Hemingway. Irish Statesman. May 12, '28. (10:193.)

Fannie Hurst. Irish Statesman. Dec. 3, '27. (9:306.)
F. Tennyson Jesse. Irish Statesman. Feb. 11, '28. (9:523.)
Christopher Morley. Irish Statesman. Feb. 11, '28. (9:523.)
William Plomer. Irish Statesman. Oct. 8, '27. (9:114.)
James Stephens. Irish Statesman. Mar. 10, '28. (10:15.)
Giovanni Verga. Irish Statesman. Mar. 10, '28. (10:15.)

R., E. H.
Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. Daily Telegraph. May 4, '28. (7.)

R., L.
Henry James. Irish Statesman. Apr. 21, '28. (10:134.)

R., M. M.
Aino Kallas. Time and Tide. June 17, '27. (8:574.)

Ratcliffe, Dorothy Una.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Nov. 25, '27. (15.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Jan. 3, '28. (3.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 29, '27. (26: 989.)

Raucat, Thomas.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 8, '28. (27: 171.)

Raymond, Ernest.
Rudyard Kipling. Sunday Times. Mar. 25, '28. (9.)

Reeves, Amber.
St. John Ervine. Queen. May 23, '28. (6.)
Ernest Hemingway. Queen. May 23, '28. (6.)

Remizov, Alexei.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Apr., '28. (74:66.)
Anonymous. Monthly Criterion. Mar., '28. (7:286.)
Anonymous. New Age (London). Nov. 10, '27. (42:23.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 17, '27. (26: 835.)
By Alan Bland. G. K.'s Weekly. Jan. 21, '28. (6:915.)
By A. M. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 15, '27. (9.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). Oct. 29, '27. (60:581.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. Nov. 16, '27. (7.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation and Athenæum. Oct. 22, '27. (42: 120.)
By P. S. O'H. Irish Statesman. Apr. 21, '28. (10:135.)

Rendall, Vernon.
Thomas Hardy. English Review. Feb., '28. (46:192.)

Renier, G. J.
Anatole France. Queen. Feb. 8, '28. (25.)

Rhys, Jean.
By H. A. Law. Irish Statesman. Oct. 22, '27. (9:162.)

Ridge, W. Pett.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Aug. 5, '27. (6.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. July 31, '27. (5.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Aug. 10, '27. (4.)
Rinehart, Mary Roberts.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Oct., '27. (73:64.)
Robbins, Tod.
By J. M. Irish Statesman. July 16, '27. (8:456.)
Roberts, Morley.
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Oct. 2, '27. (10.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 6, '27. (26: 679.)
By C. A. Nicholson. Bookman (London.) Feb., '28. (73:282.)
By Gilbert Thomas. Speculator. Oct. 1, '27. (511.)
Roberts, R. Ellis.
G. K. Chesterton. Daily News. Sept. 15, '27. (4.)
Vennette Herron. Daily News. July 7, '27. (4.)
Rudyard Kipling. Empire Review. Mar., '28. (47:184.)
William Plomer. Daily News. Oct. 31, '27. (4.)
Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch. New Statesman. Apr. 7, '28. (30: 827.)
Robert Louis Stevenson. Observer. Jan. 15, '28. (4.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. New Statesman. Oct. 8, '27. (Suppl. xiv.)
H. G. Wells. Empire Review. Apr., '28. (47:237.)
Robinson, M.
Mary Arden. New Adelphi. Sept., '27. (1:82.)
Anton Chekhov. New Adelphi. Mar., '28. (1:266.)
R. B. Cunninghame Graham. New Adelphi. Mar., '28. (1: 267.)
William Gerhardi. New Adelphi. Sept., '27. (1:82.)
Fannie Hurst. New Adelphi. Mar., '28. (1:266.)
D. H. Lawrence. New Adelphi. Sept., '27. (1:85.)
Wyndham Lewis. New Adelphi. Mar., '28. (1:266.)
Roscoe, E. S.
Anatole France. Cornhill Magazine. Sept., '27. (63:319.)
Ross, Hugh.
John Galsworthy. New Age (London). Aug. 25, '27. (41: 198.)
Royde-Smith, Naomi.
Mary Arden. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29:540.)
Honoré de Balzac. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29:540.)
Konrad Bercovici. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29:540.)
George Bickerstaff. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29:540.)
Edna Ferber. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29:540.)

George Gissing. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29:540.)
Montague Glass. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29:540.)
Aino Kallas. New Statesman. June 18, '27. (29:313.)
Ruth Suckow. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29:540.)

Russian Short Story.
By Prince D. S. Mirsky. London Mercury. July., '27. (16:275.)

RYALL, NESTA.
Ghost Stories. T. P.'s Weekly. Dec. 31, '27. (9:352.)

RYAN, DESMOND.
Ivan Turgenev. Bookman (London). June, '27. (72:182.)

S., A. DE.
Florence Randall Livesay. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 18, '27. (9.)

S., B.
A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. May 11, '28. (7.)
R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 16, '27. (7.)
Aino Kallas. Manchester Guardian. June 3, '27. (9.)

S., F.
Christopher Morley. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 3, '28. (5.)
T. F. Powys. Manchester Guardian. May 25, '28. (7.)
Catherine Wells. Manchester Guardian. May 3, '28. (7.)

SACKVILLE WEST, V.
R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Observer. Nov. 20, '27. (8.)
William Plomer. Observer. Nov. 20, '27. (8.)

SADLEIR. MICHAEL.
Edgar Allan Poe. Bookman (London). Sept., '27. (72:297.)

Salmon, Arthur L.
Anonymous. Observer. Apr. 22, '28. (7.)

SAMPSON, GEORGE.
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Daily News. Mar. 7, '28. (4.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. Daily News. Nov. 1, '27. (4.)

Sandys, Oliver.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 16, '28. (27: 114.)

"Sapper."
Anonymous. Spectator. June 4, '27. (997.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. June 5, '27. (7.)
By Louis J. McQuilland. Bookman (London). July, '27. (72: 237.)

Sarr, Kenneth.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 15, '27. (26: 949.)

Schnitzler, Arthur.
By J. A. T. Lloyd. Fortnightly Review. Sept., '27. (122:431.)

SCHOLDERER, V.
Thomas Hardy. New Statesman. Jan. 21, '28. (30:459.)

Scott, R. T. M.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 12, '28. (27: 274.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Mar. 17, '28. (61:346.)

SELVER, PAUL.
K. M. Capek-Chod. John o'London's Weekly. Jan. 14, '28. (18: 518.)

SEYMOUR, BEATRICE KEAN.
Clemence Dane. T. P.'s Weekly. Feb. 11, '28. (9:551.) Woman's Journal. Mar., '28. (62.)
F. Tennyson Jesse. Woman's Journal. Mar., '28. (62.)
Christopher Morley. Woman's Journal. Mar., '28. (62.)

SHAND, JOHN.
Joseph Conrad. New Adelphi. Mar., '28. (1:282.)

SHANKS, EDWARD.
J. Murry Allison. London Mercury. Dec., '27. (17:205.)
George Bickerstaff. London Mercury. Aug., '27. (16:430.)
Joseph Conrad. Saturday Review (London). Nov. 5, '27. (144: 622.)
E. M. Forster. London Mercury. July, '27. (16:265.) May, '28. (18:96.)
Bruno Frank. London Mercury. Apr., '28. (17:706.)
William Gerhardi. London Mercury. Sept., '27. (16:540.)
Thomas Hardy. Saturday Review (London). Apr. 21, '28. (145:495.)
Katherine Mansfield. Saturday Review (London). Aug. 20, '27. (144:251.) London Mercury. Jan., '28. (17:286.)
W. Somerset Maugham. London Mercury. May, '28. (18: 96.)
Guy de Maupassant. Saturday Review (London). Jan. 21, '28. (145:68.)
Edgar Allan Poe. T. P.'s Weekly. Feb. 11, '28. (9:559.)
James Stephens. London Mercury. Apr., '28. (17:706.)
H. G. Wells. Saturday Review (London). Aug. 27, '27. (144: 278.) London Mercury. Sept., '27. (16:540.)

SHAW, G. BERNARD.
August Strindberg. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 3, '28. (11.)

SHEPPARD, ALFRED TRESIDDER.
Thomas Hardy. Bookman (London). Mar., '28. (73:319.)
Edgar Allan Poe. Bookman (London). Sept., '27. (72:298.)
Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch. Bookman (London). May, '28. (74:101.)

SHERARD, R. H.
Guy de Maupassant. T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly. Sept. 17, '27. (8:639.)
SHIPP, HORACE.
James Stephens. Bookman (London). Apr., '28. (74:34.)
Short Story.
Anonymous. John o'London's Weekly. Dec. 10, '27. (18:357.)
By Cyril Connolly. New Statesman. Nov. 26, '27. (30:208.)
By A. E. Coppard. T. P.'s Weekly. Jan. 28, '28. (9:481.)
By John Cournos. T. P.'s Weekly. Mar. 10, '28. (9:682.)
By Edward Darley. T. P.'s Weekly. Jan. 7, '28. (9:391.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 18, '27. (5.)
By Hamish Miles. Outlook (London). Nov. 26, '27. (60:703.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Dec. 10, '27. (1063.)
By Leonard Woolf. Nation and Athenæum. Dec. 24, '27. (42: 487.)
Sienkiewicz, Henryk.
By R. Dyboski. Slavonic Review. Mar., '28. (6:711.)
Slovene Short Story.
By Josip Vidmar. Slavonic Review. Mar., '28. (6:618.)
SMITH, CLARA.
Sherwood Anderson. Time and Tide. Feb. 17, '28. (9:153.)
Willa Cather. Time and Tide. May 25, '28. (9:510.)
Clemence Dane. Time and Tide. Feb. 17, '28. (9:153.)
E. M. Forster. Time and Tide. Apr. 20, '28. (9:384.)
F. Tennyson Jesse. Time and Tide. Feb. 17, '28. (9:153.)
Christopher Morley. Time and Tide. Feb. 17, '28. (9:153.)
T. F. Powys. Time and Tide. May 25, '28. (9:510.)
James Stephens. Time and Tide. Mar. 16, '28. (9:254.)
Alec Waugh. Time and Tide. Apr. 20, '28. (9: 384.)
SMITH, REGINALD A.
Robert Louis Stevenson. T. P.'s Weekly. Oct. 1, '27. (8: 728.)
Sologub, Feodor.
By C. M. Grieve. New Age. Dec. 29, '27. (42:102.)
Somerville, E. Œ., *and* Ross, Martin.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Mar. 10, '28. (30:700.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 23, '28. (27: 127.)
By Edmund Blunden. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 10, '28. (42:852.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Mar. 11, '28. (8.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Feb. 25, '28. (61:238.)
Spanish Short Story.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. July 7, '27. (26: 468.)

Springs, Elliott White.
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Nov. 22, '27. (7.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 2, '28. (27:81.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Jan. 28, '28. (119:149.)

SQUIRE, J. C.
Joseph Conrad. Observer. Nov. 13, '27. (6.)
Thomas Hardy. Observer. Jan. 15, '28. (4.)
Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch. Sunday Times. Mar. 18, '28. (6.)

STAGG, MIRIAM A.
W. Somerset Maugham. T. P.'s Weekly. Apr. 14, '28. (9:869.)

STARKIE, WALTER.
Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Nineteenth Century and After. Apr., '28. (103:542.)

Stein, Gertrude.
Anonymous. Observer. Sept. 4, '27. (5.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). June 4, '27. (59:715.)
By Edwin Muir. Nation and Athenæum. June 18, '27. (41:373.)
By Alan Porter. Spectator. June 4, '27. (994.)

Stephens, James.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 22, '28. (27:210.)
By Cyril Connolly. New Statesman. Mar. 17, '28. (30:729.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Mar. 19, '28. (4.) Observer. Mar. 18, '28. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London). Mar. 17, '28. (145:328.)
By H. C. Harwood. Outlook (London). Mar. 10, '28. (61:310.)
By S. P. B. Mais. Daily Telegraph. Apr. 17, '28. (15.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 16, '28. (7.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. Apr. 11, '28. (29.)
By D. R. Irish Statesman. Mar. 10, '28. (10:15.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Apr., '28. (17:706.)
By Horace Shipp. Bookman (London). Apr., '28. (74:34.)
By Clara Smith. Time and Tide. Mar. 16, '28. (9:254.)
By Ralph Straus. Sunday Times. Apr. 29, '28. (9.)
By Gilbert Thomas. Spectator. Mar. 10, '28. (393.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Vogue (London). May 16, '28. (79.)

STERN, G. B.
A. E. Coppard. Daily Telegraph. May 1, '28. (15.)

Stern, G. B.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Dec., '27. (73:202.)

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 13, '27. (26: 712.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Dec. 5, '27. (4.)
By Olive Heseltine. Time and Tide. Oct. 28, '27. (8:964.)
By J. A. T. Lloyd. Fortnightly Review. Feb., '28. (123:285.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 14, '27. (9).
By E. B. Osborn. Morning Post. Oct. 11, '27. (14.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Oct. 15, '27. (617.)

"STET."

Hubert Crackanthorpe. Saturday Review (London). Aug. 20, '27. (144:250.) May 5, '28. (145:561.)
Ella D'Arcy. Saturday Review (London). Aug. 20, '27. (144: 250.) May 5, '28. (145:561.)
Ernest Dowson. Saturday Review. (London). Feb. 25, '28. (145:223.)
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Saturday Review (London). May 12, '28. (145:597.)
Richard Garnett. Saturday Review (London). May 26, '28. (145:664.)
Barry Pain. Saturday Review (London). May 19, '28. (145: 630.)
Robert Louis Stevenson. Saturday Review (London). June 18, '27. (143:941.)
Frederick Wedmore. Saturday Review (London). Aug. 20, '27. (144:250.)

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.

Letter to Austin Dobson. Cornhill Magazine. Oct., '27. (63: 496.)

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.

By William F. Alexander. John o'London's Weekly. Mar. 17, '28. (18:841.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Dec. 17, '27. (144: 864.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Dec. 11, '27. (10.)
Anonymous. T. P.'s Weekly. Dec. 17, '27. (9:292.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 8, '27. (26:928.)
By T. S. Eliot. Nation and Athenæum. Dec. 31, '27. (42:516.)
By Hugh I. 'A. Fausset. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 22, '27. (3.) Bookman (London). Jan., '28. (73:227.)
By Desmond MacCarthy. Empire Review. Jan., '28. (47:30.)
By H. McK. Time and Tide. Jan. 20, '28. (9:58.)
By Moray McLaren. London Mercury. Mar., '28. (17:595.)
By J. B. Priestley. Daily News. Dec. 6, '27. (4.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Observer. Jan. 15, '28. (4.)

By Reginald A. Smith. T. P.'s Weekly. Oct. 1, '27. (8:728.)
By "Stet." Saturday Review (London). June 18, '27. (143: 941.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Jan. 7, '28. (21.)
By Max Temple. Queen. Jan. 11, '28. (6.)
By Sir Charles Wakefield. John o'London's Weekly. Dec. 17, '27. (18:388.)
By Arthur Waugh. Daily Telegraph. Nov. 22, '27. (7.)

Straparola, Giovan Francesco.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 13, '27. (26:715.)

STRAUS, RALPH.
Thomas Burke. Sunday Times. Mar. 25, '28. (10.)
Joseph Conrad. Sunday Times. Apr. 29, '28. (9.)
W. Somerset Maugham. Sunday Times. Apr. 1, '28. (9.)
Christopher Morley. Sunday Times. Oct. 23, '27. (10.)
James Stephens. Sunday Times. Apr. 29, '28. (9.)
Alec Waugh. Sunday Times. Apr. 15, '28. (9.)
P. G. Wodehouse. Sunday Times. Oct. 16, '27. (11.)

Strindberg, August.
By G. Bernard Shaw. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 3, '28. (11.)

Suckow, Ruth.
By P. S. O'H. Irish Statesman. June 11, '27. (8:336.)
By Naomi Royde-Smith. New Statesman. Aug. 6, '27. (29:540.)

SYDENHAM, JOHN.
Vernon Bartlett. Empire Review. Nov., '27. (46:387.)
R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Empire Review. Feb., '28. (47: 131.)

TAYLOR, RACHEL ANNAND.
L. Adams Beck. Spectator. Mar. 24, '28. (477.)
Ernest Bramah. Spectator. Apr. 28, '28. (652.)
Gerald Bullett. Spectator. Apr. 28, '28. (652.)
Anton Chekhov. Spectator. Dec. 10, '27. (1063.)
E. M. Forster. Spectator. Apr. 7, '28. (543.)
William Gerhardi. Spectator. July 9, '27. (63.)
Ghost Stories. Spectator. Dec. 24, '27. (1131.)
George Gissing. Spectator. July 9, '27. (63.)
Susan Glaspell. Spectator. Nov. 5, '27. (782.)
Thomas Hardy. Spectator. Apr. 7, '28. (543.)
Ernest Hemingway. Spectator. Apr. 28, '28. (652.)
Fannie Hurst. Spectator. Nov. 12, '27. (848.)
Margaret Kennedy. Spectator. Nov. 5, '27. (782.)
"Vernon Lee." Spectator. Dec. 10, '27. (1063.)
Wyndham Lewis. Spectator. Dec. 3, '27. (1016.)
Christopher Morley. Spectator. Oct. 15, '27. (617.)
Short Story. Spectator. Dec. 10, '27. (1063.)

G. B. Stern. Spectator. Oct. 15, '27. (617.)
Robert Louis Stevenson. Spectator. Jan. 7, '28. (21.)
Alec Waugh. Spectator. Apr. 14, '28. (577.)
Thyra Samter Winslow. Spectator. June 25, '27. (1133.)
W. B. Yeats. Spectator. Nov. 26, '27. (935.)
Stefan Zweig. Spectator. Feb. 25, '28. (275.)

TEMPLE, MAX.

J. Murray Allison. Queen. Nov. 30, '27. (6.)
American Short Story. Queen. Feb. 8, '28. (8.)
Hans Christian Andersen. Queen. Jan. 11, '28. (6.)
British Short Story. Queen. July 6, '27. (10.) Oct. 12, '27. (4.)
Edna Ferber. Queen. June 1, '27. (6.)
Anatole France. Queen. Feb. 22, '28. (18.)
Fannie Hurst. Queen. Nov. 30, '27. (6.)
Vere Hutchinson. Queen. May 30, '28. (6.)
F. Tennyson Jesse. Queen. Feb. 15, '28. (8.)
Rudyard Kipling. Queen. Apr. 18, '28. (22.)
Vernon Knowles. Queen. Dec. 21, '27. (10.)
Christopher Morley. Queen. Oct. 12, '27. (4.)
W. Pett Ridge. Queen. Aug. 10, '27. (4.)
Robert Louis Stevenson. Queen. Jan. 11, '28. (6.)
Thyra Samter Winslow. Queen. July 6, '27. (10.)

THOMAS, GILBERT.

Morley Roberts. Spectator. Oct. 1, '27. (511.)
James Stephens. Spectator. Mar. 10, '28. (393.)

THOMAS, W. R.

Ernest Dowson. Nineteenth Century and After. Apr., '28. (103: 560.)

THOROGOOD, HORACE.

Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. T. P.'s Weekly. Nov. 5, '27. (9:48.)
H. M. Tomlison. Bookman (London). Oct., '27. (73:13.)

Tolstoy, Count Alexis.

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. May 31, '28. (27: 412.)

TOLSTOY, COUNT LYOF N.

Letter to G. Bernard Shaw. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 27, '28. (7.)

Tolstoy, Count Lyof N.

By M. Aldanov. Slavonic Review. June, '27. (6:162.)
Anonymous. Daily Telegraph. Sept. 16, '27. (13.)
Anonymous. Monthly Criterion. Jan., '28. (7:86.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Sept. 30, '27. (4.)
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Nov. 12, '27. (42:254.)

Anonymous. Saturday Review (London). Oct. 8, '27. (144: 483.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Oct. 16, '27. (11.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 15, '27. (26: 621.) Dec. 22, '27. (26:974.)
By Sidney Arnold. Irish Statesman. Dec. 3, '27. (9:301.)
By Hugh I'A. Fausset. New Adelphi. Dec., '27. (1:180.)
By John Freeman. Bookman (London). Dec., '27. (73:200.)
By Edward Garnett. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 13, '27. (9.) Dec. 15, '27. (5.)
By J. A. T. Lloyd. Fortnightly Review. Sept., '27. (122:429.)
By M. Irish Statesman. Oct. 8, '27. (9:108.)
By Desmond MacCarthy. New Statesman. Aug. 27, '27. (29: 622.)
By Aylmer Maude. Irish Statesman. Oct. 29, '27. (9:182.)
By Prince D. S. Mirsky. Observer. Oct. 23, '27. (7.)
By H. L. Morrow. Daily News. Sept. 8, '27. (4.) Queen. Oct. 19, '27. (4.)
By Y. O. Irish Statesman. Oct. 1, '27. (9:85.)
By Arnold Palmer. Sphere. Oct. 1, '27. (111:22.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. New Statesman. Oct. 8, '27. (Suppl. xiv.)
By George Sampson. Daily News. Nov. 1, '27. (4.)
By Horace Thorogood. T. P.'s Weekly. Nov. 5, '27. (9:48.)
By Oliver Way. Graphic. Oct. 15, '27. (118:114.)
By Geoffrey West. Outlook (London). Dec. 24, '27. (60:850.)
By Leonard Woolf. Nation and Athenæum. Oct. 1, '27. (41: 840.)

Tomlinson, H. M.
Joseph Conrad. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 24, '27. (7.)
Katherine Mansfield. New Adelphi. Sept., '27. (1:94.)

Tomlinson, H. M.
By John Freeman. London Mercury. Aug., '27. (16:400.)
By Horace Thorogood. Bookman (London). Oct., '27. (73: 13.)

Toole-Stott, R. E.
Thomas Hardy. Humanist. July, '27. (4:337.)
James Joyce. Humanist. June, '27. (4:274.)

Tuglas, Friedebert.
By Aino Kallas. Slavonic Review. June, '27. (6:28.)

Turgenev, Ivan.
By Desmond MacCarthy. New Stateman. Aug. 27, '27. (29: 622.)
By Clarence A. Manning. Slavonic Review. June, '27. (6: 234.)
By Desmond Ryan. Bookman (London). June, '27. (72:182.)

"Umbra."
Thomas Hardy. Outlook (London). Jan. 21, '28. (61:79.)
Vachell, Horace Annesley.
Anonymous. Bookman (London). Aug., '27. (72:260.)
Anonymous. Morning Post. Aug. 12, '27. (4.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. July 14, '27. (26: 486.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. July 11, '27. (4.) Observer, July 24, '27. (7.)
By H. L. Morrow. Queen. July 20, '27. (8.)
Van Dyke, Henry.
By Mary Webb. Bookman (London). July, '27. (72:229.)
Verga, Giovanni.
Anonymous. Morning Post. Apr. 17, '28. (14.)
Anonymous. Sunday Times. Apr. 15, '28. (9.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 8, 28. (27: 168.)
By Edmund Blunden. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 10, '28. (42: 852.)
By Vera Brittain. Time and Tide. Mar. 9, '28. (9:225.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Mar. 11, '28. (8.) Daily News. Mar. 12, '28. (4.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 9, '28. (5.)
By D. R. Irish Statesman. Mar. 10, '28. (10:15.)
Vergani, Orio.
By G. B. Angioletti. Monthly Criterion. Jan., '28. (7:47.)
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VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

JUNE 1, 1927, TO MAY 31, 1928.

NOTE. *An asterisk before a title indicates distinction.*

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ARMSTRONG, MARTIN. * Saint Hercules. Fleuron.
ASQUITH, LADY CYNTHIA, *editor*. * Black Cap. Hutchinson.
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MILFORD, H. S., *editor*. * Selected English Short Stories. Third Series. Oxford University Press.
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SALMON, ARTHUR L. * Ferry of Souls. Foulis.
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II. AMERICAN AUTHORS

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ANDERSON, SHERWOOD. * Tar. Secker.
AUGSBURG, PAUL DERESCO. On the Air. Appleton.
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GALE, ZONA. * Yellow Gentians and Blue. Appleton.
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STEIN, GERTRUDE. * Three Lives. Rodker.
STONE, ELINORE COWAN. Laughingest Lady. Appleton.
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WINSLOW, THYRA SAMTER. * People Around the Corner. Knopf.
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III. TRANSLATIONS

BESENVAL, PIERRE-VICTOR, BARON DE (*French.*) Spleen. Chapman and Hall.
CAZOTTE, JACQUES. (*French.*) * Thousand and One Follies. Chapman and Hall.
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CLARK, BARRETT H., *editor.* * Great Short Novels of the World. Heinemann.
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FRANCE, ANATOLE. (*French.*) * Selected Stories. Lane.
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GOBINEAU, ARTHUR, COMTE DE. (*French.*) * Crimson Handkerchief. Harper.
JACKSON, MRS. WILFRED, translator. (*French.*) * Three Short Stories of the French XVIII Century. Routledge.
KERSERLING, COUNT EDOUARD VON. (*German.*) * Twilight. Holden.
KUPRIN, ALEXANDER. (*Russian.*) * Sasha. Stanley Paul.
LARSEN, HANNA ASTRUP, *editor.* (*Norwegian.*) * Told in Norway. Oxford University Press.
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MANTEGAZZA, PAOLO. (*Italian.*) Legends of Flowers. Laurie.
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PIERCE, FREDERICK E., *and* SCHREIBER, CARL F., *editors.* (German.) * Fiction and Fantasy of German Romance. Oxford University Press.
REMIZOV, ALEXEI. (*Russian.*) * Fifth Pestilence. Wishart.
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TOPELIUS, ZACHARIAS. (*Swedish.*) * Canute Whistlewinks. Longmans.
VERGA, GIOVANNI. (*Italian.*) * Cavalleria Rusticana. Cape. * Little Novels of Sicily. Secker.
VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM. (*French.*) * Sardonic Tales. Knopf.
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WERFEL, FRANZ. (*Austrian.*) * Death of a Poor Man. Benn.
ZWEIG, STEFAN. (*German.*) * Conflicts. Allen and Unwin.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

(*See also "The Best British Short Stories of 1926 and 1927."*)

ALMEDINGEN, EDITH M. Daughter of the late Professor Alexander von Almedingen of St. Petersburg. Born 1898. Educated at Xénia Nobility College and Petrograd University. Came to England for the first time in 1923. There began writing. This was perhaps hereditary as her people had a big publishing house in St. Petersburg. Author of "The Church in Russia," and "The English Pope." Specialises in writing travel sketches as the result of having wandered through the best part of Asia and Europe. Hobby: writing verse which cannot be called poetry. Lives in London.

BARBER, ALEX. Born in Horsham, Sussex, in 1906. "After leaving Collyer's School, where I passed the greater part of nine years in profitable mediocrity, I found myself drenched with the best possible excuse for writing—the impossibility of refraining. Without a pen, I am like a fish without gills. To those who imagine that rejection-slips are the bitterest aloes that life has to offer, I suggest the experience—which I have had—of travelling in stationery without selling any stationery. I have also acted at times as temporary master at my old school, and as a private tutor. I began to write short stories in 1923, since when a considerable number have been published. I have a grateful memory of being awarded the 'Church Guardian' Essay Prize twice in three weeks, in the early part of 1926, by Mr. J. C. Squire. Hero: Abou Ben Adhem. Creed: Optimism. Hobby: Life. Favourite formula for literary success: Faith, Hope, and Clarity (*sic*)." Lives in Horsham, Sussex.

BAX, CLIFFORD. Born in 1886. Author of "A House of Words," "Twenty-Five Chinese Poems," "The Traveller's Tale," "Shakespeare," "Midsummer Madness," "Mr. Pepys," "Inland Far," and "Many a Green Isle." Lives in London.

BETHELL, LLEWLYN SLINGSBY. Aged 38. Son of Hon. Slingsby Bethell, C. B. Educated at Winchester College, 1903–1908, and at University College, Oxford, 1908–1912. Took Honour Moderations and Greats. Also studied Romany, Welsh, French and Spanish.

Travelled in Spain, Venezuela, Colombia, and Panama, 1912–1914. First stories and articles published in Spanish. Edited South American magazine. Married. In Nigeria, 1915, Colonial Civil Service. Private Secretary to Lieutenant Governor and Governor's Deputy. Clerk of Executive Council. Chief Censor, Nigeria. Published volume of poems, "The Red Dragon." Joined West African Frontier Force. Served with Nigeria Regiment, German East Africa, and with Gold Coast Regiment, Portuguese East Africa. After demobilisation, 1919, left for West Africa, travelled in Liberia and Sierra Leone hinterland, 1919–1923. General Manager in Africa and Director, African International Corporation, Ltd. President of Liberia Chamber of Commerce. Travelled in Spain and Canary Islands. Left Africa in 1924 for reasons of health. Undertook coaching work in languages and Economics, 1924–1928. Now taking up literary and historical work as well. Recreations: boxing, fencing, wrestling, cricket, swimming.

BETTLE, JAMES SELBY, though resident in South Africa for the past eighteen years, is a Derbyshire man, having been born in Derby and educated at Derby School. Came to Africa as a recruit in the ranks of the mounted police in Rhodesia (B. S. A. Police) and published his first short stories in the regimental magazine of that corps. Went on active service with the police in 1914 and was subsequently commissioned in the King's African Rifles, with whom he was severely wounded and invalided home. Returned to Africa after the war and took up journalism, being at present on the staff of the Argus Company. Lives in Durban, South Africa.

"BRAHMS, CARYL." Born at Croydon, and educated at St. George's School, Leigh-on-Sea, Minerva College, Leicester, and the Royal Academy of Music, London. First published 1927. Criticism, Verse, Studies to Spectator, New Coterie, Bermondsey Book, Outlook, Time and Tide, Evening Standard and other periodicals. Lives in London.

"BRAMAH, ERNEST." Born in Manchester. Successively farmer, journalist and author. Contributor to most English fictional publications of the past thirty years. Author of "English Farming and Why I Turned It Up," "The Wallet of Kai Lung," "The Mirror of Kong Ho," "What Might Have Been," "Max Carrados," "Kai Lung's Golden Hours," "The Eyes of Max Carrados," "The Specimen Case," "Max Carrados Mysteries," and "Kai Lung Unrolls His Mat." Lives in London.

BUCHAN, JOHN, born August 26, 1875. Married. Educated at Glasgow University and Oxford. Barrister of the Middle Temple. On G. H. Q.'s Staff of British Army in France 1916–17. Director of Information 1917–18. Member of Parliament. Publisher. Author of "Sir Quixote," "Musa Piscatrix," "Scholar-Gypsies," "John Burnet

of Barns," "A History of Brasenose College," "Grey Weather," "A Lost Lady of Old Years," "The Half-hearted," "The Watcher by the Threshold," "The African Colony," "The Taxation of Foreign Income," "A Lodge in the Wilderness," "Some Eighteenth Century By-Ways," "Prester John," "Sir Walter Raleigh," "The Moon Endureth," "The Marquis of Montrose," "Salute to Adventurers," "The Thirty-Nine Steps," "Greenmantle," "Poems, Scotch and English," "Mr. Standfast," "The South African Forces in France," "Francis and Riversdale Grenfell," "That Path of the King," "A History of the Great War," "Huntingtower," "Midwinter," "The Three Hostages," "Lord Minto: a Memoir," "John Macnab," "The Royal Scots Fusiliers." Lives at Elsfield, Oxon.

COCKBURN, CLAUD, is a Scotchman born at Pekin, April, 1904. Educated at Berkhamsted School and at Oxford. Has lived in Budapesth and Vienna. Is now a Travelling Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. Lives in Berlin.

CORNER, ANNE. Born 1886. Educated privately. Studied singing in Paris and London for four years. Sang professionally for short time and married in 1912. During the war sang for charity and spoke for Food Ministry. Worked with Women's Freedom League for Suffrage as member of the Political League and organizer. Served on the Joint Committee of M. P.'s and Women's Representation for the Franchise Bill of 1918. Member of Fabian Society Executive 1924, and of the Fabian Women's Group Executive 1918–1928. Labour Parliamentary candidate 1923–1924. At present on Publicity Committee of the Women's Committee League of Nations Union. Lecturer, actor, and producer of rural community drama. Lives at Milford, Surrey.

COWEN, FRANCES, is twenty-four years old and has lived in Oxford all her life. Educated at Oxford, and has written books for boys, fairy tales, and verse. Lives in Oxford.

DUDENEY, MRS. HENRY. Author of "A Man with a Maid," "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken," "The Story of Susan," "The Wise Woods," "The Orchard Thief," "Rachel Lorian," "A Large Room," "Married When Suited," "Maid's Money," "A Runaway Ring," "Set to Partners," "The Secret Son," "Travellers' Samples," "The Head of the Family," "Thumb Nails," "Candlelight," "Spade Work," "Manhood End," "Beanstalk," "Made to Measure," "A Baker's Dozen," "The Finger Post," "The Play Box," "The Next Move." Lives at Lewes, Sussex.

"FANE, MARGARET." Born Melbourne, Victoria, 1888. Educated privately. Contributor to most Sydney periodicals. Verse and short stories alone, and short stories in collaboration with Hilary Lofting. Lives in Sydney, N. S. W.

FAVELL, JOHN, was born in 1904 at Leeds and after receiving his

early education at the local Grammar School, went to Haileybury College where, to use his own words, he "was neither good at one thing nor the other." A journalist by breed and as was presently indicated by inclination, he joined the staff of "The Blackpool Gazette and Herald" in 1924, and after a rapid baptism with printer's ink, took control of the theatre column in succession to the late E. J. Drumgoole, writing under the pseudonym of "O. P." Dramatic critic of "The Manchester Evening News" since 1926. Lives in Manchester.

FERGUSON, GEORGE ROSE. Born in Dundee, Scotland 1893. Engaged in newspaper work in Scotland and London before joining editorial staff of "The Star," Johannesburg, South Africa's principal evening paper. Has contributed articles and short stories to South African magazine "The Outspan." Served in the War with the Royal Naval Division at the Dardanelles and on the Western Front, and was awarded the M.C. with bar. Lives in Johannesburg.

FRIEDLAENDER, VIOLET HELEN. Clergyman's daughter, born in Palestine; educated in England and Switzerland. Taught for some years, before giving whole time to writing. Took part in the women's suffrage campaign, and went to prison. Author of "Mainspring," "The Colour of Youth," "Pied Piper's Street," "A Friendship and Other Poems." Is on the staff of "Country Life" and writes short stories, articles and poems for the leading literary papers and magazines in England and America. Is now engaged on a third novel. Lives at Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

GIFFARD, LADY EVELYN, is the only surviving daughter of the first Earl of Halsbury. Born in London and educated at home. Married in 1902. Has studied short story writing at Columbia University. Lives at Westerham, Kent.

GOLDING, LOUIS, was born in Manchester in November, 1895, and was educated at the Manchester Grammar School. Thence he proceeded to Queen's College, Oxford, where he produced, while still an undergraduate, his first novel "Forward from Babylon," and two volumes of poems, "Sorrows of War," and "Shepherd Singing Ragtime." During the War he had already begun his Mediterranean adventures by a journey to Greece and Macedonia. After leaving Oxford, he began a series of wanderings which made him one of the most travelled authors of his time and have produced the backgrounds of his novels and travel books. He has travelled extensively throughout Europe, especially the Mediterranean countries and the littorals of North Africa and Asia Minor. He spent the winter and spring of 1927–28 engaged in his first American lecture tour. His works are in addition to those cited: "Seacoast of Bohemia," "Day of Atonement," "The Miracle Boy," "Prophet and Fool," "Sunward, being Adventures in Italy," "Sicilian Noon," "Those Ancient Lands, being a Journey to Palestine." Lives in London.

HARTSHORN, HAROLD JAMES, of the editorial staff of the "Manchester Guardian," a writer of articles and short stories. Born Leicester, January 21, 1898. At the age of eighteen he fought in France with the Leicestershire Regiment. "Premonition," a short story of trench life written at this period was censored after it had been accepted and set by the weekly "Westminster Gazette." At nineteen and a half years of age he was wounded and gassed. Transferring to the Royal Engineers he remained in France till after the Armistice, proceeding thence to King's and University Colleges, London, where he studied for journalism. After experience in the provinces he joined the staff of the "Manchester Guardian," in December, 1925. Lives in Manchester.

HILL, WILLIAM LANE. Born in the fruit and wine districts of the Western Province, South Africa, 1903. Educated at the High School, Ceres, and the Diocesan College, Rondebosch. Won the Queen Victoria Memorial Essay Prize in 1922 against Matriculation candidates for the whole of South Africa and mistakenly considered that the Finger of God had pointed the way to a journalistic career. Since when he has spent one year with Reuter's, Capetown, one year as Assistant Editor of "The South African Nation," and two as Assistant Editor of "The Natal Mercury," Durban, Natal, South Africa, where, at the moment of this biography, he is living. Writes poetry and short stories of which he considers the best to be "Boetie," the pet name by which all little Dutch South African boys are known.

HUTCHINSON, RAY CORYTN. Born Finchley, London, January 23, 1907. Educated Monkton Combe School 1920–24, Oriel College, Oxford, 1924–27. At present in the employ of J. & J. Colman, Ltd., Norwich. Sub-Editor of the "Monkonian," contributor to the Oxford "Isis," President of the Oriel Whately Society. Rowed in Oriel 1st. VIII, 1927–7. Member of the Oxford University Air Squadron. Third class honours in Honour School of Philosophy, Politics and Economics, 1927. Lives in Norwich.

HYDE, STACY W. Born April 14th, 1897. Received elementary and secondary school education. Served apprenticeship as engineer with Vickers, Ltd. 1913–18, and has ever since worked as an engineering draughtsman. Married 1918. Author of "Shop Notes" and "Simple Annals." Lives at Sidcup, Kent.

JAMES, C. L. R. Born 1901. Educated at the Queen's Royal College, Port-of-Spain (the old school of W. J. Locke and Sir Robert Falconer, President of Toronto University.) Since leaving school has been teaching, at private schools, in his own school (which failed), and acting as an assistant master at the Queen's Royal College. In between has done a fair amount of journalistic work. Is at present preparing his first volume of stories. Lives in Trinidad.

JAMESON, STORM. A native of Yorkshire. Author of "The Happy Highways," "Modern Drama in Europe: A Critical History," "The

Clash," "The Pitiful Wife," "Three Kingdoms," "The Lovely Ship." Publisher. Lives in London.

JOSEPH, MICHAEL. Born in 1897. Educated at the City of London School and on active service. Gravitated to Fleet Street after the war and served an editorial apprenticeship on various papers. This strenuous but enjoyable period was followed by equally strenuous years in a publisher's office. In 1924 he joined Curtis Brown Ltd., the well known literary agents and is now one of their directors. Found time to contribute more or less regularly to the usual miscellany of periodicals and to write half a dozen books for the benefit of the amateur author. "Short Story Writing for Profit," "The Commercial Side of Literature," "How to Write a Short Story," "How to Write Serial Fiction," and "The Magazine Story." Books, plays, films, and short stories are his chief professional interests. His ambition, occasionally realized, is to "discover" authors who are potentially geniuses or best-sellers, preferably the latter. In private life (if any literary agent can be said to have a private life) his main preoccupations are his baby daughter and his cat, Minnie Minnie Mowbray, who is a celebrity. He lives in London.

KORNITZER, MARGARET. Born at Monkseaton, Northumberland, 1905. Travelled in America and the Far East 1915–1920. Receive a public-school education. Now engaged in secretarial work and free-lancing. Lives in London.

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD. Born in Liverpool, January 20, 1866. Educated at Liverpool College. Author of "My Lady's Sonnets," "Volumes in Folio," "George Meredith," "The Book-Bills of Narcissus," "English Poems," "The Religion of a Literary Man," "Prose Fancies; First Series," "Robert Louis Stevenson and Other Poems," "Retrospective Reviews," "Prose Fancies: Second Series," "The Quest of the Golden Girl," "If I were God," "The Romance of Zion Chapel," "Young Lives," "Worshipper of the Image," "Travels in England," "The Beautiful Lie of Rome," "The Life Romantic," "Sleeping Beauty," "An Old Country House," "Painted Shadows," "Little Dinners with the Sphinx," "Vanishing Roads and Other Essays," "Pieces of Eight." Lives in New York City.

LEE, CHARLES. Born in London in 1870 and educated at Highgate School. Author of "The Widow Woman," "Paul Carah, Cornishman," "Our Little Town," "Dorinda's Birthday," and two one-act plays: "Mr. Sampson," and "The Banns of Marriage." Lives at Letchworth, Herts.

LETTS, W. M. Educated at St. Anne's Abbots, Bromley, and Alexandra College, Dublin. Has spent half her life in Ireland and written "Songs from Leinster." Thirteen of the songs were set to music by Sir Charles Stanford. Had two plays produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. Wrote three novels, books for children, and

has contributed often to "Punch," "Cornhill," "Spectator," and "Manchester Guardian," and to the "Yale Review" in America. Is a qualified masseuse and worked in Military Hospitals. Wrote "Corporal's Corner," at this time. Married to William Foster Verschoyle and now lives in Dublin.

LEWIS, ETHELREDA is the wife of Joseph Lewis, a Government Chemical Analyst in South Africa. She was born in England, but has lived in South Africa since her marriage twenty-five years ago. Has been writing for eight years. Author of "The Harp," "The Flying Emerald," and "Mantis." Co-Author of "Aloysius Horn." The material for three volumes of "Hornbooks" was collected within sixteen months from the old man who appeared on her door step. Lives at Johannesburg, South Africa.

LOFTING, HILARY. Born in London, 1881. Educated at St. Edmund's College, Hertfordshire. Trained as a Civil Engineer, in which capacity he travelled extensively, finally reaching Australia. Abandoned engineering for journalism in 1918. Writes criticism for a good many Australian papers, and, in collaboration with "Margaret Fane," a considerable amount of fiction. Lives in Australia.

"LYCETT, KATHERINE." Third daughter of the late F. M. Pogson of Caythorpe, Lincs. Educated by Dr. Philip Wicksteed. Lives in Oxford.

MACCARTHY, JOHN BERNARD, is a native of Crosshaven, County Cork, where he resides. Says he began to write at an early age, partly because he despaired of becoming an artist (his first ambition), and partly to keep the wolf in the background. Now thinks he might as well have allowed the wolf an early meal. Has written verse, articles, stories and journalistic work for Irish publications; was third prize winner at Aonach Tailteann Literary Competitions, Dublin, 1924. Some of his latest short stories have appeared in "The Graphic," "Manchester Guardian," and "T. P.'s Weekly." Over a score of his plays have been produced on the stage, including the Abbey Theatre. He has coached players, helped to edit periodicals, published about fifteen plays, some of them with forewords containing his views on dramatic art, and one booklet of verse, "The Shadow of the Rose." Is also the author of three novels, "Covert," "Possessions," and "Exile's Bread." "My working hours, when I am not trying to twist my thoughts into words, I spend walking country roads as an auxiliary postman." Lives at Crosshaven, County Cork.

MACHEN, ARTHUR. Born in 1863. Author of "Eleusinia: the Anatomy of Tobacco," "The Chronicle of Clemendy," "The Great God Pan," "The Three Impostors," "The Hill of Dreams," "The House of Souls," "Dr. Stiggins," "Hieroglyphics," "The Bowmen," "The Great Return," "The Terror," "War and the Christian Faith," "The

Secret Glory," "Far Off Things," "Things, Near and Far," "The Shining Pyramid," "Dog and Duck," "A London Calendar," "Strange Roads," "Ornaments in Jade," "The London Adventure," "The Canning Wonder," "Drolls and Dreads." Lives in London.

MACKAY, LYDIA MILLER. Daughter of a Scottish Manse, was brought up at Lochinvar in the West Highlands and is deeply interested in Highland life and character. She is a grand-daughter of Hugh Miller, scientist and author. She has contributed a number of stories and articles to Blackwood's Magazine, and written one novel "The Return of the Emigrant." Her work has been much hampered by long illness, but she has recently written reviews and stories, chiefly for "Time and Tide." Lives in Edinburgh.

MOORE, GEORGE. Author of "Flowers of Passion," "Pagan Poems," "A Modern Lover," "A Mummer's Wife," "Literature at Nurse," "A Drama in Muslin," "Parnell and His Island," "A Mere Accident," "Confessions of a Young Man," "Spring Days," "Mike Fletcher," "Impressions and Opinions," "Vain Fortune," "Modern Painting," "The Strike at Arlingford," "Esther Waters," "Celibates," "Evelyn Innes," "The Bending of the Bough," "Sister Teresa," "The Untilled Field," "The Lake," "Memoirs of My Dead Life," "Hail and Farewell," "The Brook Kerith," "Storyteller's Holiday," "Heloise and Abelard," "In Single Strictness," and "Aphrodite in Aulis." Lives in London.

MOREION, P. E. Born of English parents at Jaunpur India, in 1898. Educated at George Watson's College, Edinburgh, and Rossall, Lancs. At nineteen was nominated, from school, for Royal Engineers and saw war service in Macedonia and Near East. Has always had attraction for play production and the art of the theatre. Was given scope to exercise himself in this direction in the army and was successful. Along with thousands of others could find no employment in England after the war. Went to South Africa and settled down to cattle farming. The theatre began to make more insistent demands than ever. On going to Elsenburg College of Agriculture, Cape Colony, he found that if he passed out first with honours there was a chance of being able to proceed to the United States through official recommendation. Passed first and came to the States in 1924. During this time had written a little for papers and magazines in Africa. In the States he left farming to become connected with the theatre, becoming play-reader for Broadway productions and assistant director. Now connected with Gustav Blum productions, New York. Has been regular Broadcaster on one of the city stations, broadcasting travel talks and travel stories. The desire to put down some of what he has been privileged to see, experience, and imagine has resulted in his taking to the short story. Lives in Brooklyn, New York.

Morton, John Bingham. Born June, 1893. Educated Scarborough, Harrow and Oxford. Studied for the Bar. Served in European War, 1914–1919. First book, "The Barber of Putney," a novel about the war. Followed by various books of travel, essays, verse, parodies and another novel. Contributor to "Saturday Review," "London Mercury," "John o'London's Weekly," and other papers, mostly Catholic. "Beachcomber" of the "Daily Express," since 1924. In preparation: "Life of Camille Desmoulins," "The Foggy Dew," (a novel of the Easter Rebellion in Dublin), and "From Place to Place" (travel). Lives in London.

O'Shea, Prudence. Born Aldershot. British. Educated Conway High School. Appeared on the London stage, also in New York and principal American cities, under the management of George Edwardes, George Dillingham, Florenz Ziegfeld and the Shubert Brothers in Musical Plays and Comedy. Now confining activities entirely to writing. Author of "The Gate," a novel, and contributor of fiction and articles to numerous publications. Lives in London.

Peck, Winifred Frances, younger daughter of Dr. Knox, late Bishop of Manchester. Educated Wycombe Abbey School and Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Married, 1911, James W. Peck, C. B. Author of "The Court of a Saint," "Twelve Birthdays," "The Closing Gate," "The Patchwork Quilt," and "The King of Melido." Lives in Edinburgh.

Pember, Evelyn. Born in Oxford, the daughter of Sir Amherst Selby-Bigge, late Permanent Secretary to the Board of Education. Educated at home, chiefly by reading all the English and French books which she could get hold of. Spent her youth between London and King's Sutton in Oxfordshire. Married Captain Cecil Pember who was killed in action in France in 1917. Worked on a farm from soon after the war until last summer, and now devotes herself to writing. Lives in London.

Phillpotts, Adelaide. Born at Ealing. Began writing for amusement as a child, for a living at eighteen. Aim then, to write blank verse tragedies: aim now, the same: future aim, likewise. Has published verse, plays, short stories, and novels. Spends winters in London and summers elsewhere.

Plomer, William. Born in Africa. Educated in England. Lives in Japan. Author of "Turbott Wolfe," "I Speak of Africa," "Notes for Poems." Has contributed to the "New Statesman," "The Nation and Athenæum," "The Calendar," etc.

Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur Thomas. Born November 21, 1863, in Cornwall. Married. Educated at Clifton College and at Oxford. Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University, 1912–1928. Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Author of "Dead Man's Rock," "Troy Town," "The Splendid Spur," "Noughts and Crosses,"

"The Blue Pavilions," "I Saw Three Ships," "The Warwickshire Avon," "The Delectable Duchy," "Green Bays: Verse and Parodies," "Wandering Heath," "The Golden Pomp," "Adventures in Criticism," "Poems and Ballads," "The Ship of Stars," "Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts," "The Oxford Book of English Verse," "The Laird's Luck," "The Westcotes," "The White Wolf," "The Adventures of Harry Revel," "Hetty Wesley," "Two Sides of the Face," "Fort Amity," "Shining Ferry," "Shakespeare's Christmas," "From a Cornish Window," "Sir John Constantine," "Poison Island," "Merry Garden," "Major Vigoreux," "True Tilda," "Lady Good-for-Nothing, Corporal Sam, and Other Stories," "The Oxford Book of Ballads," "Brother Copas," "The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse," "Hocken and Hunken," "The Vigil of Venus and Other Poems," "News from the Duchy," "Nicky-Nan, Reservist," "On the Art of Writing," "Memoir of Arthur John Butler," "Mortallone and Aunt Trinidad," "Foe-Farrell," "Shakespeare's Workmanship," "Studies in Literature, Second Series," "On the Art of Reading," "Charles Dickens and Other Victorians." Lives at Cambridge and at Fowey, Cornwall.

RACSTER, OLGA. Author of "The Master of the Russian Ballet," "The Romance of Queen Elizabeth's Violin." "Chats on Violins," "Chats on Violoncellos," "The Phases of Felicity" (in collaboration with Jessica Grove), and nearly two hundred articles in the second edition of Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." Has written over fifteen plays in collaboration with Jessica Grove. Uses the pen name of "Treble Violl." Born in London. Her full name is Baroness Elizabeth Olga Racster de Wagstaffe. Her father was English; her mother Irish. Her father went as a young man to Russia where he owned vast estates and was one of the few Englishmen to be ennobled by the Czar. Studied the violin at Brussels Conservatoire, and for some years played in concerts in England and in America. Has travelled widely. Lives in Johannesburg.

RADCLIFFE, HENRY GARNETT. Born August 7, 1898. Son of Rev. Stephen Radcliff, Drumconratt Rectory, Co. Meath, Ireland. Educated at Campbell College, Belfast, and Sandhurst. Indian Army 1917–24. Royal Air Force 1925. Author of "The Return of the Ceteosaurus," and other short stories. Lives at Brighton.

RAMSEY, L. F., daughter of the late B. Mansell Ramsey, musician. Educated at Bournemouth High School. Entered teaching profession and was for seven years head mistress of a London School. She has published two books for schoolgirls and a third is to appear shortly. She is well known to radio listeners as a broadcaster on country topics and child life. Lives at West Wittering, Chichester.

RAWLENCE, GUY. Author of "Knighton," "Mockery," "Three Score Years and Ten," "Their Tradition," "Covent Garden and Stars." Lives near Salisbury.

READ, HERBERT. Born 1893 at Kirbymoorside, Yorkshire. Educated at Halifax and University of Leeds. War service with infantry, 1914–1918. Present occupation: Civil Servant (Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington). Publications: "Collected Poems," "Reason and Romanticism," "English Prose Style." Contributor to the "Times Literary Supplement," "Monthly Criterion," "Nation and Athenæum," etc. Lives in London.

RINDER, OLIVE. "I was born in Norfolk in 1894. Educated in England and France. I have been, both in England and Canada, a gardener, florist, secretary, factory hand governess, and a host of other things; enabling me to obtain plenty of 'copy' for the short stories and the novels I hope to write, and with less optimism hope to have accepted. I live in Chelsea."

ROLT-WHEELER, ETHEL, is of Irish descent. Her grandfather, Dr. Cooke Taylor, was a historian of eminence, whose works are still quoted and used, and her uncle, Whateley Cooke Taylor, wrote standard books on the factory system. The books of her brother, Dr. Rolt-Wheeler, are well known in America. Miss Rolt-Wheeler became a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature in 1915. She has contributed poems, articles and stories to many periodicals. Author of "Famous Blue-Stockings," "Women of the Cell and Cloister," "Behind the Veil," and several volumes of verse.

SCOTT HOLLAND, EDWARD. Followed the lure of the sea at the age of seventeen. Saw a good deal of the world in a diversity of ships. His first craft was the last of a famous line of sailing ships—The Lord Templetown—at that time the biggest British three master barque afloat, and which now, presumably, in her turn, is a hulk. He was a member of the Naval and Military Expedition to German New Guinea; and served with the Australian Imperial Force in France. Began writing short stories for "Sydney Bulletin" in 1925. Lives in Australia.

SHEPPARD, ALFRED TRESIDDER. Born in 1871. Educated at Bishop's Stortford, Herts. Spent several years in an insurance office, but devoted himself to literary work. Has travelled in most European and North African countries. Lived for a year in Florence. Author of "The Red Cravat," "Running Horse Inn," "The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan," "The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan," "A Son of the Manse," "The Autobiography of Judas Iscariot," "Brave Earth," "Here Comes an Old Sailor," and many short stories. Member of the P. E. N. Club, the Society of Authors, the Canterbury Archæological Society, and the Society of British Subjects in Spain. Lecturer. Lives at Saffron Walden, Essex.

SLATER, FRANCIS CAREY. Born on a farm near Alice, Cape Province, August 15, 1876. Is a descendant of the British Settlers of 1820. Author of several volumes of verse including "Settlers and

Sunbirds," "The Karroo and Other Poems"; Editor of "The Centenary Book of South African Verse." Has also written a volume of short stories, "The Sunburnt South," and a novel, "The Shining River." Lives in Grahamstown, Cape Province, where he is Manager of the local Branch of the Standard Bank of South Africa.

STRONG, LEONARD A. G. Born, 1896, at Plympton, Devon of Irish parents. Educated at Brighton College and Wadham College, Oxford. Suffered from delicate health for a long time. It is lately much stronger. For the last ten years has been teaching at Summer Fields, Oxford. Editor of an American Anthology of contemporary verse, 1923–27. Author of "Dublin Days" (verse), "The Lowery Road," (verse) "Doyle's Rock" (short stories), "Difficult Love" (verse). Lives in Oxford.

THOMPSON, MARY STUART is the wife of Judge Thompson, the Recorder of Belfast.

WARNER, OLIVER. Born in London, 1903. Went to Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, and from 1923–25 contributed regularly to the "Cambridge Review." Wrote a book of letters, "Life's Feast." Went to live in Shropshire and wrote "A Secret of the Marsh." Contributed to "Outlook" in 1927. Has been since 1926 reader to Messrs. Chatto and Windus in position formerly held by Mr. Frank Swinnerton. Lives in London.

WARNER, SYLVIA TOWNSEND, daughter of the late George Townsend Warner, M. A., Master of the Modern Side in Harrow School. Author of "The Espalier," "Lolly Willowes," "Mr. Fortune's Maggot." Member of the Editorial Committee of Tudor Church Music; Oxford University Press. Contributor to Grove's "Dictionary of Music." Lives in London.

WELLS, A. W. Born 1894. Apprenticed to journalism and has been in it ever since, except for war service, which involved three years stay in Balkans. Worked on newspapers in North, Midlands, and South of England, and then in 1920 went to South Africa. Has remained there ever since, with a year's interlude spent in rambling round the world and writing articles for the Argus Newspapers in South Africa, for whom he acted for four years as Parliamentary sketch writer in the South African House of Assembly. Now Editor of "The Outspan," South Africa's weekly national magazine. Writes occasional short stories, one of which was published in the 1925 issue of this series. Lives in Bloemfontein, South Africa.

WELLS, H. G. Born September 21, 1866, at Bromley, Kent. Graduate of the Royal School of Science. Novelist, short story writer, historian, biographer, and publicist. Lives in London.

WESTRUP, WILLIAM. Born 1881. Educated Horsmonden School, Kent. Owing to doubtful health shipped to South Africa early in 1900. Health improved at alarming rate. Managed to Join Natal

Mounted Rifles towards end of Boer War. Wandered. Tried diamond digging, farming, gold mining and native trading. Wrote half-a-dozen novels which were published in England. In 1912 dropped literature, turned respectable and married. Turned down in 1914 for active service (about eight times) owing to defective sight and a broken arm. Became more respectable every year, and did practically no writing for ten years. In 1926 fell from grace and published 'Gathering Thistles,' and 'Fate and Fourpence.' Frightfully respectable, and Company Secretary for one of the big Mining Houses in Johannesburg. Two children."

WHITAKER, MALACHI. "The eighth child of eleven, born near Bradford, Yorkshire, in 1900. Went to school in Manningham, where I cannot remember having one happy moment in ten years. It took me ten years more to recover from this. I spent a year or two in France, where I acquired a certain taste for travel, not often gratified. Began writing a year ago, and have had stories in the 'Adelphi,' 'Outlook,' and other periodicals." Live in Shipley, Yorkshire.

WHITEHOUSE, FRANK. Born in Bury, Lancs., 1896. Educated in elementary school. Began working life in a bleachworks at thirteen. Later entered a foundry and stayed there. Studied economics with the intention of lecturing, and didn't. Began writing by contributing a "Bookman's Corner" to local paper. Fancied cost accounting and qualified. But returned to writing and contributed to "Manchester Guardian," "Manchester City News," "Schoolmaster," "Daily Herald," etc. Lives in Heywood, Lancs.

THE END

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